MY SAYINGS AND DOINGS,

WITH REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

REV. WM. QUEKETT.

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Great-Chart Rectory
November 1891

"MY SAYINGS AND DOINGS."

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THE REV. WILLIAM QUEKETT, M.A.

Rector of Warrington.

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"MY SAYINGS AND DOINGS,"

WITH

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM QUEKETT, M.A.,

RECTOR OF WARRINGTON.

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PREFACE.

In preparing the somewhat voluminous records of a long life, it may be imagined that I have not relied upon my memory only, though this, aided by my private diary, has been the chief source of all that is herein set down. I have found much assistance from private friends, and from public papers and records. Among the former I have to acknowledge my obligation to the Rev. J. Y. Nicholson, Rector of Aller; to the Rev. J. A. Bennett, Rector of South Cadbury; to my niece, Mrs. Louch, of Langport; and to the Rev. Harry Jones, Rector of St. George's-in-the-East. Many of the documents and papers I have used have been those of my own compilation in former years; but I must also express my indebtedness to newspapers—the *Warrington Guardian* especially—for many reports of "My Sayings and Doings" since coming to Warrington.

My best thanks are due to the Librarian of the Warrington Library and Museum for access to papers and books of reference.

W. QUEKETT.

The Rectory,
Warrington,
January 12*th*, 1888.

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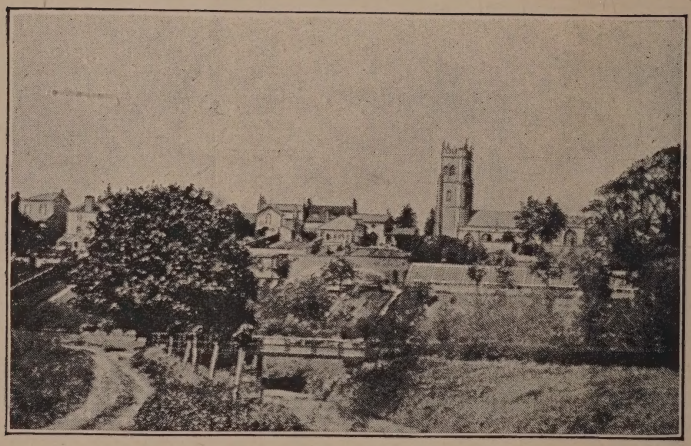


VIEW OF LANGPORT, SOMERSET, FROM THE BARLEY CLOSE.

"MY SAYINGS AND DOINGS;"

WITH

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE.

IN taking up my pen to set forth "'My Sayings and Doings,' with Reminiscences of my Life," I am fully aware that it is a task of mingled pleasure and pain. On the one hand, there is in the remembrance of early days, happy fellowships and friendships, bright associations, earnest efforts, and something of the success which follows faithful work; a sense of pleasure, aye, and of gratification, which is like the crowning reward to a long and laborious life. But no joy is permitted to us here without the sobering discipline of mingled sadness; and the sense of pleasure in recalling much to gratify and rejoice over is tempered by recollections which, even after the lapse of years, cause old wounds to bleed, and renew feelings of depression and grief. I cannot look back at the long list of relatives and friends who have one by one been taken away, nor see in the clearer light of time many of my own mistakes and shortcomings, without much sadness. My book, however, is not meant to sadden, but to show to others—my nearer contemporaries—what by God's help I have done, and to younger men what they may do; and to afford to all moments of innocent amusement from some of those experiences which gather round every life, and especially the life of a public man.

I shall try to be as orderly in my method as circumstances will allow, beginning with a short account of my family, of whom I am the only survivor; and especially of my father and mother, to whom I was deeply attached; and describing some scenes of my early life at Langport, Somersetshire, up to my going to college in 1821; the four years of my college life at Cambridge, and subsequently the first five years of my ordained life at South Cadbury, Somerset; my busy work of twenty-four years in London, and my presiding for above thirty years over this important Rectory of Warrington.

My Father and Family.

My father's family lived in Scotland during the troublesome times in the middle and close of the last century, when the Pretenders were seeking to establish once again an independent Scottish Monarchy. My great-grandfather seems to have espoused warmly the cause of "Prince Charlie," and after the battle of Culloden had given the death-blow to the hopes of the Jacobite party, he was driven out of Scotland with my father, an only grandson, whom he was bringing up. My father's father, who was a captain in the Army, was killed at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1775. My great-grandfather crossed the Border, and settled in the village of Bolton-by-Boland, among the hills which border Lancashire on the east, where he bought property. At an early age my father was sent from this quiet home to the Endowed Grammar School at Cockermouth—at that time the most noted school in the North of England—conducted by Dr. Gillbanks. He remained there for some years, and had as his schoolfellows in the first class several men who afterwards became eminent. Amongst these were Christopher Wordsworth, who became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and who was the father of two Bishops—the late Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop of St. Andrew's—and the grandfather of the present Bishop of Salisbury; William Wordsworth, his brother, the poet; and Fearon Fallows, Astronomer Royal at the Cape, and a celebrated character. Here, too, was educated Fletcher Christian, who became Lieutenant of the "Bounty," and headed the mutiny on board that ship, which led to the founding of the settlement on Pitcairn's Island. The history of the Pitcairn Islanders was written by the Rev. Mr. Murray, one of the secretaries of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and in his drawing up of this interesting story I was able to supply him with many particulars, as the Captain of the ship, who discovered the island, was a friend of my family.

My father stayed at school at Cockermouth almost till early manhood; and his future was directed by one of those apparent accidents which are really the over-rulings of an All-wise Providence. An old college friend of Dr. Gillbanks, a good fisherman, who lived at Ilminster, in Somersetshire, came to visit for a short time at Cockermouth to enjoy some fishing sport. He soon made the acquaintance of my father, who was a first-rate fisherman, and knew well all the best spots and places for fishing in the

Cumberland lakes and rivers. My father made his own rods, lines, and flies, and I have a portion of a fly of his make now in my possession which is considered a very killing bait; it is a small artificial Humming Bird with all its gaudy feathers. The salmon is supposed to feed much at sea on the sea mouse, which is covered with prismatic hairs, and looks very bright and gaudy in the water. This is the cause, no doubt, why such brilliant colours are made use of in all salmon flies. During many walks and talks Dr. Gillbanks' friend prevailed upon my father to go back with him to Ilminster, there to study with the view of taking holy orders, and to become a ten-year man at Cambridge, taking his B.D. degree at the proper time; and he promised to give him a title at one of his livings. This purpose, however, was never fulfilled, for whilst my father was at Ilminster the mastership of the Endowed Grammar School at Langport became vacant; one condition of holding which was that the master must be a layman. My father was presented to it, and remained in this honourable position for fifty-two years, educating the sons of all the gentry in the town and neighbourhood, and winning for himself universal respect, and on his 50th anniversary he was presented with a splendid piece of plate.

After living a few years at Langport my father married, in 1795, and four sons and two daughters were the issue of his marriage. My eldest sister was born in 1800, and I, the eldest of four brothers, on October 3rd, 1802. My father was very careful about the education of his sons. He encouraged us from our earliest years to use our eyes and hands in the pursuit of knowledge, and instructed us in all manly exercises. We had boats and turning-lathes, a workshop, and a hot-house. We made our own tools, our fishing-rods and flies. In the river which ran at the bottom of our garden we became expert fishermen. Fishing was our father's favourite sport, learned in his boyhood among the lakes in Cumberland. We also became good shots, and we could all swim like fishes. Each of us was encouraged to take up some branch of natural history, and we made large collections of specimens in botany, entomology, ornithology, and zoology, having nearly all the British birds, insects, and plants.

We were all educated at home; and it speaks highly for our father's care that we all did well. My brother Edward became a banker; he was a good ornithologist, and was founder of the museum at Langport. Edwin became a surgeon, and was lecturer in surgery and botany at the public hospitals in London, and

founder of the Microscopical Society; he published several lectures given before the Linnæan Society, of which he was a Fellow. John was Professor at the College of Surgeons, and succeeded Professor Owen; he published the History of the Microscope, and several volumes on Histology.

At my father's death a monument was erected in the Parish Church to his memory by the past and present pupils, bearing the following record :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM QUEKETT,
WHO FOR THE LENGTHENED PERIOD OF
FIFTY-TWO YEARS
HELD THE RESPONSIBLE OFFICE OF
MASTER
OF THE ENDOWED GRAMMAR SCHOOL
IN THIS TOWN,
AND DISCHARGED ITS DUTIES WITH
ZEAL, ABILITY, AND DISCRETION.
HE WAS HUMBLE AND RETIRING,
AND REMARKABLE
FOR HIS UNAFFECTED PIETY
AND SIMPLE INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.
HE DIED 12TH OF AUGUST, 1842, AGED 75 YEARS.
ALSO OF MARY, HIS WIFE,
WHOSE MANY GOOD QUALITIES RENDERED HER
THE FIT COADJUTOR OF SUCH AN ESTIMABLE MAN,
AND ENABLED HIM
TO BRING UP A FAMILY OF SIX CHILDREN
IN HIS OWN UPRIGHT PRINCIPLES.
SHE DIED 25TH OF MARCH, 1842, AGED 67 YEARS.
THIS MONUMENT
IS THE AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONY OF A NUMEROUS BODY
OF PUPILS AND FRIENDS.
THE JUST MAN WALKETH IN HIS INTEGRITY:
HIS CHILDREN ARE BLESSED AFTER HIM.
PROVERBS, CH. XX., V. 7.

Further testimony to my father's worth was given to me by Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity, when I took to him a letter of introduction on my first going up to Cambridge. With much kindly welcome he said to me, "Oh! I remember your father well,

who was captain in my time; and if it had not been for your father I should never have been Master of Trinity. He did look after us well. He made us know our verses and our translations, and kept us to our work. He knew Shakespeare and Milton by heart, and was a first-rate scholar."

My Early Life.

The first thing I can remember was the funeral of Lord Nelson. I was then a boy of five years old, and I had a toy given to me—a boat upon wheels, with a representation of the coffin of Lord Nelson as going from Greenwich to St. Paul's. I was sent for my earliest book-learning to a Mrs. Bindon, who took gentlemen's sons. There I was taught to read and write.

Another of my early remembrances is the great fire of Huish, a sort of suburb of Langport. It occurred on Tuesday in Whitsun week, and I well remember the club walking through the main street of Langport, and a woman running breathless before the club, and crying, "Farm House, all on fire; Farm House, all on fire." The club members—two hundred in number—gave up their flag poles, and started off to help to put out this fire; but there was a strong gale of wind, and it had got too great a hold to be easily extinguished. The fire lasted for a week, and the whole village was burnt—houses, ricks, cornstacks, and farm buildings. I remember how the flakes of fire were carried by the wind for miles; and everybody expected that the town would also be burnt down. But Langport was saved by a large row of tall poplar trees which grew round the rectory house at Huish, and which prevented the fire from spreading.

When I was between six and seven years of age there occurred the Jubilee of George III., in 1809; and the celebration of this event at Langport made a lasting impression upon me. The bells were rung; the whole town was illuminated, cannon were fired, and there were grand processions and much feasting.

I had heard much about George III., for the person appointed to be always with the King during his mental affliction was a native of Langport. This person had been in the family of Mr. Pitt, and this position had secured for him Court influence, so that he received this confidential appointment. Every year he came to stay with his family in the town, and was regarded as an honoured visitor. I well remember him, and what he told about King George. The Royal residence was at Kew Palace. The King was a great

walker and talker; and when he became blind the rooms were padded with cork shavings six feet from the ground to prevent him injuring himself in his walks. During the period of his affliction the Prince Regent governed the country.

I remember, too, the great excitement which threw England into a panic of fear from the report that Napoleon Buonaparte was preparing to invade England. Every town, every village, had its militia and volunteers, who used to meet for drill on a Sunday. Our manservant, Thomas, became one of the "soldiers." He had one of the old-fashioned muskets, an old "Brown Bess," which kicked terribly whenever the poor fellow had occasion to fire it. Large wooden targets were erected on the moor, and part of the Sunday's "drill" consisted in target practice. We boys were greatly interested in Thomas's performances, and our interest was much increased when we found that Thomas always bit off the end of his cartridge and dropped it, thereby securing the target from any harm, but leaving to us a wealth of "squibs and crackers"—we following in his wake—which we knew well how to use for purposes malignant or innocent. Ammunition was stored in the towers of the churches, and beacons were erected on high hills ready to be fired whenever the news should come of Napoleon's landing. Each beacon was guarded by soldiers. In those days there were no regular postal communications, and the stories that got about were frequently either utterly false or shamefully exaggerated. Now there was in the town of Langport a very facetious old barber, of the name of John Scott. As the gentlemen all wore powder and pigtails, old Scott's business took him early every day to the houses of the most respectable inhabitants, and he became quite the newsmonger of the district. "Any news, Mr. Scott?" was the the daily enquiry in every house to which the barber went. As in the case of all newsmongers, what Mr. Scott lacked of information he invented, and his inventions, however creditable to his genius, were not always free from serious consequences. One day he alarmed the town by the question, "Have you heard the news?" and on enquiry being made as to what had happened, Scott replied, "The French are landed, and Lyme is burnt." The tidings spread like wildfire, everyone believing that the little Dorsetshire seaport had fallen before the enemy, and that danger was at hand. The corporal and private who had charge of the beacon near Langport were amongst those who heard Scott's tale. As the evening drew on they kindled their

fire, which was quickly answered from all the neighbouring beacons. The excitement was intense, and probably the alarm would have been spread throughout England had it not been for the absence of two beacon-keepers from their post further north. On finding the untruth of the report, and tracing it to its source, old Scott was brought up before the magistrates. To the charge that he had spread a false report, thereby causing the Government considerable loss, he calmly replied that he spread no false news, "for I did not say," he explained, "where the French had landed, and you cannot make lime without burning it." He was dismissed with a caution never to offend in a similar manner.

Old Scott saved a great deal of money, and in course of time took the Swan Inn. As the sign of his inn he had a swan carved, and round the swan he caused the rustic sculptor to put a chain. On being asked why he had placed a chain round the swan's neck, he answered, "Ah, I have taken the Swan and mean to keep it!"

Bustards on Salisbury Plain.

I went to spend the Midsummer holidays of one year with an uncle in Wiltshire. I took the coach to Salisbury, and from that city a gentleman farmer had offered to take me across the Plain to my destination. Accordingly, at 12 o'clock he came and called at the hotel where I had been put down, and we started for our drive of twenty-six miles. I remember our passing many shepherds with their flocks. It was customary for the farmers to send out their flocks to pasture under the charge of a shepherd, who built for himself a rude hut, round which his sheep congregated at night. The various flocks, by agreement amongst the shepherds, did not come within a mile of each other. Dogs guarded the sheep at night, and prevented their straying. Large wells were dug in the Plain, where the sheep were watered. On going to the wells, or on changing the pasture-ground, the shepherd walks in front, leading his flock, and "calls his own sheep by name." The whole scene is singularly suggestive of the circumstances of the sublime allegories in the 10th Chapter of St. John's Gospel; and as a boy I learned anew on Salisbury Plain a religious lesson which I never forgot. But I also saw during this journey a curiosity of the world of natural history, an account of which I afterwards wrote for the *Wiltshire Archæological Magazine*. The day was very hot, and the gentleman who drove me said that his horses wanted water. He

therefore directed me to "stretch my legs" by making a straight cut to a tree and a hill which he pointed out as my landmarks, while he made a detour to one of the wells in the valley. It was agreed that the one of us who first reached the spot fixed upon should wait for the other. I set out with a firm step and a light heart; but on my way I saw a damp place where grew some irises, just then in full flower. Boy-like, I thought I would gather some of the flowers; but what was my consternation to see rise up out of the swamp two huge birds, as large as swans, followed by five young ones! The suddenness of their flight and the noise they made in that still, wild plain frightened me beyond measure, and I hastened on to the appointed place of meeting. They were bustards, my friend told me when he came up; he had heard of them, but had never seen them. It is the only time in my life I have ever seen these "wild turkeys" in their natural state; indeed, the race has become extinct in England.

On my return home I did not cross Salisbury Plain; my cousin came with me to school, and we went round by Bath.

As there was a desire on the part of the Editor of the *Wiltshire Archæological Magazine* and others that I should, if possible, give a nearer date to the time when I saw the bustards, the following notes were published by the Editor with extracts from my letters:

"Recollections of the Bustard on Salisbury Plain.

"Eye-witnesses of the bustard (in the days when it roamed, wild and free, the noblest bird which frequented our grand unbroken downs) are now so few in number, that every authentic instance of its occurrence deserves to be recorded, and therefore I joyfully seize the opportunity offered of printing the following extracts from letters by the Rev. W. Quekett, Rector of Warrington, in Lancashire, which were addressed, in the first place, to Lord Lilford, and subsequently, with farther particulars, to my friend, Professor Newton, who kindly sent them for my perusal. To these gentlemen, as well as to the writer of the letters, I tender my thanks for the ready permission they have given me to print the extracts below, which I feel sure will be read with interest by Wiltshiremen.—Ed.

"I was born in the year 1802, and I believe I was about nine or ten years of age when, during the Midsummer holidays, I went on a visit to my uncle, at Great Bedwyn, in Wiltshire. I went under the care of the guard of the North Devon coach to Salisbury, and a person who attended Salisbury market once a month called for me next day at the inn, to take me in his wagonette to Bedwyn. We

left about the middle of the day, and in a short time got on the Plain. We were a long time there, and (the weather being hot) the driver said his horses wanted some water, so he would drive down into a valley where there was a well, which the shepherds used for the sheep; and he directed me to take a walk to a particular spot pointed out in the distance, and to stay there until he came. I was glad to get out of the carriage, and amused myself by gathering some wild flowers. In wandering about I came to some rough sedgy ground, and had scarcely approached it when I was dreadfully frightened by the rising of several large birds; I counted (I think) seven, as they continued in sight for some time. As soon as the driver joined me, I told him the story, and he said they were certainly bustards. The date of this occurrence must (I think) be June or July, 1812. I am quite certain it was in the summer of a year previous to 1815, because I was then spending the holidays at home when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived, and it was previous to that year that I went into Wiltshire. It was also previous to 1814, because I was at home during the summer holidays of that year, when Richard Caines, a midshipman of the "Undaunted," that conveyed Napoleon to Elba, came to us to spend some time during the holidays. I have ridden across the Plain several times since, on horseback, the first time in September, 1826, to visit my then Rector of a Somersetshire living, Dr. Rogers, of Rainscombe House, near Oare. I used to get on the Plain at Chitterne, and with a compass in my pocket, and a map in my hat, found my way pretty well, save once, when I was obliged, on account of the fog, to return to the high road. It was a long day's ride, the starting point being some few miles beyond Wincanton, Somerset.—W. Q.

"There is such a hearty ring of good old-fashioned habits in the independent mode of locomotion mentioned above, and such a refreshing glimpse of the wildness and breadth of the uncultivated Plain sixty-five years ago, that I make no apology for adding the last extract from Mr. Quekett's letter, though it does not bear on the interview with the bustards.—Ed."

Disturbances on the Continent.

Although I was unable to follow all the intricate details of the plots and actions of Napoleon Buonaparte, partly because of the quiet and studious life my father encouraged, and partly because in

those days news travelled slowly, and our sources of information were limited to the mail coach and the weekly newspaper, yet I took a true English boy's interest in the great continental struggle against the ambitious Corsican and his almost indomitable French legions. It was after the retreat of Napoleon from Russia, and in the recommencement of hostilities against the allied Sovereigns in 1813, that my mind was thoroughly awakened to its full admiration of the intrepidity of the French Emperor, and to its true English hatred of his schemes. We awaited with deep anxiety every whisper of tidings. We learned with alarm how he had defeated the Russians and Prussians at Lützen and at Bautzen. Then, after the armistice with Russia, we almost trembled at the confirmation of the news of his victory over the Allies at Dresden. It was with intense relief we heard that the victory of the Allies at Leipzic on the 19th October had more than stayed his progress of conquest, and that he had been obliged to fly to Paris, where, after being unable to resist the entrance of the Allied forces, he was deposed by the Senate, and obliged to sign his abdication. His banishment to Elba, where he arrived on the 4th of May, 1814, was an event in which all the boys at Langport took special interest, as a fellow-townsman of ours, Richard Caines, was lieutenant on board the "Undaunted," the frigate which took the ex-Emperor to his place of exile. For some months Europe breathed in peace; but early in the following year (1815) there came the disquieting rumour that Napoleon had quitted Elba and had landed at Cannes. His plans had been carefully prepared. Everyone who was in his favour was to wear a blue violet in his coat. The enthusiasm with which he was received in France passes description. Every horse and carriage was pressed into his service. I heard from a private source, afterwards, how Lord and Lady Wenlock—Lord Wenlock being then English Ambassador at Vienna—had their horses taken to draw Napoleon's carriage. They were obliged to appeal to the English Ambassador at Paris, and on learning of their embarrassment, Napoleon at onc ordered the horses to be restored. The great General made his way to Paris, where he moved both the army and the people as the breeze sways the yielding corn. He raised another army, with which to meet and defeat Blücher at Ligny, and with which to receive his own doom at Waterloo.

Napoleon was the first to put his troops into cuirasses. His lancers frightened the English horses by the little flags placed at the end of their lances.

From early boyhood I can well remember the terror which the name of Buonaparte excited. A nursemaid had but to say to a refractory child, "I'll send Buonaparte after you," and the terrible threat produced instant obedience.

The Victory of Waterloo, and the Rejoicings in England.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th June, 1815. Four days later Napoleon signed his second abdication; and on the 15th of July he gave himself up to the British. Our Government could not make up their mind for a considerable time what to do with him. He wished very much to live in England on parôle. Whilst awaiting the decision of the Government he was kept in Tor Bay, on board the "Bellerophon." Here he exhibited himself every day at 12 o'clock, and hundreds journeyed even from remote parts of England to see the man in whose grasp had well-nigh been the sovereignty of the world. At length it was decided that he should be sent to St. Helena, and he arrived at that island in the "Bellerophon" on the 16th October.

Meanwhile, throughout England, were such rejoicings as had never before been known. Every town and village through which the mail coaches passed, decorated with flowers and ribbons to spread the news of victory, was thrown into an excitement with which nothing could for centuries past compare. And as the news flew preparations were everywhere made for the celebration of the victory. There were vast processions, magnificent feasts. Subscriptions were readily forthcoming to feed the poor; and when the day for the celebration was announced, everyone tried to rival his neighbour in effort and gift. At Langport we had a splendid procession. Every trade was represented, and had something distinctive to mark its representatives. The tinmen wore tin hats; the glass-blowers carried specimens of their industry; the blacksmiths had a lurry on which a forge was set up.

There was in Langport a pack of hounds, of which the parson and Vincent Stuckey, Esq., were the chief proprietors. In the procession the huntsman walked in his red coat and black velvet cap, with two hounds in leashes, one on each side of him. Then "Peace" and "Plenty" were represented. "Peace" was characterized by a young lady—a very handsome girl—16 years of age, who led a pet lamb. The young

lady was dressed in white, and decorated with flowers, and she held her charge with blue ribbons. A man of the name of Tom Mabey and fat Mrs. Denham represented John Bull and his wife. They carried a huge round of beef and a plum-pudding in a butler's tray —the symbol of "Plenty." I walked in the procession, being then about 14 years old, and can well remember how the whole procession made its way to the Parish Church, where a sermon was preached. I remember how "Peace" went into a pew, while her lamb lay down in the aisle; and how big Tom Mabey and fat Mrs. Denham laid down their roast beef and plum pudding just outside their pew—enough to tempt either pet lambs, stray dogs, or even church mice! But, oh! what was the confusion when, as the parson went on with learned sentences about Divine judgments upon the wicked, the poor lamb began to "ba-a-a" so vigorously that the whole congregation tittered. And when at length poor "Peace," ashamed of her pet, rose from her seat and led the lamb gently from the church, the preacher himself, weaned from the pleasing task of eloquence by the exhibition of "Peace" and "ba-a-a," could not refrain himself, and fairly exhibited a smiling face.

From church all adjourned to the moor for dinner, which was well prepared, and was sumptuous and substantial. There were four gentlemen and two ladies to each table. The part assigned to me, as one of the waiters upon the poor, was to dispense the contents of a barrel of ale. After a plentiful repast the company, rich and poor, joined in games, which lasted until evening, when all adjourned to the town. Here there was a ball in the Market Hall, and I shall never forget how the Portreve opened the ball with Mrs. Ewens, the pastry-cook. There were illuminations throughout the town, and there was a grand display of fireworks. Transparencies were but newly invented at that time, and my sister won much congratulation by a large figure of Hope leaning on an anchor. This transparency was placed in one of the large window-frames in the front of our house, the window for the time being taken out.

A circumstance which occasioned at first almost a panic, and at last much merriment, was that whilst the crowd were gazing at the fireworks and illuminations, a mad bull rushed into their midst. Everybody ran through the town and into the passages to avoid the ferocious beast, which tossed and kicked, and roared enough to frighten a garrison. I confess to have been terribly scared, and to have sought safety like others. But the alarm was soon turned to frolic, when it was found that the terrible animal consisted only of

a skin, into the head part of which someone had skilfully put two glass eyes; and that the living part of the dangerous beast was supplied by two men, who had contrived the tossings and rushings and roarings with much ingenuity. They were handsomely repaid for their frolic, and indeed everything passed off in the most festive manner.

Another calamity which gave place to merriment at this time was that, in the joyous peals which the bell-ringers gave so lavishly, the clapper of one of the bells came off. What was to be done? The blacksmith could not in a moment put on a tongue of a bell; and to ring a peal without the missing tone was not to be thought of. The genius of the blacksmith, who certainly deserved the title "Harmonious" in all future ages, solved the difficulty. With his hammer he stood over the tongueless bell; and in peal or change, so well he did his part, that but for a "thud" which betrayed his services, the omission of the clapper was recompensed. The joy of the people found expression in many jokes upon their friend of the forge.

The feasting lasted for three days; and the rejoicings filled the souls of us youngsters with immense reverence for the greatness of the Duke of Wellington.

Boy-life. Hunting and Shooting.

The old parson gave us a hunt every Saturday afternoon when a hare was found sitting in the neighbourhood. Surrounding the town, and indeed as boundaries between the large fields and sections of moorlands, were wide ditches, some of them almost deep enough for canals. We were all taught to jump these ditches. I have many times when hunting or shooting jumped ditches of the width of 14 feet. In the winter time these ditches afforded us good skating. In order to jump them a "poord" was used. A "poord" is a pole with a flat wooden foot, which prevents its sinking into the mud at the bottom of the ditch. When out snipe-shooting in winter we generally went two together; one carried the gun and the other the "poord." He who by duty or inclination carried the gun, had the base of the "poord" fixed by his companion in the middle of the ditch; and it was an act of dexterity for the gun-bearer to swing himself across safely, and to transfer the pole to his companion, so that he too might take the leap and drag out the "poord" for further use.

Keeping Pets. A Story of Young Owls.

My father was much averse to our keeping pets in cages if their natural habits had been wild. Wild birds or hares he distinctly forbade. But he not only allowed, but encouraged, our keeping rabbits, canaries, and other tame species, and taught us to note their peculiar habits, and to compare them with other animals and birds of various orders.

We were very careful, generally, not to disobey our father's wishes in any matter. But boys will be boys; and on one occasion several of us had gone to Beech Wood—a large wood four miles from the town—to cut hazel for bows, and to get arrows. For our arrows we used the rushes which grew in great abundance, and for their points we shaped old nails. We were chopping away at an old ash pollard when out flew a couple of owls. As by mutual instinct we agreed that here must be young ones. It was the work of a few moments to satisfy ourselves that in a lovely downy nest two young owls lived in parental care, nearly full-fledged, and as white as the driven snow. We had brought with us a basket of carpenters' tools—saw, hatchet, and hammer—and our first act was to empty this basket and hand it to the discoverer. We had never before found young owls, and we carried these home as a trophy. But on our father's account we dared not let anyone know, and as for the fear of our father, we were only too glad to remember in an out-house some old pigeon-boxes, into which we could convey our prizes, and put such food as we thought good, fastening the hole to each with a large brick. We thought we had managed very cleverly, and went to sleep with a clear conscience. Not so well, however, slept our next neighbour, Mr. Major, whose garden adjoined our own. In the middle of the night he was disturbed by screeches so terrible that he thought they were cries of human beings struggling for life. Mr. Major was a retired tradesman, of very good circumstances, and we, as boys, had almost daily shared his "good things" at dinner. Therefore it was with grave misgivings that we heard him say next morning to our father, as they talked over the hedge which divided the two gardens, "Any murder in Watley-lane last night?" We were thunderstruck, although we knew nothing of the cries. The report of murder to a child is always terrible. But more than this, *the bricks which had closed the holes of our pigeon-places had been slightly moved during the night.* This was what made us feel like culprits. We had had an early

feeling of guilt, and now we were almost prepared to be hung at the rustle of a leaf. The Sunday, on which day Mr. Major had spoken to my father, passed away heavily. We fed our young owls, it is true; and we carefully replaced the bricks, hoping that nothing, spiritual or human, either by shriek or laughter, would thenceforth divulge our guilty secret. But that evening, as the clear moonlight rose after a lovely summer's day, we ourselves heard the almost human crying of two birds which settled on Mr. Major's roof. We were conscience-stricken; and when in the morning Mr. Major told our father what had again disturbed him, and that he was sure his sons had secreted some young owls, my father came to enquire, and, on our confessing to the charge, he sent us at once to take them back to Beech Wood, and to put them where we had found them. This was an awful judgment. The journey to Beech Wood was four miles each way, and, fond as we had become of all young, wild things, and fascinating as these especial birds were from their rarity, we felt ready to do anything rather than obey. We at first resolved to carry the bricks away from the boxes. This, however, would not satisfy the command for the removal of the birds. We therefore agreed that to fulfil all necessary conditions imposed upon us by our father, and at the same time to maintain our hold upon the young prizes, we would tie them to stakes driven into the ground among the beans, which grew in a part of the garden our father very seldom visited. This was done with every caution; and, to our delight, next morning we found that the old owls had paid a visit to their young ones, and had brought them as many as six mice and young moles each for a supper, the proof of which lay in the twelve undigested skins which these creatures threw back after assimilating the remainder. Every night this paternal and maternal rejoicing went on; and as in the morning we counted the marks of the *débris*, we boys rejoiced that here were facts of natural history of which our father knew nothing by experience. Alas, for our boasting! About ten days afterwards we paid our usual morning visit, and found that our young owls had both gone. The cords which bound them were so cleanly cut that we had no doubt that our father had discovered our evasion of his order, and that he had himself cut the binding strings with his own penknife. We were not only plunged into great trouble about our pets, but we were also in great alarm as to our father. What would he not say to us? We went about our work that day in true heaviness of spirit. But we soon had a clue to the

whereabouts of our pets; for we observed a flight of swallows making a great noise, and moving in a circle till they made off in a party to old John Scott's orchard. The fact that swallows and other birds all congregate to drive away large birds like owls or hawks made us sure that our young owls were somewhere about; and, when we saw the swallows dart into a particular apple-tree in the orchard, we jumped into our boat and pulled down for the few hundred yards, marking the apple-tree carefully. There we found our two young owls; and, shame be it said so fond were we of our pets that, father or no father, we were resolved to see how our delinquents would henceforward conduct themselves. We therefore brought them back; and this time we tied them so firmly and placed them so secretly that we felt they had little to hope from their former liberation. We again found that the old owls faithfully followed them, and fed them night by night. This went on for a short time; but one morning the heavy cords were again beautifully cut. The *débris* of mice and mole lay scattered about, and these were the last tokens of our pets. No more swallows came to point the new home; nor was there wail of parent-birds to mourn their departure. Even we boys forgot to shed tears. But some time after I told my father how we had falsely suspected him. He listened very good-humouredly to the story of the freeing of the young owls, and said, "Ah, my boys, and I *would* have done it if I had found them!"

Eel Fishing. Eels and their Habits.

The river Parrett is noted for the excellence and abundance of its eels, and is much frequented by lovers of this fish. From my early boyhood I watched the habits of these strange creatures, half fish half reptile, so that what I have to tell about them may be of much interest both to fishermen and naturalists.

During March, with the first high tides of the year, young eels (called elvers) come up from the sea in millions. They have been born on the muddy shores of the Bristol Channel, and when they reach the river Parrett they are about the size of large needles, from an inch and a half to two inches in length. They are at this age perfectly transparent, and by day they cannot be caught. They come up the rivers with the tide night and morning. They travel together in shoals, and form a continuous stream near the river sides about two feet broad. At night they are intercepted, and the

poor people make a living of eel-fishing for some weeks while this influx of the young ones continues. The mode of catching them is very simple. A large hoop of about four feet in diameter is made, and to this is attached a canvas bag. The hoop is put into the water in the line of direction in which the young eels are swimming. A lantern containing a lighted candle is suspended over the hoop by a wire, while the hoop is fastened to a stake fixed horizontally in the bank. The light attracts the little eels, which congregate under it by thousands, and from time to time the fishers switch up the hoop and bag, and thus secure numbers of their prey. I have known a man catch as many as three or four large pailfuls in one night. These little eels are boiled and then pressed in small vats about the size of a muffin or crumpet. When turned out of the vats in the morning as "eel cakes" they are sold at the price of one penny each. They are dressed by cutting them into thin slices, which are fried like pancakes, and served like whitebait. Eel cakes are considered a great delicacy.

Having in Warrington to give a lecture upon eels, I sent to an old fisherman at Langport for specimens of the "elvers." He sent up a number in a carboy, and I turned them out into a large tub, where they grew, and were daily fed, and were seen by hundreds of people. When I had done with them I sent them out into the brooks of the neighbourhood, where, no doubt, they lived until they made their way back again to the sea, as I once found men intercepting eels in the month of October near my garden.

Eels are viviparous; and the young ones are generally born near the coast, and, if possible, not far from the mouth of some river or freshwater stream. They run up rivers and streams to their very source; they are attracted by every ditch and drain, every cutting, and every tributary brook which they pass as they go up the rivers. Nay, there is not a sluice which some of them do not enter. I have seen them follow a mill-dam; then when the obstacles have come I have watched them wriggle up the moss and grass, ten or fifteen feet, tail first, and get into the mill-ponds above. They will make their way into brooks, full of water at the time of their entrance, and all but dried up when they should return. There is almost no situation in which they cannot live. For eels have two hearts, and their physical organization is such that they can travel over land as well as in water, and can exist in the most uncomfortable circumstances. They generally live in rivers or streams, after first leaving their birthplace, till they are

from two to three years old. Their return to the sea is in October, with the first flood tide. They make their way to the sea-shore to spawn; and, as a rule, they then leave to their young the roadway of the rivers, while they themselves take to an ocean life. On their way down the rivers they are often intercepted by fishermen, who make large nets for the purpose. At this period of their existence the eels are called "*fossen eels*," a term derived, doubtless, from the Latin *fossa*, a ditch. The most curious thing in the study of eels' habits is that numbers of them are unable to get back to the sea, and live on as "prisoners of hope" for years. I have known eels seven pounds in weight caught whilst making their way back to the Bristol Channel. And the fishers in the river Parrett often catch 1cwt. of eels in one night, some of the fish being far beyond the ordinary size because of the prolonged period of freshwater life. All these eels I believe to be the future "congers." They never come back to the rivers. Fully developed, they are prepared for ocean life. I had a long argument with Mr. Frank Buckland, the well-known naturalist, some years ago upon this subject. He thought that full-grown eels did come back to the rivers. We had once stayed together at "The Jolly Anglers" at Marlow. I appealed to Mr. Buckland as to the position of the "butts." "Which way are the butts placed, Mr. Buckland? If the eels come *up* the river the mouths of the butts are the wrong way. But if the eels are all caught coming *down* the river, you can understand why the butts are set as they are." He was convinced by this; and to his last day declared I had taught him a lesson about eels.

I once, during the Whitsuntide holidays, when staying with a family in that locality, went hunting conger eels with dogs on the Bristol Channel for some miles. Everyone acquainted with that part of England will remember that the sea has washed away much of the soil, leaving large boulders, which at low tide seem to stand out of little pools. We used to go, six, eight, or twelve boys together, and took with us one or two terriers. Every boy brought with him a big stick, and one always had a long pole. The dogs, whether by scent or sight, discovered the conger eels coiled up generally under the boulders. As soon as their instinct told us where one was to be found, we arranged ourselves in a line from the sleeping eel to the nearest water, for which we knew he would make. Then the boy with the pole stirred him up, and before he could wriggle to the water we had generally despatched him, giving

him blows upon the tail to break the backbone at its thinnest point. Some of these congers were as much as four to five feet long. I am fully convinced that it is the young eels only which go up our rivers and brooks; that after two or three years they come to the sea, and have a length of existence which has never been computed.

Proging.

My experience of eel-fishing led me to know that whenever an old eel—one which had not, from some obstacle, made its way to the sea—chose a lodging, it had a *penchant* for rat-holes. A rat-hole generally has two entrances, one high on the bank, and one below the surface of the water; and, as a rule, it extends into the bank not less than three or four feet. An eel, therefore, finds a rat-hole a comfortable lodging, rent and tax free. For, vicious as rats are, few would dare to attack a large eel. The eel is, however, not free in his new quarters from the skill of man; and "proging" generally ends in his capture. "Proging" is begun by fixing to the end of a slender willow wand a large stocking-needle. Half-way down this needle is bound thread, which is fastened to a cord for the fisherman to hold in his hands. The fisherman in "proging" baits the stocking-needle very carefully with a large worm, concealing the binding of the thread. He then, using his boat, makes his way to a likely rat-hole, up which he gently inserts his willow-wand. The bait is the savoury food of a large eel, and, therefore, is at once taken if the fish is there. The "proger" can soon tell whether the bait is swallowed. He allows time; and then suddenly pulls the check-string, which being bound to the middle of the needle reverses it, and makes a captive of the eel. He proceeds, before the eel has time to coil, to draw him out. "Proging" was a very favourite pastime in my boyhood's days.

Carp Fishing.

The river Parrett contains great quantities of other fish—roach, dace, perch, tench, and carp. I have caught roach 2lbs. in weight. But probably the most interesting fishing is that for carp. Carp could never be taken by angling except at one period of the year when the blackberries are perfectly ripe. For their capture we generally used casting-nets which we, as boys, made ourselves. There was an old clergyman in the neighbourhood whose house

stood on the site of an old monastery, surrounded by a moat. In this moat were very fine carp of as much as 10 to 12lbs. in weight. Overhanging the moat were some large blackberry bushes, and when the season for the fruit came on we were always glad to hear from the old housekeeper, whom we sometimes met in the town, and who was very friendly to us, how the blackberries were getting on, so that we might have some carp fishing. "Eh, Mr. William," she would say to me, "the blackberries beant never ready to fall yet." But when the time did come, we repaired with rod and line to Mr. Mends' moat at Aller, and there, baiting with a large ripe blackberry, we allowed the line to fall into the water just below one of the bushes. The bait was immediately taken, and we hooked a splendid carp. But we never could catch more than one the same day; for of all fish the carp are the most suspicious and timid. Fishermen call the carp "the freshwater fox."

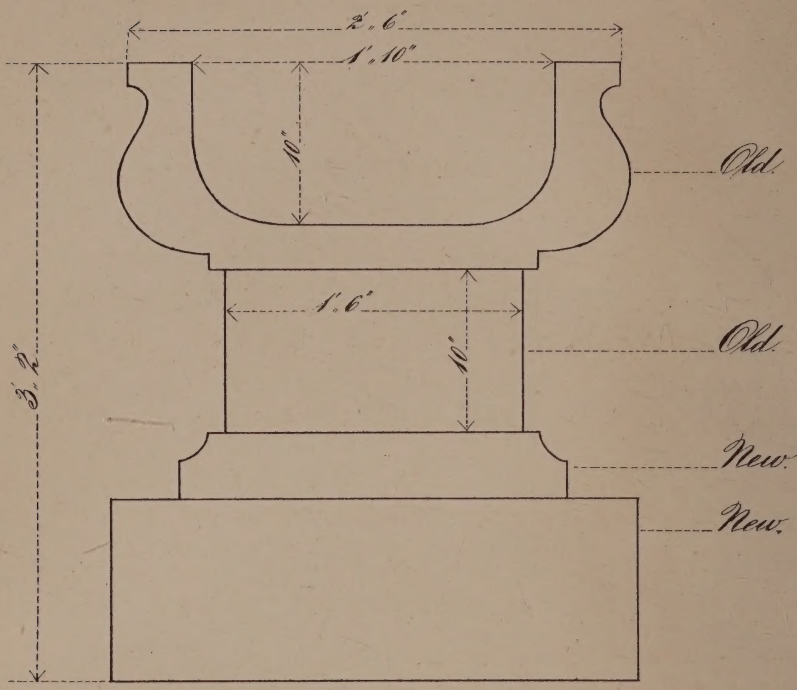
An old Font Found.

Mr. Mends was a bachelor, and his living was in the gift of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which Society he had been a Fellow. We boys knew him well, and he was always most hospitable and kind to us. We told him that if he would have the moat cleaned out there would be twice the quantity of fish; for there must have been five or six feet depth of mud. Mr. Mends, however, did not see the necessity for undertaking this work, until one winter, when the weather was very hard and work was scarce, it occurred to him that he could provide employment for the poor labourers by letting them clean out the moat. The mud was taken out and left upon the bank for years. And embedded in the moat the labourers had found a great big hollow stone, of which they informed Mr. Mends, who told them to take care of it and bring it out upon the bank. He inspected it, but not knowing what it was, they covered it up again with the mud they flung from the pond. At length Mr. Mends died, and a new rector, Mr. Nicholson, was appointed. He had the grounds all cleared and tidied up on his coming into residence, and the mud on the bank was taken away. The large stone was again turned over, and the new Rector, on examining it, found that it was of oval shape and hollow, with a hole in the bottom, and carved sides. It was undoubtedly an old font.

The Church was half a mile away from the Rectory, and in the

ALLER CHURCH, SOMERSET.

ALLER FONT.



Dimensions of Aller Font.

Diameter of outside	2'. 6"
" " inside	1'. 10"
Depth of Basin	10"
Diameter of Shaft	1'. 6"
Length of Shaft	10"
Height	3'. 2"

Grappenhall Font

The dimensions of the Grappenhall Font are found on page 381.

On comparing them it will be perceived that they nearly coincide, which is remarkable as they were discovered one buried in a pond, in a Rectory Garden, and the other under the floor of the Parish Church; and these two villages were situated 300 miles apart.

William Luckett M.A.
Rector of Warrington.
1888.

vestry of the Church there had been from times unremembered a hollow octagonal stone in which umbrellas, &c., were put. On comparing this with the font found in the moat it turned out that the foot of the font exactly fitted this hollow stone, of which it was the shaft. In shape and carving there was evidence of great antiquity; and it has frequently occurred to me, as the Isle of Athelney was only two miles distant, where Alfred the Great first secreted himself as a herdsman and afterwards won a splendid victory over the Danes, and where the Danish chief Guthrum and his family were baptized into the Christian faith, whether this very old font had once had a grand historical association?

Be that as it may, its antiquity gave it claim to interest, and its hallowed use to reverence, and it was restored to its former sacred home and purpose, being even to-day the font of Aller Parish Church.

Was there ever a time when Fonts were Destroyed?

In the many religious controversies which have moved the passions of Englishmen was there ever a time when the old oval fonts were broken down and destroyed, and when, in very fear of their being subjected to such sacrilege, pious hands removed them, and either buried them or concealed them in pits or ponds, as was the case at Aller? History would point at once to the Commonwealth as the most likely period. But it may have been that in the Anabaptist fanaticism the small old fonts were considered useless for immersion, and were, therefore, in danger of maltreatment, and that there were thoughtful people prepared to preserve them.

A similar instance came to my knowledge many years afterwards. At the village of Grappenhall, near Warrington, the Rev. Canon Greenall undertook the task of restoring his church and repairing it in the year 1873. There had been up to this time a stone floor. This was taken up, and in preparing for the wooden floor which was to be substituted, the workmen made an excavation of two or three feet. In removing the earth they came upon a large stone, which was found to be hollowed at the top. The news of this discovery came to Canon Greenall, and he ordered the stone to be preserved. He sent for me to see the curiosity, and I found it was a font of the exact size and shape as the one at Aller, but it had no base. Canon Greenall had a base made for it from the photograph I had obtained of the Aller font.

Here, then, was another case in which the old font, hidden away beneath the floor of the church in days of trouble, was restored to its sacred use.

I wrote on this subject to my friend the Dean of Exeter, who, on October 26th, 1887, "King Alfred's Day," preached a sermon at Taunton, Somersetshire, as reported in the London *Guardian* of November 9th. His reply I subjoin, together with extracts from the letter to which it refers :—

Deanery,
Exeter,
November 17*th*, 1887.

My Dear Mr. QUEKETT,

I was glad to see your handwriting and read your letter. You seem as brisk as ever in old age.

I sent your letter to a friend—and as his handwriting is very clear and good, I send his answer on to you. I believe he is quite right.

It was the vile contempt for sacred things in our blessed Protestant times that wrought havoc among our Ecclesiastical remains.

May God preserve you in health and vigour.

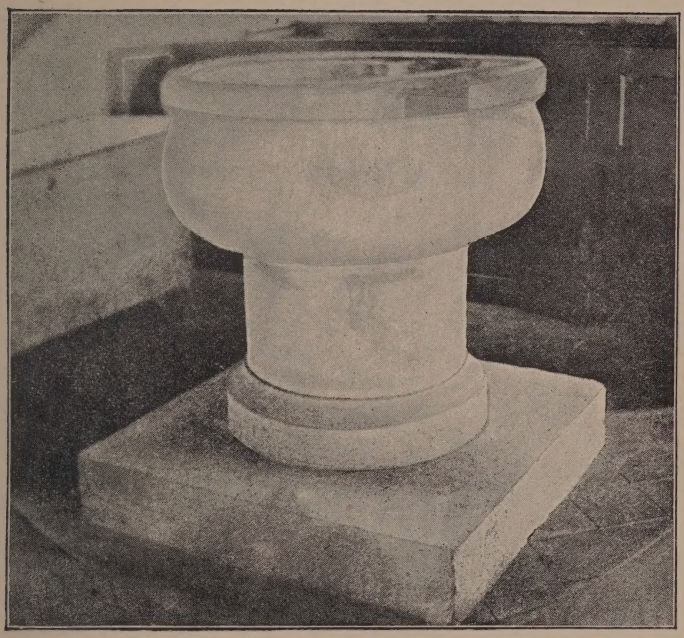
Yours truly,
B. M. COWIE.

Extracts from a letter to the DEAN :—

My Dear DEAN,

I return your friend's letter. It would be interesting to see a photograph of the Aller font, as one might form some idea of its approximate date.

As to his query—I doubt very much whether there was ever a period of "uproar" over the substitution of "sprinkling" for "immersing"; for I have yet to learn that, at any set time, such substitution was ordered by competent authority, or otherwise, or was adopted so generally and simultaneously as to direct men's attention to the change, and lead to disturbances. I should rather say that the disuse of immersion and the adoption of affusion was quite a gradual process in the Church of England at large—like Topsy, "it growed." Of course, there may have been some purely local heart-burnings, with what are now called "consequential results," when people marked and resented the change of practice anywhere.



ANCIENT FONT, ALLER PARISH CHURCH, SOMERSET.
FOUND IN THE RECTORY MOAT.

It occurs to me to add that, as far as my (somewhat wide) observation goes, the ancient (I mean Pre-Reformation) fonts remain undisturbed almost everywhere; so, of whatever cause the font-hiding at Aller and at Grappenhall may have been the effect, it seems to be certain that any "uproar" must have been merely a "storm in a tea-cup," here and there.

In the time of the Rebellion (as you know) many sacred things were hidden out of sight, in order to preserve them; and it is not at all improbable that there might have been local reasons at Aller and at Grappenhall for concealing their fonts.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Yours ever sincerely,
F. C. H. RANDOLPH.

Catching Wild Fowl.

The village of Aller was celebrated for its decoy-pond, in which large quantities of wild fowl were caught. As my brothers took up the study of ornithology, this decoy-pond was a very favourite resort of ours. It may be interesting to describe a decoy, and to give some account of the manner in which wild fowl are caught.

A decoy consists of a piece of enclosed land, several acres in extent, covered densely with trees and bushes. In the centre a square pond of some acres is dug, with beautiful sloping mossy banks, nicely kept. At each corner of the pond a large, wide ditch is made. Each of these ditches is about 20 feet wide where it joins the pond, and it is curved and tapers gradually to a point at its extremity. The ditches are covered with very high netting, which also gradually tapers to a point at the extremity of the ditch. This netting encloses under it the nice mossy banks for the birds to sleep on. In the pond are a couple of dozen decoy ducks. The whole pond, the ditches, and the netting are surrounded by a straw fence, seven feet high, with apertures here and there for the decoy-keeper to show himself under the netting.

The decoy is like a sacred spot. No one is allowed to fire a gun within a mile. It is in the winter months, beginning with October, that the wild fowl collect. During the first month they are not disturbed, so that there may be no hindrance to their assembling in large numbers, the old frequenters bringing new ones daily from their nightly feeding grounds. After the decoy has been well stocked, the keeper begins to catch. In the pond the two dozen

decoy ducks are regularly fed by the keeper, and know his voice and his whistle. So sensitive are wild fowl to smell that before going near the decoy-pond, the keeper always looks at his weather vane to see which way the wind blows, because he only takes his station where the wind blows the scent from the ducks to him, and not from him to the ducks, otherwise the wild fowl would be apprehensive and would never move. On looking through the peep-holes in the straw fence, he sees where the wild ducks are, and he chooses his station and whistles. The tame ducks know his whistle, and flock to be fed; and when the wild fowl see their friends feeding on the barley which he flings over the fence, they come to be fed too. He entices on the whole flock little by little till he has them well under the net, when, taking advantage of their being all busily and unsuspectingly enjoying their feed, he comes from his hiding place and shows himself behind the whole body. The tame ducks do not mind him, but the wild fowl are scared and fly off to the extremity of the net, where they are snared and quickly secured.

In case the wild fowl are too timid to come and feed with their tame friends, the keeper employs the services of a small dog, well trained to act as a decoy. This dog is dressed in a red jacket, and has a piece of cheese given to him to encourage him to run on. He thus attracts the attention of the wild fowl, both by sight and smell, and he makes his way close to the water on the mossy bank and through every hole and creek which the apertures of the straw fence afford. The wild fowl, which are naturally curious, follow to see what the odd little creature can be about, and when his proceedings have attracted them far enough the keeper shows himself as before, and they rush on and are caught in their attempt to escape.

The wild birds caught at Aller were of many kinds which we boys obtained as specimens during the year, viz., spoonbills, ruffs, several species of Northern divers, and that rare bird the oyster catcher, having a fine, thin beak six inches long, with which he opens the shells of his victims, and thus secures them. I have known as many as forty couple of wild fowl caught in a day.

Wild fowl feed by night. At sundown they leave the decoy-ponds and go up into the moors. This habit found us additional sport as boys. There was a famous moor just above Langport called Wet Moor. To this we used to go at night and wait under cover of our tarpaulin or round the ponds for a shot. We often, in order to know if there were many ducks about feeding, let off a

THE HANGING CHAPEL, LANGPORT, SOMERSET.

rocket from the garden, and this disturbed the wild fowl at their several feeding places. As the fiery particles scattered themselves in sight the birds took flight, and by their several cries gave us notice of their abundance. At other times we waited round the ponds to which during the night, or more generally in the grey of the morning, the birds resorted for food. Splash they came, in flocks settling on the water. Our signal was two whistles, one as they settled on the water and another as they again rose. We seldom missed a good chance, and our spaniel always got all our lamed game, with which we merrily made our way home, and were in bed before our father and mother were awake.

Some Remembrances of Langport and Neighbourhood.

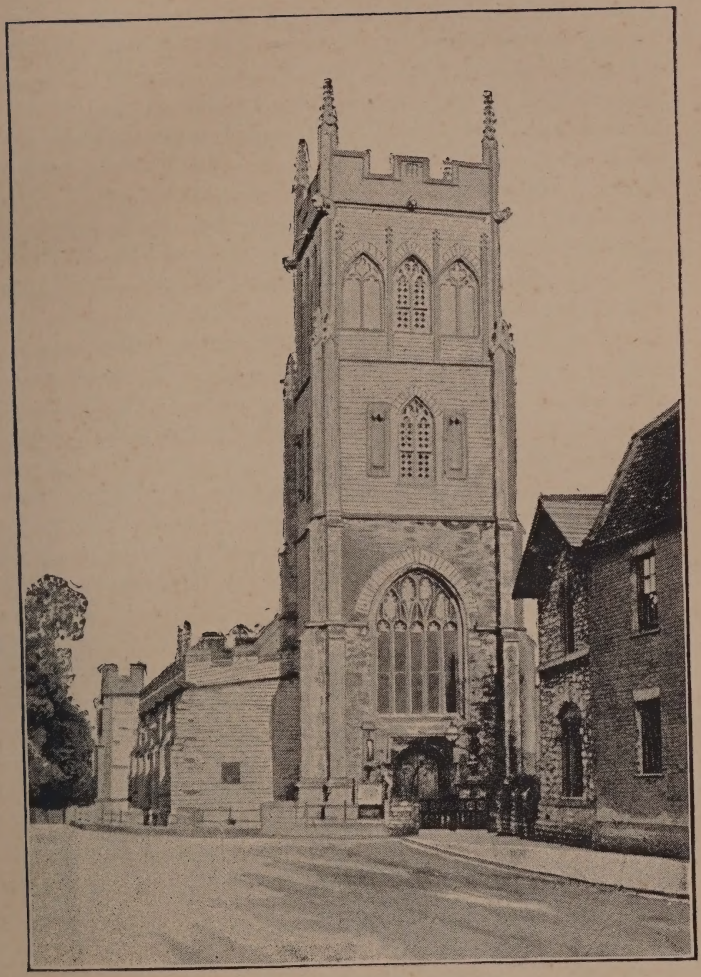
Langport was in ancient times a fortified town, with a wall and gate and entrenchments. Traces of the entrenchments still exist, and there are the remains of the old archway, with its hinges and where the portcullis was let down. This old archway now forms the "Hanging Chapel," so called from the execution of those adherents of the Duke of Monmouth whom the famous Judge Jeffreys sentenced in the "Bloody Assize," after the victory of the Royal troops at Sedgmoor, 5th July, 1685. In this "Hanging Chapel" the Grammar School was at first held; but as time went on it was found to be very inconvenient for this purpose, and a school was built. But even in my boyhood the Sunday School of the parish was held in the "Hanging Chapel," and I well remember how the young ladies of the town gave their services in teaching the girls, and how we as young men assisted with the boys. This "Hanging Chapel" for years was the Museum of the town, and owes its foundation as such to the valuable collections made by my brothers and myself in our pursuit of natural history studies.

The Church at Langport is a beautiful structure of the Early Decorated period. There are in the neighbourhood fine quarries of blue lias, and there are also free stone quarries at Ham Hill. Langport Church, like all the other churches of the district, is ornamented with these native stones, and, standing on a hill, it is a structure both of beauty and interest.

The river Parrett runs through the town; and almost all the houses on one side of the street have gardens sloping down to the water. Before railways were made, there was a great trade on

the river in the carriage of coal and merchandise. A dozen barges went daily down to Bridgwater, a distance of twelve miles, for coals. There was no towing-path for the horses, as in the case of ordinary canals; but the horses went along the fields by the river's bank. I have often watched these horses jump the wooden stiles which separated the fields. They were ridden by little boys, who were tied fast to them when they first began to ride; and when a horse came to a stile there was a stop made to allow the rope to slacken sufficiently for the leap. The boy then seized the end of the rope and gave the signal, whereupon the horse cleared the stile and set off once more to draw the barge. When the barges got within a short distance of Bridgwater, they went down the river with the tide, which comes in suddenly twice a day with a head or bore, and rushes up the river with great force. The boats are moored accordingly, and when loaded wait for the return tide, which being allowed to get ahead of them by a quarter of an hour before they start, carries them steadily up to the spot where their horses are waiting. Each barge in turn makes for the side, when its horse jumps on board and is ferried across the river, there to commence its heavier work of drawing the loaded barge back.

At the confluence of the rivers Parrett and Tone is the beautiful little island of Athelney, to which it is said that Alfred the Great retired in 878. There are other beautiful and historically interesting places in the neighbourhood, amongst which is Burton Pynsent, a little way out of the town. We could see the church of Curry Rivell a short distance from our house. This beautiful demesne belonged up to about the year 1766 to Sir William Pynsent, who, being a bachelor and having no immediate claims, and entertaining a devoted admiration for the great Earl of Chatham, the relative of Mr. Pitt, determined to leave the whole of this estate to that eminent statesman. He sent for his solicitor, Mr. Bampfield, who resided at Langport; and in due form deeds were drawn up offering the estate of Burton Pynsent and all its belongings as a gift to the Earl of Chatham; and these deeds were to be given into the Earl's own hand by his solicitor, and they provided, in case of his lordship's refusal to accept, for otherwise disposing of the estate. After Sir W. Pynsent's death, Mr. Bampfield rode to London on horseback—a distance of 140 miles—as there were no coaches in those days. After more than a week's long, tiresome ride, he called one day at the Earl's official residence in London. There was some hesitation on the part of the hall-man who opened



LANGPORT CHURCH, SOMERSET.

TWIGLEY CHURCH, SOMERSET.

the door to deliver Mr. Bampfield's message, which was "that he wished on urgent business to see the Earl." "His lordship does not see everyone who comes," said the man, as he took a depreciating survey of the stranger, dressed in queer, country-made clothes, with top-boots and breeches. "Nevertheless, if he refuses to see me, it will be the very worst day's work he ever did in his life," persevered the lawyer. The difficulty was becoming more and more serious, when, happily, the house-steward came forward and begged to be allowed to know something of the nature of the business of the gentleman who called. Mr. Bampfield explained that he was a solicitor and a gentleman, that he was bound to put into the Earl's own hands most important documents. The house-steward took a more favourable view of the case, and gave the message to his master at once. But the Earl could scarcely believe that a mere nobody could have brought him information which demanded his attention; and it was with great reluctance he gave consent for the attorney's admission. What was his surprise when the country lawyer placed in his hands the will and the title-deeds of the Burton Pynsent estates in Somersetshire! His Lordship positively jumped with delight. Mr. Bampfield was treated with the best hospitality the house could afford; and the persevering lawyer of Langport and the great Earl of Chatham were henceforward fast friends. It may be remembered that one title of the Earl of Chatham was Baron of Pynsent.

It is to be regretted that a subsequent Earl of Chatham should have lost this fine estate as quickly as the first Earl acquired it. So far did the ruin go that even the monument, 140 feet high, raised by the first Earl to commemorate the original gift, and bearing the inscription, "HOC SALTEM FUNGAR INANI MUNERE," was sold to be broken up into stone for mending the roads. From this degrading fate it was generously rescued by a number of gentlemen who came forward to purchase it; and from them it was bought by the next possessor of the estate, and is still to be seen as the Pynsent monument by every traveller on the Great Western Railway to Bath.

From the monument at Burton Pynsent the view on to Sedgmoor is very extensive. The far boundary of the moor on the north is the Polden Hills; on the east the view extends to Sturton Tower; while the eye travels as far as the Bristol Channel on the west to the Steep Holmes.

In the summer months the moor appears covered as with snow.

This appearance is caused by the immense flocks of geese which are fed there chiefly for the sake of the feathers and quills. One goosier will own as many as 3,000 geese. Every year the poor creatures are plucked as closely as a cook would pluck them before roasting; and the quills and feathers form a profitable source of income to their masters. Every night the flocks of geese are driven into enclosures and fed, being allowed to wander again on the moor in the early morning.

King Alfred's Monument at Athelney.

The monument to King Alfred in the Isle of Athelney bears the following inscription on its eastern side:—

"King Alfred the Great, in the year of our Lord 879, having been defeated by the Danes, fled for refuge to the Forest of Athelney, where he lay concealed from his enemies for the space of a whole year. He soon after regained possession of his throne, and, in grateful remembrance of the protection he had received under the favour of heaven, erected a monastery on this spot and endowed it with all the lands contained in the Isle of Athelney to perpetuate the memorial of so remarkable an incident in the life of that illustrious prince.

"This edifice was founded by John Slade, Esq., of Mansel, the proprietor of Athelney Farm, and Lord of the Manor of North Petherton.

"A.D. 1801."

A Parrot as a Present to His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

A friend of an old aunt of mine had a fine parrot which was a great favourite, both on account of its beauty and its talking powers. It did not seem to talk merely at random, as most parrots do, but to choose the proper moments and circumstances for uttering its speeches.

One day my aunt's friend was in her sitting-room, and was showing her servant how to mix a cake. A visitor happened to call, and, while the servant went to open the door, the old lady put the dish containing the materials for the cake under the sofa, the valence forming for what was there hidden a veil from the eyes of strangers. The visitor was shown in, and took a seat on the sofa, when Polly called out "Take care of the cake!" and the old lady

was obliged, with some confusion, to tell what she had been about before her friend arrived. This expression, "Take care of the cake," the bird had probably learnt from the oft-repeated direction of the mistress to her servant, when, in the midst of baking, other duties were absorbing her attention, and it required the warning "Take care of the cake" to recall her to the need of watching the oven.

After the victory of Waterloo, and the Duke of Wellington's return to Apsley House, thousands of presents and congratulatory letters were sent to him from all parts of the country, and my aunt's friend was determined not to be behind the rest of the country in showing her gratitude and appreciation for the services rendered by the great General. She therefore travelled up to London, taking with her her pet, the parrot, in a handsome new cage covered with green baize. She had determined that the bird should be her gift to the Duke. On arriving at Apsley House she enquired for his Grace, and said she wished particularly to see him, as she had brought him a present. The servant told her that it was not his custom to receive visits from strangers without knowing something of them and their business. The old lady persisted that she had come up from Somersetshire, 140 miles, to see his Grace, and to bring him a parrot, and that if the Duke would only see her, she was sure he would be delighted with her gift. The Duke at first hesitated, but on learning of the long journey, and the earnestness of the old lady, he ordered that she should be shown in. He received his visitor with great politeness, and thanked her for her kind intentions, but said that he really did not want a parrot. She said that if his Grace would only hear the bird speak, she was sure he would not refuse her gift. He allowed her to uncover the cage, and she said to her favourite, "Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington!" The bird, flapping its wings with the joy of being liberated from darkness, cried out, "See, the conquering hero comes!" "Oh, I'll have her. I'll have her," cried the Duke with much evident pleasure; and when Polly was made to sing "God save the King," and to say a number of other loyal and complimentary things, the old lady was most warmly thanked for her gift, and her pet was praised for all its accomplishments.

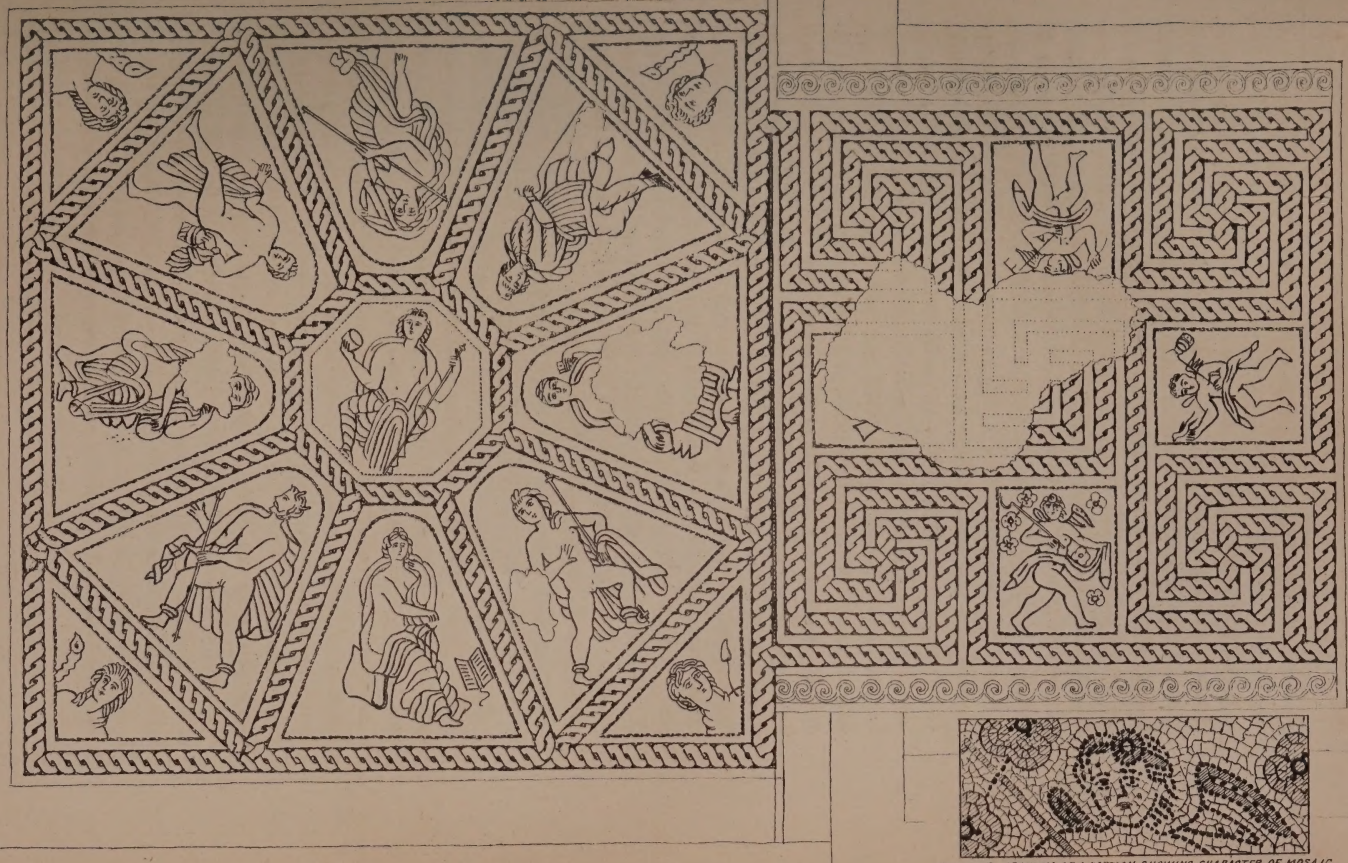
After this the Duke kept the parrot always in his room, and Polly was transferred from Apsley House to Stratfield-Saye, and was highly esteemed in the neighbourhood.

How to Cure an Over-fed Poodle.

A story of Lady Chatham and one of her pets—a French poodle—occurs to me here, and deserves a place as a lesson to other ladies. The dog suffered from over-feeding, and became so violently ill that its life was in danger. She sought earnestly for a doctor for her favourite; and at length heard that the blacksmith of the village had said that he could cure it. The smith was sent for; and he undertook to cure the pet if allowed to take it for three weeks. My lady pleaded hard against this cruel separation; and when at length she consented, she endeavoured to make terms with the smith so that she might visit her pet two or three times a week. This was as steadily refused; the wily fellow alleging as his reason that the medicine he must use would not admit of the dog's having any excitement. At last the smith was allowed to depart with his patient; and much amusement was afforded in the smithy for the next three weeks by the sight of Lady Chatham's fat poodle tied under the bellows in such a position that it panted with the exertion of getting up whenever the bellows was used. The smith's boy of fourteen also drove the creature round the orchard two or three times each day, tied with a string. This reduced the fat of the pampered animal; while a simple diet of milk and bread restored the digestive organs. At the end of the three weeks the smith took back to Lady Chatham her dog fully recruited, well washed and cleaned, and received a handsome gratuity.

Roman Remains.

That this part of Somersetshire was a strong Roman encampment is proved by the remains at Hamdon Hill, and by the hollow called the "Frying Pan," where the Roman games were formerly held, near Hamdon. But perhaps there has never been a remnant of Roman occupation found in England more interesting than the perfect and lovely tessellated pavement discovered at Pitney, about three miles from Langport. The village itself is dreary enough; and one cannot but express surprise that a Roman nobleman or gentleman should choose a dull spot like this for his villa, having little else to look out upon than the marshy swamp of Sedgmoor, with a few barren hills beyond. But whatever guided his selection of the spot, there is no doubt that he built here a luxurious residence. The magnificent pavement had lain for centuries covered with the half-baked



ENLARGED DRAWING OF A PORTION, SHOWING CHARACTER OF MOSAIC.
SCALE ONE INCH TO A FOOT

MOSAIC PAVEMENT AT PITNEY, COUNTY SOMERSET, MDCCCXXIX.
SCALE QUARTER INCH TO A FOOT.

clay of which the walls of the building were probably constructed. The walls had most likely been pushed in by the Roman owners at the time of an enforced departure, so as to preserve the beautiful pavement. In all likelihood the pavement would have remained undiscovered had not some of the tesseræ of which it was composed become disintegrated, and fallen into the hands of a Mr. Hasel, a strong antiquarian, who set about the delicate task of uncovering the beautiful work. The farmer on whose land the discovery was made had always chosen this spot for building his "ricks;" and two parts of the pavement are broken and damaged by the posts with which the ricks were enclosed. By the kindness of Messrs. Day and Son, lithographers, who brought out an engraving of the pavement in 1829, I am enabled to give a sketch of one of the principal rooms as discovered by Mr. Hasel. It will be seen that the floors are those of two distinct apartments; the larger floor being that of the principal room in the house, and the smaller that of an ante-chamber. The designs in each case are perfect, and of exquisite beauty. The figures are those of Roman divinities, Ceres being the central one, as the Goddess of Plenty, and she being surrounded by eight of her celestial companions, Mercury, Pan, Venus, &c., all of them the professed deities of those blessings which would afford comfort or add enjoyment to the life of home. The colouring of the original tesseræ was bright and rich; and when Mr. Hasel's work of unearthing was finished, hundreds of visitors from all parts of England and the Continent flocked to see what was perhaps the finest specimen of tessellated work that had been preserved. The owner of the property made large sums by charging admission to his treasure; but so little prudence had he that he made no provision against the action of the weather, and in time the pavement broke up. It is a reproach to a wealthy Government like ours that work of such antiquarian interest should have been suffered to perish.

"Old Puzzle Judge."

We used to be very fond of fishing and of boats; and therefore took a good deal of interest in the movements of two fishermen, Thomas Hartland and Tom Denham, whose boats could be seen from the bottom of our garden. We knew by the absence or presence of the boats whether they were out fishing or not. They were both great men for catching eels; and as Langport eels were

celebrated throughout the whole country, they made a pretty good thing of their calling. Tom Denham was quite a young hand as a fisherman, but he made up for his want of long experience by his energy. Tom was busy laying lines and baskets later than any other fisherman, and he was up in the morning before others were awake. Indeed, so energetic was he, that we as boys used to accredit him with examining our baskets in the early morning as well as his own. It was in vain we tried to anticipate him; if we rose at five, he had been there at four; if we were on the river by four, Tom had been there at three. One summer season the weather was very dry, and there was no catching the large worms which are used as bait for eels without getting up before daylight. Tom had an order for some good eels; and having but a short supply in his eel-box, he got up early to have another day's fishing before he executed the order. Before three o'clock he went down to his garden to get some large worms before daylight came, and on looking towards the river, he saw a man in his boat. He crept slowly along the garden path, and quietly approached the boat. The man was so intent upon getting the eels out of Tom's box that he did not hear him approach; and thus Tom caught the delinquent in the very act. The young man when he perceived Tom jumped into the river, which was at this spot not very deep. Tom jumped in after him and pursued him across Cocklemoor, where the thief again jumped into the river. But the depth here was more than ten feet, and as the young fellow could not swim, Tom made an easy capture, and indeed had it not been for Tom, the thief must have been drowned. Tom collared him, and took him at once to the constable's, whom he knocked up, and the prisoner was taken off to the Town Hall, there to be locked up till his examination before the magistrates. In due course the magistrates committed him for trial at the assizes at Taunton. The trial occasioned some little stir in the town and neighbourhood, because of Tom's bravery in saving the life of the prisoner.

Vincent Stuckey, Esq., the banker, of Langport, was Chairman of the Grand Jury. Many were present to hear the trial. In the course of proceedings Tom Denham was put into the witness-box, and as he was giving his evidence, the Judge said:

"Well, Denham, what could induce you to get up as early as three o'clock in the morning?"

"Please, my Lord, I was up catching yeshes to lay my weels wi'."

The Judge halted at the answer, and repeated the question to the man, thinking there might be some mistake.

"*I was up catching yeshes to lay my weels wi'*," repeated Tom in full voice.

The Judge was more at a loss than before, and appealed to the barristers one by one. But they all laughed, shook their heads, and confessed their inability to interpret Tom's answer. The whole Court was in doubt and difficulty, when Mr. Vincent Stuckey, rising in his place in the Grand Jury Gallery, said :—

"I think, my Lord, I can explain this matter to you."

"Please, Sir," said the Judge, "let us hear what it means."

"'Yeshes,' my Lord, are large worms which they make use of as baits to put into their 'weels,' or willow baskets, to catch eels."

When thus translated, the whole Court went into fits of laughter at Tom's jargon; poor Tom himself indulging in the general merriment, and flattering himself that he had made a wonderful point in the day's proceedings.

From that day forward, Tom Denham went by the name of "Old Puzzle Judge."

The Mischievous Propensities of a Raven.

Being fond of ornithology, and having had the offer of a young raven as a present to my son, a lad of eight, I was anxious to watch its development, and learn something of its habits. The young bird was taken from a nest at the decoy-pond at Aller. This nest was built in one of the highest trees—too high for a man to climb ; and as the young fellow who wished to make my son the present lived near the spot, he was well able to watch their growth by the habits of the old birds, and by their first attempts to fly. As soon as he saw that they were just able to fly, he climbed the tree, taking with him a "poord," with which to reach the nest, and knock out two of the young ones. They fell uninjured to the ground, and were soon caught and pinioned, *i.e.*, so maimed by the cutting off of the first joint of the wing that they would never be able to fly more than a few yards at once. One of the two was brought to my boy Henry; who, being fond of all young creatures, soon made a great pet of "Ralph," as he called him. The two became great friends, the raven eating out of his basin, and announcing his coming always by the cry, "Ralph, Ralph," as clear as that of a human voice. His propensity for thieving developed very early. He made

his roosting-place on the roof, near the kitchen chimney; on account of the warmth he seemed to choose it as his nightly abode. This became his hiding-place for every species of stolen goods. No human thief was more cunning or more silent in his movements than Ralph. Though unable to fly much, he could run and hop with a lightness of step which defeated every attempt to be certain of his whereabouts from minute to minute. He was very curious, too, and would stand to watch and enquire into everything, observing and reasoning with almost human intelligence. But the spirit of mischief was so strong within him that one was almost tempted to believe that the bird was possessed.

When the boys were playing at marbles Ralph was generally on his perch, an interested observer. But he would never take any steps to obtain the marbles till the "pound" was full. One day my boy Henry came to me crying because Ralph had swallowed all the marbles. The boys had filled the "pound" full of marbles for their game, and the raven had quietly stepped down from his perch, and deposited them all in the pouch he had under his beak, hopping back again with the greatest unconcern. He no doubt intended to carry them off to his hiding-place the moment he could get away unobserved. I had just come in from riding, and I handed Henry the horsewhip and told him to go and give Ralph a good whipping. He went and administered to the bird two or three sharp cuts upon his back, whereupon Master Ralph flung up all the marbles, and walked off penitent and ashamed.

The cook used daily to complain of the raven's thievish propensities. He was very fond of going into the kitchen, especially when meat was being roasted, as he liked to watch the jack going round. He generally took up his station under the table, and from this point of observation he not only watched the jack, but managed also to find out what was lying about. When the cook's back was turned, Ralph made off with scissors, spectacles, thimbles, keys, or money, taking what he could steal to his hiding-place. At last he became such a nuisance in the kitchen that the cook declared "She could not live any longer with that raven," and as she had been with the family forty years, she was a privileged person, and her verdict against poor Ralph was obliged to be acted upon. Yet, we did not wish to kill the bird, for which, indeed, despite all his delinquencies, my boy Henry had a strong affection. I met my friend Uttermare one day, and said, "You have always seemed to befriend our raven in his scrapes; would you like to have him?"

He umped at the offer, and as he had a large lawn in front of his house, I predicted less mischievous and happier days for our disgraced favourite.

The raven was therefore sent, as a present, to Mr. Uttermare, and took up his abode there with sedate quietness. He had not been long there, however, before the gardener complained that "it was no use to go gardening whilst that bird was there." The reason of this complaint was soon found. While the gardener was at work Ralph got up into a tree, from which he could see all that was going on. Here he patiently waited till the gardener went away, when he would come down, and pull up all the pegs and sticks, and scratch up all the seeds, exactly undoing all that he had seen done. The offence, more than once committed, was too great to be pardoned without punishment, and the gardener was ordered to pen poor Ralph up in the stable-yard, which was surrounded by a high wall, too high for the raven to fly over, and which was entered only by a door at one side. Here were kept a number of poultry in coops for fattening, and abundant provisions were placed in troughs before the coops two or three times a day. The raven had not been long a member of the stable-yard society when the cook began to complain that the poultry were very thin, and not worth bringing in. "And yet," she added "they have plenty of food." There was manifestly something wrong—something to be accounted for; and the man who fed the fowls was questioned on the subject. He declared that while he was feeding them, the fowls ate voraciously, but he had noticed that what was left was never touched. It was agreed, therefore, that he should watch, and after his next feeding the fowls, he retired through the door, but kept it partly open so that he might observe unnoticed what went on inside the yard. Scarcely had he time to take his stand, when down came the raven, and began to walk backwards and forwards before the coops like a sentinel. The fowls drew in their heads like creatures terrified, and if any poor duck or chicken did put out its head for a mouthful of food it received such an admonitory peck from the strong bill of the sentinel as was sufficient to deter it from any further attempt to eat. Here, then, was the delinquent. Ralph, the mischievous Ralph, playing master of the ceremonies, was starving the poultry! The case was proved against him, and he was ordered to be killed.

Once more, however, mercy prevailed over justice, and the cleverness of poor Ralph—even though wickedly exercised—found

him again a champion in Mr. Uttermare. He must not be killed, said my friend, but banished to the coal hole, where he must be shut up in the dark. A perch was made for his accommodation, and the sentence was carried out.

Next door to Mrs. Uttemare lived an old gentleman, Mr. Caines, who was much troubled with the gout, and was unable to go up stairs. While sitting before the fire in his room, he was alarmed one day by bits of coal, brick, and mortar coming down the chimney. He thought something must be wrong with the chimney-pot, and sent for the bricklayer to examine it. The man reported that all the chimney-pots on the house were in good condition. The old gentleman expressed doubts. "Oh, yes, sir, it's all right," repeated the man. "But I tell you it's not all right; just sit down here, and you'll see." The bricklayer sat down, and presently he too saw bits of brick and coal come rattling down the chimney. "There must be something wrong in one of the flues or connections," he said. Mr. Caines told him to go and ask Mrs. Uttermare if he might trace this chimney through her garden. The man went, and at the end of his search he came to the coal hole where the raven was. Here he found that the bird had picked out half a brick by constantly tearing away the mortar and the particles of the brick, and that having made this hole into Mr. Caines' chimney, he amused himself by flinging up particles of lime, and brick, and coal, all of which came tumbling down into poor Mr. Caines' fireplace.

There was now no further chance for poor Ralph at Mr. Uttermare's, and he was ordered to be removed. His banishment was made as pleasant as possible, for Mr. Uttermare had a tenant farmer of the name of Page, and to Mr. Page, of Moretown—a farm which Mr. Uttermare's father had purchased from Lord Chatham —Ralph was promised as a present to the children. Farmer Page fetched the raven from Mr. Uttermare's in his gig, carrying him off in a basket.

In his new quarters Ralph at first, as if he had gained wisdom by experience, lived very quietly, and behaved so well that he was made much of by his young mistresses. He lived chiefly in the farm yard, where was a pond in which the young ducks learnt to swim. Unluckily for Ralph, a too brilliant idea entered his ingenious head. He evidently thought that as young ducks learnt to swim, such exercise would be good for young chickens also. He therefore went behind one brood after another, and with his

great wings flapped them all into the pond, and great was the destruction by drowning wrought through Ralph's too venturesome system of education.

Many benevolent individuals have come to an untimely end; and I grieve to say that my friend the raven died a martyr to his very earnest efforts. For Farmer Page had less patience with the poor bird's mischievous propensities than his other owners had shown, and poor Ralph was shot and buried!

MY COLLEGE LIFE.

Going to Cambridge.

I had always made up my mind that I would be a clergyman; and my father determined that I should go to Cambridge at 19. An old schoolfellow of mine was at Peterhouse, and my father entrusted to him the duty of entering my name at St. John's, which college my father chose, because in those days it was the only college in Cambridge that required from its undergraduates a steady course of reading. In the following October, therefore, 1821, I accompanied my friend to Cambridge, travelling not very expeditiously by the North Devon coach, *viâ* Salisbury and London. After this first long journey of 140 miles, we thought it desirable to remain in London for a couple of days to refresh ourselves; and we put up at the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross. The sights and gaieties of London were a great treat to me, who as a country youth had had little opportunity of seeing town life. I remember well my delight in going to the play and seeing a pantomime for the first time. The piece was called "The Dragon of Wantley," and the clown and pantaloon performed such extraordinary feats that I have never ceased to laugh at the remembrance from that day to this. One of their performances—a new "feature" in the play-bill—was to take a barber's shop and shave people by steam. The customers came flocking in, attracted by the offer of a "clean shave by steam, all for one penny." At last twelve were placed side by side on a long bench; their faces being close to a fixed iron bar, on which travelled the various implements used in shaving. They were requested to sit still, when the word was given "Eyes right," and along came a shaving brush of giant proportions, which left on half the face of each customer a deluging amount of creamy lather. At the word "Eyes left," the other half of the face received its soapy covering by the return of the brush. The same directions were then given that the razor might perform its duty, and in a few moments each customer was "clean shaven" as far as the removal of the lather went. At length

there came a customer who had a very large nose, which the razor took off clean with his face, much to the amusement of the audience.

Next day we arrived at Cambridge, and my friend accompanied me to call on the Tutor of St. John's, the Rev. R. Tatham. What was my dismay on learning from him that as my name had not been entered before July, I could not keep the October term! My friend was heart-broken at the mistake he had made. "Oh, Quekett, I shall never be able to look your father in the face again!" he said, as we learned this news from the Tutor. It was certainly a very great trial to me, since my only chance of taking honours would now be to wait till the following October—twelve months more on my father's hands. We talked it all over, and I determined to abandon the idea of reading for honours, and to come up for the Lent Term. I knew that in the meantime I could read at home the work which the class were going on with, so that I should be able to join the lectures in January. I must say that this mis-entry was a very great source of disappointment both to my father and myself; and though I always took a good place on the boards of the College in all my examinations, and was high in the list of ordinary degrees, and though I was enabled to take up many branches of study which reading for honours would probably have precluded, still I have always felt that I lost the prestige which a good degree in mathematics would have given.

At Cambridge.

I joined my friend in his attendance at a course of lectures by the Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, who was then lecturing upon the drainage of the Ely fens. He had beautiful models of water-wheels and windmills, with which he illustrated his lectures; and I shall not forget his kindness in allowing me to take the dimensions and make drawings of his machinery.

In those days there were no boats at Cambridge; nothing but canoes and sailing-boats. We used to go down to the river by Magdalen Bridge. Midsummer Common was a mere swamp. I well remember the first four-oared boat being brought to Cambridge. It was called "The Hero;" and very soon after its introduction boating became a general exercise.

I had many acquaintances—old schoolfellows—in the different

colleges, and my life at Cambridge was pleasant enough. College customs were then very different from the free-and-easy habits which our young men assume nowadays. There was no exhibition of "blazers" and bright-ribboned straw hats at every hour of the day; nor did we ever think of going to lecture or hall without a white necktie. So strict was the discipline, that when Simeon was drawing great crowds of undergraduates to Trinity Church on Sunday evenings the authorities immediately ordered attendance at a course of Greek Testament lectures fixed for the same hour.

It was at one of these lectures that I made a friend who had a hand in forming and moulding my early clerical life, and of whom I cannot speak in terms of too high regard. Our lecturer was a son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells—Dr. Law. In those days there was no gas, and we had not even lamps on the tables at lecture. We were lectured in Mr. Law's own room, and large mould candles were placed here and there to give us light. Over the table Mr. Law had a very rich and handsome table-cloth, and when, as the lecturer proceeded, I saw one of the candles guttering, I tried to save the cloth by snuffing the candle and stopping the running of the tallow. To my dismay, but to the amusement of the whole class, I snuffed the candle out. Mr. Law was very angry, thinking that I was bent on mischief, and immediately called upon me to go on with some translation. A day or two afterwards, some of my college friends had an opportunity of explaining to him that what I had done was with the intention of remedying the state of the candle and saving his table-cloth, whereupon Mr. Law sent for me, and apologised for having misunderstood my motive. On learning that I was a Somersetshire man, we became fast friends. During my whole college life he extended to me help and kindness in many forms; and when he was appointed by his father Archdeacon of Wells, with a living in Somersetshire, I was one of six young Cambridge men whom he took down to that part of the diocese to enter upon ministerial work under his own supervision.

My First Long Vacation.

The drawings and calculations I had made of the Professor's machinery at Cambridge stood me in good stead in my first Long Vacation at home. We had always obtained water for household purposes from the river, which, as I have said, ran at the bottom

of the garden. The fetching of this supply entailed a good deal of work upon the servants; and I therefore set to work to pump up the water by a windmill, and convey it in pipes to the house. The deficiency of water in the summer months, however, made me aspire still further; and with the assistance of my brother Edwin, who was articled to a surgeon in the town and lived at home, we built a little steam engine of one-horse power, which communicated with my wind-wheel, and yielded a constant supply of water whenever the servants chose to light the fire.

My friend at Peterhouse and I were both fond of boating, and during this vacation he made, with the aid of the town carpenter, a very good canoe, which was moored at the bottom of our garden. We spent some part of every day in boating and fishing. Swimming, too, was an almost daily exercise. There was an old saying that "The people in Langport were born web-footed." Every boy learned to swim, and no one was accredited as an expert until he could swim over "Barley Close," a large, wide, deep spot in the centre of the river. We all learned to dive; and another particular mark of honour was to fetch up "Black Jack," a stone of a hundredweight, and show it above the water. There was an excellent place for diving where a willow tree extended over the water for ten to twelve feet, and in the depth below there were stones of all weights and sizes, marked for the practice of the young divers.

I remember a remarkable case of diving which showed the proficiency of the Langport youth in this art. A regiment of soldiers was marching through the town, and had to pass over the bridge across the river. A poor fellow with a cart-load of bricks was coming from a boat along the river's bank, when, unfortunately, the weight of the load caused the horse and cart, upon which the driver was sitting, to run backwards down the bank into the river, the man being at once swept off by the cart falling perpendicularly. Many of the soldiers who witnessed the accident ran to the bank and jumped in, endeavouring to rescue the body. None of them could dive, and the water was too deep for their doing anything. I suggested that George Payne, who lived close at hand, should be sent for. George was a tailor in the town, and was considered our very best diver. He quickly arrived at the spot and got a boat. He then dived where he heard that the carter had fallen in, and as he remained a long time under water, the people began to feel alarmed. When he appeared some distance down the river with the drowning man in his arms, and held him till the boat could take them both

up, the cheers of the soldiers and other spectators were deafening. A stretcher was quickly provided, and the poor fellow was conveyed to an inn close by, where Mr. Mitchell, the surgeon, did all he could for him. But he had been too long in the water, and life was extinct; and I remember how the sympathy in Langport took practical shape in an endeavour to make some provision for his widow and five children, while the noble effort of Payne was the common talk of the town.

Smuggling.

The river Parrett when in flood had always been a resort of smugglers, and many were the kegs of brandy and Hollands which found their way across the open country into the neighbourhood of the river. I was much surprised one day to find a boat moored into a little ditch in our garden; the whole was covered with tarpaulin, and had a very suspicious look, which found confirmation when I discovered a man lying among the beans. He soon apprised me of his business, and hoped that my father would allow him to remain till the night tide. He would be willing at any time, he said, to oblige my father with some Hollands or brandy. There could have been no doubt, however, that my father would have allowed nothing of the kind; so I felt it better to say nothing about it, and the man got off with his cargo at nightfall.

A great smuggling trade was formerly carried on in all the villages and towns on the coast of Devonshire. The runs were made to Cherbourg, where confederates were always prepared to ship brandy and Hollands. On nearing the soundings of the coast it was the custom of the smugglers to tie the casks together and sink them, weighted by great stones, in the sea; where they left them to be taken up on the first opportunity. The cargo was then distributed to such agents as could dispose of it. The fishermen who came to buy fish for sale inland were the principal customers.

Balloon Ascent at Taunton.

It was during this Long Vacation that what was then a novelty over the whole country was advertised to take place at Taunton, about twelve miles from Langport—viz., an ascent in a balloon. The aëronaut was a man of the name of Graham; and the ascent was to be made from a field near the town at six o'clock in the evening, the

price of admission to the field being eighteen-pence. My friend and I agreed to ride; and we took the beautiful road by Curry Rivell past Burton Pynsent to Taunton. On reaching the field we found that Graham was busy making the gas for his balloon from vitriol and steel filings; and what was the general disappointment as well as the poor fellow's own chagrin, when at six o'clock the balloon would not stand upright, as it was only half full of gas. He offered to return our money, or to give us tickets for his performance that day week, when he assured us all should be in order. We took tickets for the following week, as we were really curious to see this new invention. But at the next visit we were nearly disappointed again; for when the balloon was weighted it was found that it would only take up the car. Graham stripped the car of all its furniture and hangings, and threw out the ballast, leaving nothing but the wicker-frame and the grappling irons. He also disencumbered himself of all superfluous clothing, dispensing even with boots, coat, and hat. At last he found the balloon would draw, and very slowly at first he rose amid the cheers of the spectators. He cleared the houses by the merest shave, and then rose more quickly; and we lost sight of the balloon as it sailed along towards Langport, where it pitched a short time afterwards. Here Graham packed up all his traps, and returned to Taunton in a post-chaise. He was expecting an ovation of welcome and congratulation, when the driver, turning round the corner of one of the Taunton streets, upset the vehicle, and poor Graham was thrown out and broke his arm.

Miss Biffin.

In the field from which the balloon ascended I saw Miss Biffin reclining in a Bath chair, and watching the performance with keen interest. Miss Biffin was an extraordinary personage whom I had seen years before, and immediately recognized. She had neither arms nor legs. She was born near Stowey, in Somersetshire. Her father was a silk weaver, and worked at the silk mills at Holford, near Stowey. The little deformed girl used to carry his breakfast to him every morning, tied round her neck; she making her way on two stumps which supplied the place of legs. Richardson, a great travelling showman of that day, heard of the girl; and on finding her excessively intelligent, he entered into an arrangement with her father that he should have her for seven years in his show, so that she might form part of the exhibition. He promised that

she should be thoroughly educated, and that at the end of the engagement with him she should be at liberty to do the best she could for herself. She was taught to read and write, and showed especial aptitude for drawing. In writing and drawing she held her pencil in the mouth, and with her tongue she could direct it with such delicacy as to produce the finest touches. She could also thread needles with her tongue, and was a proficient in many kinds of needlework. She could do the "satin stitch," which puzzles many ladies who have the use of hands. These varied accomplishments caused her to be looked upon as a great prodigy, and crowds flocked to see her. At the expiration of her engagement with Mr. Richardson she hired a caravan and started business on her own account, taking her father from his work in the mill to be her protector and showman. She travelled through the chief towns of England, exhibiting herself, performing her various feats, and taking portraits. She made a great deal of money, and eventually retired at Taunton, where she married a surgeon. Perhaps a more extraordinary history than that of Miss Biffin has never been known.

Excursion to Lynton and Lynmouth.

One Long Vacation I made an excursion by myself to Lynton and Lynmouth, on the North Devon coast. It was a most enjoyable riding tour, and I picked up a good deal of general information about the people and the country, as well as finding many rare conchological specimens. I rode by the coast through Minehead, and came to Porlock, where I had luncheon at the "Ship." The name of this place is, I believe, derived from the Saxon "*port-locan*," *i.e.*, the locked or enclosed port; but another derivation is given by the peasantry, of which I was forcibly reminded as I sat down to my country fare of bacon and eggs. It is said in the country that this was the first place in which the devil landed in England, and that, finding himself hungry, he asked for such fare as they could give him, when a dish similar to my own was set before him. "Poor luck this!" exclaimed the luxurious traveller; whereupon the name "Porlock" has been fixed upon the place for ever.

There is a beautiful view of Exmoor along the road from Minehead.

I remember going on to Culbone the same evening. The road

is cut in the side of the cliff, and more magnificent scenery is hardly to be found in England, sea-girt as it is on the right, and bounded by peaks of 1,200 feet on the left. Suddenly the traveller turns inland by a halter-path through Lord King's wood, and looks down into the poor little village of Culbone, whose tiny church and two houses lie, as it were, at the bottom of a basin. The sun does not rise high enough to shine into the village except for three months in the year. It was in this secluded spot that Despard hid himself away.

I got to Lynton on the Saturday afternoon, and found the place full of tourists. The hotel was small, and the party large. I had, therefore, to be satisfied with a bed pushed into a cupboard at the top of the stairs, with the landing as my bedroom.

Seaton.

Later on I went to stay with my friends the Uttermares at Seaton, a Devonshire village, on the sea coast, where they were in the habit of spending a part of every summer, taking their servants, horses, carriages, &c. Every day Uttermare and I walked to the village of Beer, where we waited till the fishing boats came in. The fishermen got to know us, and would bring us many of the curious specimens which collected in their nets when trawling, and which they were in the habit of throwing away. We thus formed a rich collection of shells, sea anemones, and seaweed. I remember in one of these visits how I thought I would make a good bargain by buying a large, fine codfish for a shilling. I carried it back to the cook in triumph, and she was ordered to boil it. What was the surprise of the cook, and what my own dismay, when it was found that the cod had melted away! Codfish on this coast are gelatinous, and of little use as food; the reason probably being that the water is too deep for them, and the flesh does not harden and set as in the Northern Seas.

Large quantities of mackerel are caught on these coasts. Men are employed to look out for a school, they taking their positions on the heights overlooking the sea. A school of mackerel can always be distinguished by the deeper colour of the water. Boats are kept in readiness with nets prepared, so that when the signal is given by those who are watching, the fishermen may make their way to the school. Anybody who jumped into the boats and gave a helping hand had a share of the catch. It is a sight well worth

seeing to see a *seine*—*i.e.*, a large mackerel net—pulled in. As the coast is neared, the fishermen jump into the sea, and push the net containing its large haul, while the ends are drawn in by those on shore. This is to prevent the weight of the fish breaking the net. The colours of the dying mackerel are beyond description beautiful. There is almost every tint of prismatic colour, so fresh and clear that an onlooker is dazzled with the brightness. I do not remember ever to have seen a more striking sight for vivid and beautiful colouring than that presented by the drawing of a *seine* of mackerel. The fish are soon disposed of. People with carts are waiting to carry them off to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood.

Of all fish, mackerel die the most quickly. A carp will live almost a couple of days; and several varieties of sea-fish will exist for hours; but the mackerel dies almost as soon as it is taken out of the water.

Going Back to College.

We returned to Cambridge in October, and a few days before our departure a singular occurrence, which also caused some discomfort to our journey, took place on Salisbury Plain, near Winterslow Hut, in the middle of the plain where horses were changed. A travelling menagerie had been exhibiting at Salisbury, and a lioness had escaped and made her way over the plain. In the middle of the night she attacked one of the leaders of the mail coach; and though she was driven off, the poor animal was so injured that it had to be left by the roadside a further prey to its voracious assailant. The news of this created a great sensation at the time. My friend and myself had to go by this route three nights after the attack had been made. We were outside passengers, and sat behind the coachman, choosing that position because, as every old coaching passenger knows, it is considered the warmest for the feet, and is protected by the luggage. During the middle of the night the horses suddenly stopped, the leaders turning almost quite round, so that the coach was nearly upset. We heard something with a chain attached to it get up and run away, and everyone exclaimed that here was another wild animal. We called to the guard to get down, but the guard was too timid. We therefore had to consider what was best to be done. At length the driver managed to force his horses on again; but we had not gone many hundred yards

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before the same thing occurred again—the leaders shied and all the animals trembled in every limb. We prevailed on Lindsay, the guard, to blow his horn, when on the road before us some animal again got up and ran away, clanking his chain. By this time Lindsay had grown more courageous, and armed with his horn and a good stick he went on to see where the foe was. He had not gone far before he saw a calf, with a chain round its neck, jump up and run. He went in pursuit, and before long shouted out to the coachman, "I've got her, I've got her;" urging him to come on. Our amusement surpassed our former fear when we saw Lindsay holding a terrified little calf instead of a fierce and bloodthirsty lioness. We proceeded with our journey, and about four miles on the road overtook a cart going to Salisbury market. We asked the farmer, who had evidently been fast asleep, if he had lost anything; and he replied that he ought to have six calves and had only five. We told him that about four miles back he would find the other, and we left him to make good his carelessness, while we, relieved of our fear of wild beasts, made the rest of our journey in peace, and were glad enough to get to Salisbury, where an excellent repast awaited us. We arrived in London next day, and proceeded to Cambridge in due course.

At Cambridge.

During my first year I had had lodgings in Bridge-street, but on my coming up after the Long Vacation I had rooms assigned to me in College under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

The nephew of one of the most popular Judges of the day had passed his Freshman's year at St. John's in a monstrously extravagant manner, insomuch that his uncle, upon whom the expense fell, came up to Cambridge to complain. The young man's rooms were wonderfully furnished; every luxury had been provided, and the pictures he had collected were of very great value. The Judge was at a loss what to do with his nephew, and appealed to the Tutor, who advised that the young fellow should be rusticated for a term or two, and that he would for that time find a quiet and careful man to live in the rooms and take care of all belongings. This the Judge agreed to, and I was fixed upon as a proper person to take up my abode in these sumptuous apartments. I received many letters from the young man and his family begging me to be a good guardian of all his possessions. I soon found, however, that my

palace of riches was a nuisance rather than a comfort to me, for the number of visitors—this young gentleman's friends, and *their* friends, and their friends' friends—was so large that my rooms were never my own, nor could I even pretend to read. I therefore went to the Tutor and complained of being thus besieged. It was arranged that only on one day in the week, viz., Saturday, from 9 to 12, was any inspection of the pictures to be allowed. To my own private friends, however, I made an exception, and gave occasional permission for them to visit the pictures by my private card.

This exception afforded me a very pleasing remembrance when, years afterwards, I became Rector of Warrington. Amongst others whom I privately admitted to see the pictures in my rooms was the celebrated Etonian, Gerard Moultrie, afterwards Rector of Rugby. I was in my study at Warrington one day when Mrs. Cary, the wife of the then head master of the Warrington Grammar School, came to call; and Mr. Moultrie, who was her father, accompanied her. He looked up at me saying, "Well, Quekett, don't you remember me?" and alluded to my having given him permission at Cambridge to see the pictures. I was delighted to find that a parishioner and friend was the daughter of an old Cambridge acquaintance; and I remember afterwards presenting Mrs. Cary with two volumes of "The Etonian," to which her father had contributed largely.

I may just mention that on the young scapegrace's return to Cambridge I was very warmly thanked, both by his people and himself, for all the care I had taken of his property.

Boating Excursion to Ely.

The "Hero" was very popular at Cambridge, and as I was very fond of boating I agreed to join a party, got up by some friends at Trinity Hall, to go by river to Ely on the Easter Monday, hiring the "Hero" for the day. We were to start early in the morning; Harrison, of Trinity Hall, was to provide luncheon, which we were to carry with us; we were to row to Ely, see the Cathedral, come back a mile or two and have our luncheon; then, as I was a skilled hand with a casting net, I was to catch enough fish for a dinner at Baitsbite, where the old landlady was always ready to act as cook. The day was beautifully clear and warm. We took with us one of old Cross's (the boatman's) sons, a lad of

about fourteen, to take care of the boat while we went to see the Cathedral. Our row to Ely was very enjoyable, and we left the boat near the bridge under the charge of Cross, while we went up into the city. On our return, after inspecting the fine old edifice, we found the boat, but no boy. Half a dozen bargees were standing on the bridge and looking on, and we shouted to them to know what had become of our caretaker. They answered that he had been crying, as he had an aunt up in the town whom he wished to see, so they had promised to look after the boat till he returned. Here was an awkward fix. We could not go back to Cambridge without the lad, and yet where to find him was a puzzle to which no clue of a solution could be found. We offered a shilling to anyone who would find the boy, and in about an hour's time one of them came back with the defaulter, and we started off to the spot where we had agreed on our way up we would have luncheon. We got to the place, and one of us—Luard—asked Harrison to bring out his hamper, which was quickly landed. It struck me that the hamper seemed remarkably light, and on its being opened we were dismayed to find that all our provisions had been taken, and every bottle of beer and wine opened and the contents drunk, with the exception of one poor little bottle of beer. There was a unanimous call to return to Ely and fight the bargees all round, but this I stopped by what seemed to me the sensible idea that we might have difficulty in finding them and should only lose time. We therefore started, hungry and tired, for Baitsbite, and on our way I several times tried with the casting net to secure some good jack, perch, or tench. But luck seemed against us all through. I drew nothing except some wretched roach and dace, and at last I said we had better push on to Baitsbite, as I remembered that there were some fishponds there, and that the old fisherman would be up at Cambridge. We hoped that by a bit of strategy we should be able to provide a good fish dinner without doing the old man much injury. Our plan was that two or three of us should go and engage the landlady in conversation while I took my casting net up to the fish ponds, where I was pretty sure to make a good catch. We justified this scheme by the generous determination to repay the old lady by a handsome gratuity before leaving for Cambridge. It is only right to say that had we not resorted to this expedient we should have had no dinner at all, since the old lady was the most jealous custodian of the ponds during her husband's absence. The plan succeeded admirably. I got a couple

of very fine jack of five or six pounds apiece, and a few perch, and flung some smaller ones away. We carefully put our fish into the boat, and then went to make an arrangement with the landlady to dress our dinner, sending the servant, with much parade of our skill, to bring in the fish. It was not easy to suppress laughter as the old woman's own fish were brought before us, but we managed to make a really excellent dinner, our long fast, good exercise, and previous disappointments having stimulated the appetite. I took the opportunity after dinner of enquiring whether anyone had found a bunch of keys, for on my last visit to Baitsbite I had had the misfortune to drop my bunch while fishing. The landlady called her servant, and they remembered that there was a bunch of keys upstairs which no one had claimed. I explained that if it was mine it had a sixpence attached to the ring. The bunch was produced, and there, sure enough, was the sixpence. I had dropped it into the river, and a fisherman had caught it some time afterwards in his net and brought it to the inn in the expectation of enquiry.

My Last Year at College.

My good old Peterhouse friend left Cambridge in January after taking his degree. I missed him much; but I had another schoolfellow, Shaw, at Peterhouse, who helped to supply the gap.

During the last year I had no Public Lectures, therefore there was little to do, and as I had read up all the subjects required for the public examination, and passed the College rehearsal, I was pronounced "all right." I therefore began to read for my coming examination for Holy Orders. I had no notion where my future lot would be cast, and did not trouble on that account, as I was not old enough to be ordained. The daily life at College was much the same as before, except that nearly all old friends had left; and with new ones I had little in common. I passed my examination with the men of my year, but was obliged to stay behind and keep another term before getting my degree of B.A.

As soon as my degree was conferred I went home, and as I had six months before me until my twenty-third birthday, I wished to see something more of the world. My dear friend Uttermare had the same desire, and he having nothing to do, and being rich and an only son, we planned a foreign tour. I was glad to be his companion, and the arrangement was very satisfactory to his father and mother, who were pleased that he should embrace this oppor-

tunity of going abroad whilst he had a friend who had the leisure to accompany him. When summer came we "tourists" packed our traps and made ready for a start. Alas!

> The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft agley,

and in July came a letter from the new Archdeacon of Wells, one of my former tutors, to say that I had been appointed one of six young Cambridge men to hold curacies in the diocese. My ordination must take place at Michaelmas.

Our foreign tour was knocked on the head. Instead of books of travel I was obliged to seek for books of divinity, and in due time I learnt I was to be located at South Cadbury.

MY LIFE AT SOUTH CADBURY.

Entering Upon My First Curacy.

I took my degree at Cambridge in 1825, and my immediate future had been arranged for me by one of the Tutors of St. John's, Mr. Law, whose father, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, had appointed him Archdeacon of Wells, and had requested him to bring into his part of the diocese half a dozen young men from the University to take the charge of vacant curacies. The following were chosen with myself:—Hughes, Maddy, Wickenden, Wilson, and Moseley, who afterwards became the celebrated Professor. We were all located within a short distance of each other. On account of my just being under the canonical age at the Ember Week, the Bishop postponed his ordination till Sunday, the 3rd of October, which was my twenty-third birthday. We stayed with the Bishop at Wells during the time of examination and ordination, and he showed us all much kindness. The Ordination Sermon was preached by the Rector of North Cadbury, and his man-servant was very careful on returning home with his master to tell everybody that "the new Curate be coming to South Cadbury, for he had seen him ordained in the Cathedral yesterday." I determined to go from Wells to South Cadbury on the Monday on horseback, as I had taken to Wells from home the horse my father had given me. On nearing the end of my journey, I well remember reading the signpost which directed my way to the village, and obtaining my first view of my destination. I could see in the distance the village of South Cadbury, with the spire of the little village church, and behind it the hill with the Roman encampment of Cadbury Castle. My journey was soon concluded, and while standing before the church, I was informed that the keys of the

SOUTH CADBURY CHURCH AND RECTORY, SOMERSET.

gates of the Rectory, which were locked, were in the keeping of the Churchwarden. My informant, as I afterwards found out, was the wife of Jack Pitman, a sawyer in the village, who lived near the churchyard. I went to the Churchwarden's house, and was fortunate enough to find him in, and to receive from him a warm welcome. He was good enough to walk up to the Rectory house with me, and, as the whole place was shut up, and there were no servants or other people about, he held my horse while I went and took a survey of this very desolate residence. I formed a thorough acquaintance with the topography of this large Rectory, with its seven public rooms, and its fourteen rooms above stairs. On my returning to the Churchwarden, he enquired whether I were going to live there alone; and on my saying that I was, he gave it as his opinion that I should "be lost there." I asked whether there were in the neighbourhood a man and his wife, respectable people, who would be suitable and willing to live with me at the Rectory, as I wanted a housekeeper and man-servant.

"Why, sir, you do seem to be going to be a saviour already in the place," said the simple-minded warden; and he told me of a farmer of broken-down fortunes, who lived in a cottage, having been obliged to give up farming after twenty years, and whose son and sister-in-law, he was sure, would be glad of such an opening, and would do their best for me. My visit to this man, while introduced by a circumstance which to the reader may appear trivial, but which told the simple piety of their daily life, affected me deeply at the time. I must narrate the matter as it was told me at my next visit.

It appeared that before I came to the house the old man—the farmer of whom the churchwarden had told me—was beginning to read aloud from the Bible, as was his daily custom after dinner. He commenced the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah—"Who hath believed our report?"

Here the old man broke off, by way of comment, saying to his sister-in-law:—

"Sarah, I wonder whether the report in the village that the new parson is coming to-day be true or not?"

Just as he was speaking, I knocked at the door, and the two were not only surprised, but, as I was afterwards told, much affected, to find that my coming should so respond to the reading of Holy Writ. The old man's son Charles became my man-servant, old Sarah proved a faithful old housekeeper; and the old man

pottered up and down the Rectory grounds doing little jobs, and feeling that the new parson had indeed brought some good to him and his.

I was glad to be able to continue my help to this worthy family. As I found that Charles was something of a scholar, and the parish clerkship after a time became vacant, I appointed him to it, and he discharged all the duties of the office with decorum and fidelity. After my leaving Cadbury and going up to London, I obtained for Charles a situation as packer at Simpkin and Marshall's, the publishers and booksellers; there he rose to become in time the "head packer," a situation both honourable and remunerative. After the death of his aunt he married.

I well remember seeing Charles after his becoming established in London, as he often came to my church at St. George's-in-the-East. He lived in Creed Lane, not far from his place of business. I asked him where he went usually to church, and he told me that he was a regular attendant at a church in Ludgate Hill, where he sat "in the best seat in the church." This statement led me to enquire by what means he had managed to get so good a sitting. He told me he had been regular in his attendance, and that the Rector, seeing him so respectable, had mentioned him to the beadle, and that finding he had been a parish clerk, and had lived with the Curate of St. George's-in-the-East when at Cadbury, he had said to him "You will oblige me by sitting with your wife in the Rectory seat; as I live in the country, and my family cannot occupy it."

The probabilities were that, as in nearly all the city churches, there were not twenty people in the whole congregation, and the Rector was glad to encourage the attendance of a respectable young man and woman.

But I was very glad to hear that one whom I had befriended in earlier life had won esteem in his work and in his social and religious life. He remained in the service of Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, and in the neighbourhood of Creed Lane, generally respected and esteemed, till the day of his death.

Rats.

The Rectory was a large Elizabethan house. I was pretty comfortable, my two domestics looking after my concerns with strict fidelity. But some trouble arose when the farmers began to store

their corn in the barns. There was a barn alongside the Rectory, which was used by one of the farmers in the village. When the corn was brought into this barn, the rats followed it, and made their way eventually into my house, becoming a perfect nuisance. At night their gambols and wild careering were enough to awaken even a mesmerised sleeper; and I wished heartily I could devise some safe means to banish them. About this time my sister came to visit me. She was told about the rats, and cautioned not to be frightened by them. But during the following night I was awakened by a rapping at my bedroom door; and on answering, my sister said that she was sure there were thieves in the house. She was terrified at the noise she had heard, which was, she averred, far too great for any number of rats to have made. I had a double-barrelled gun in my room; and, taking this, I went to summon my man-servant, ordering him to get a light and follow me. He was so frightened that he could not strike a light for some time. In those days we used the old tinder-box with flint and steel, and the poor fellow fumbled about, trembling too much to hold these implements steady. By-and-by he accomplished his task, and we started on our search for the supposed thieves. We went round to the front door, visiting every part of the front of the house, but no trace could be found of the marauders. We then went to the other side, and on arriving at a pantry, of which the door was open, we went in to search it. On the shelf were three loaves.

"I put four loaves on that shelf last night," said the man, "and one has gone." Here was a clear case of theft, and our eyes were quickened, and our hearts beat faster, as we went on to other parts of the house, expecting, of course, to find further traces of depredation, and perhaps the very thieves themselves.

We came to some steps leading down to one of the cellars, and we determined to descend, and see whether anyone were in hiding there. When we reached the cellar we found the remains of the missing loaf. It was lying half-eaten; and the terrible noise which had so alarmed my sister had arisen from its having been dragged by rats all the way from the shelf of the pantry, and rolled through the kitchen, then down five steps, through the long hall, and on to the cellar steps. Having solved this mystery, we were resolved to find how the rats made their way into the Rectory.

My sister left the next day, as she was so frightened she dared not remain in the house. After she had gone, I requested my man-

servant, Charles, to help me to find out where the rats were located, and how they managed to get into the house. He told me that the stable was so infested that he had to stand with a stick to keep them off the corn at the horse's head when he fed it. We examined all the out-buildings, and found on the roof of the barn tracks which showed that the barn was their general residence, and that they came down the roof at night to go for water—without which rats cannot live—and to make their predatory excursions into the house and other buildings. We therefore determined to lay poison in these tracks, as the only way of remedying the nuisance. Our plan succeeded to a considerable extent, for many of the rats were poisoned, and the rest seemed to be struck with fear, and took themselves off to some other home for that year.

A Narrow Escape.

One evening I was dining with the Rev. John Wyndham and party at Corton, and in the course of conversation it was said that the hounds were going to meet on the following day at "Jack's Gibbet," a few miles off. This led to Mr. Wyndham's telling the story of the murder, on account of which "Jack" had expiated his crime upon the gibbet, and had given a name to the spot. The conversation became general upon murders and murderers, and was sufficient to awaken any slumbering horrors one might be possessed with. When I left, the coachman brought round my horse and said—"Very dark night, sir, better be careful!" The warning was in allusion to my very spirited mare, which would probably shy easily in the pitch darkness, and also, perhaps, with some reference to the three miles of road, which was winding, and with many declivities. My mind interpreted the words in connection with the topic of the recent conversation; and I felt conscious of an unusual apprehensiveness.

At a short distance from Mr. Wyndham's house the road led through a deep cutting, with high banks on each side, overgrown with nut-bushes, brambles, briars and evergreens. My mare went steadily along, and had got into the middle of the cutting, when all at once came a tremendous rush, as of some falling or hastening bodies down the bank to the right hand. The bushes and brambles seemed to give way with continued crashes; and the sound was not unlike that of several men making a headlong run down the bank as if for the purpose of waylaying me. My mare

swerved at the first sound, and, with a sudden impulse, went off like lightning, leaving the high road and taking her own way to the common, where she galloped on beyond the possibility of any control from me. At length, I managed to calm her; and to try to make my way back again into the high road. The darkness was so intense that had there been a track it could not have been distinguished, and we wandered about for some time till we struck a field road, which I remembered led into the main road. By following this we soon came into the highway, and my horse knew its way home and placed me there in safety before long. When my man-servant came to take the animal he saw its heated condition, and that it was bathed with foam; and he said to me—"You rode hard to-night, sir." I related all that had occurred, and confessed to having been very much frightened.

Next morning, when the man came into my room, he told me that the cause of my fright was Abraham Penny's old blind horse, which having lost its footing at the edge of the field just above the embankment, had fallen down the precipitous cutting, to the very spot we first heard the crash, and was found in the morning dead on the road. One second had saved my horse and myself.

Interesting Fact about the Cuckoo.

Our search for the rats brought to light some facts of the natural history of the cuckoo which are well worth recording.

We found in the wall at the end of the barn six scaffold holes not filled up; and, as it was through these holes that the rats got air and light, I thought they would be good places in which to put down poison, as they would be out of the way of the dogs; and I told Charles to have an eye upon them. One day he was watching, when he saw something moving in one of the holes, and he called my attention to it. I told him to get a ladder and see what it was. On mounting and looking into the hole he thought he saw a full-grown pigeon, full-fledged, which was trying to get out, but could not. He pulled out a brick or two, and drew the bird out. To our astonishment we found it was a full-grown young cuckoo. As I had a great desire to learn more of the natural history of these birds, we put it into a cage near the hole, so that we might find out who were the foster-parents, and we went away to watch behind the coach-house door. In a short time we saw two water-

wagtails enter the hole. They appeared astonished to find their foundling in a cage; but he cried out to them for food, and they accepted the inevitable, their parental instincts getting the better of their curiosity. They went to and fro for food for the young bird with untiring devotion. When he was big enough to fly we set him at liberty, and put him in the garden among the shrubs. There his foster-parents continued to feed him until he was able to take a sufficiently long flight to do without their care, when he went off and was not seen in our whereabouts any more.

This discovery led me to the knowledge of a fact respecting the cuckoo unknown to naturalists until my publication of it. I asked myself, "It is well known that the cuckoo does not hatch her own egg: it is believed that she goes and lays it in another bird's nest, choosing generally that of a hedge-sparrow or water-wagtail. But here is a case in which the mother cuckoo could not enter the hole through which the water-wagtails had come to build; for if she had been able to enter, the young cuckoo would have been able to get out. How, then, was the mother cuckoo able to lay its egg in their nest?"

I thought this question over and over again, and could get at no other solution than that the mother-bird does not lay its egg in another bird's nest, but carries it in its mouth; till, finding a suitable nursing place for its young one, it can deposit the egg with a sense of security. This theory would satisfy the conditions of the young cuckoo's being found where we discovered it; for the nest was within reach of a cuckoo's beak when the bird herself remained outside the hole.

That this theory was a fact in natural history was proved not very long afterwards. A young man named Doble, the servant of my friend Mr. Uttermare, was a passionate lover of shooting and fond of stuffing birds. One day he was coming home with a loaded gun, and a bird flew overhead. He brought it down; and it turned out to be a female cuckoo. *In its mouth was an egg.* He stuffed it, and it remained in that state, with the egg in its mouth, in his master's hall for many years.

Thus my theory was established beyond all doubt; and I lay claim to have been the first to discover this interesting fact.

The reason why the cuckoo chooses only the nests of hedge-sparrows and water-wagtails for depositing her eggs is that these birds feed on the food which the young cuckoo requires.

A most interesting fact connected with the cuckoo was told to

me at Buxton last year, by a gentleman staying there with his family. As we were accustomed to meet at dinner every day, we formed an acquaintance which allowed our making enquiries of each other's daily welfare. One evening he said to me, "Well, Mr. Quekett, I have not seen you out at all to-day." "No," I replied; "I have been doing a little parish work. I told, in my boys' school, a story about the cuckoo, which the children were to reproduce in letters to me; and to-day I have been looking over these letters." "About the cuckoo! We also have something to tell about the cuckoo." And he told me that in the laurels in his garden there used to perch a young cuckoo, which had become too large to live in the nest of its foster-parents, a pair of water-wagtails. The cuckoo had grown so tall that the little birds could not reach high enough to put the food they procured for it into its mouth. As soon as it saw them coming to feed it, it got down from its perch and went out to the lawn in front of the drawing-room window and allowed them to jump upon its back. From this position they were able to drop the cabbage caterpillars into its mouth, which it opened and held ready to receive its meal. The young ladies assured me they used to watch this three or four times a day from the drawing-room windows for many days, until the cuckoo could provide for itself. It seemed a remarkable instance of the ingenuity of the little wagtails, and of their devotion to their foster-child.

The cuckoo is the first bird to leave our shores. In July it wings its way back to Abyssinia; for the moths and other insects on which it feeds in England are then becoming scarce; while the Nile has gone down, and left a rich harvest of food for the hungry traveller.

First Notice given out in South Cadbury Church.

When the farmers were about to crop their fields, I was somewhat startled in church one Sunday morning by Windsor, the parish clerk, giving out the following notice:—

"This is to give the parishioners notice that there will be a vestry meeting in this church at ten o'clock on Thursday morning next, about keeping birds in Lower Fields."

Apart from the incomprehensibility of the object of the meeting, nothing had been said to me about it, and I felt that it was a very unsuitable announcement during Divine worship. I therefore

remonstrated with Windsor after the service. "Windsor," I began, "how did you come to give out such a notice as that in church to-day?"

He replied, "We do give 'm out, sir, every year; because when the farmers crop their land, they pay their rate, according to the quantity and quality of the seed they put in; and the rate is used to pay people to keep the birds off."

Signs of a Wedding.

I complained to the clerk one day that though I had been at Cadbury two or three years I had never had a wedding yet.

The clerk scratched his head and said, "I do think we'll have one very soon now; for Jonas Lucas and Hester Dyke do keep company pretty smartish."

Even the knowing may be deceived; and the "keeping company" of these two young people was not smart enough to come to a wedding during my time.

A Strange Place for a Robin's Nest.

The Parish Clerk came to me one Sunday morning, and asked me what he should do.

The church was seldom opened from Sunday to Sunday; and a small diamond of glass having been broken, a pair of robins got in and built a nest between the Bible and Prayer Book on the reading desk.

This was the clerk's difficulty. What should he do?

I determined that the nest must not be disturbed; and told him to keep the matter quiet, and that I would use other books for a time.

The robins hatched their young ones safely and quietly in the Parish Church; when I placed the nest in a cage and removed it to the outside of the broken window, so that the parent birds could continue their attentions; and I felt that the Psalmist's experience was now little greater than my own, when birds chose the shelter and quiet of our House of God in which to build their nest.

How to Get to the Heart of a Worthless Fellow by Simple Means and Perseverance.

On arrival at Cadbury, and taking stock of my little flock—150 men, women, and children altogether—I learned a good deal of the history of each individual. There was no Sunday school, but a

day school was kept by a man named Haydn, who was also the president of the church choir. Mr. Haydn was a very great person in his own estimation. He claimed to be a descendant of the great composer; and he certainly had more enthusiasm for teaching music than for any other branch of education. He taught everyone to sing, and the farmers' sons and other young lads were trained to play on instruments. The result was that in church nearly all the congregation was up in the gallery, where Mr. Haydn played the bass viol, while his pupils, old and young, performed on the flute, hautbois, clarionet, violin, &c. The principal singer in the choir was the barmaid at the village alehouse.

Almost my first care was to establish a Sunday school, which I took charge of myself morning and afternoon. To this came regularly three children of the name of Pitman. Their father was a sawyer, a man who made large wages, but who was of very dissolute habits, spending most of his time at the public-house. The only thing he did for his family was to pay the rent, rates, and taxes. He kept all the rest of his earnings for his own enjoyment, and made his wife and children maintain themselves at glove-making—a common industry among the poor in that part. That the poor mother and her three girls had a struggle for life may be easily imagined when the remuneration for sewing a pair of gloves was threepence halfpenny. And yet the poor woman always managed to keep her children tidy. They were three nice little girls, but, as might be expected, though naturally intelligent, they were sadly ignorant. None of them could read or write, and I got them to come to the Rectory on Saturday evenings that I might give them some instruction in writing, &c. I established a little lending library; and when, in a few months' time, these children had learnt to read, they found their greatest delight in taking home books, which they read aloud, each in turn, while their mother and sisters worked. They always repeated their collects at the Sunday school; and they, as Sunday scholars with about twelve others, sat in church round the chancel rails. But while I had won the hearts of the mother and children, I never could get the father to come near me. He was one of the most desperate fellows in the neighbourhood, swearing, cursing, drinking, and getting into all sorts of trouble. I was always remonstrating with him, rebuking, reasoning, persuading, till at last I became such a torment to him that when he saw me riding in the village he would go over hedge and ditch to avoid me.

The Pitmans lived in the next cottage adjoining the churchyard. This was unfortunate in one respect, as it gave Jack the opportunity of revenging himself upon me every Sunday when I was preaching. The window of the church giving light to the pulpit looked into Jack's garden. It was of sufficient height from the ground to allow of no one seeing out of it but the occupant of the pulpit, nor could any person in the garden see anything inside the church but the pulpit and the preacher. Here, then, was a splendid vantage-ground for Jack to annoy me privately. He took up his station with his back to a post, to which on washing days the lines were fastened; and here, with his pipe in his mouth, he waited till I went into the pulpit. No sooner had I commenced my discourse than Jack made the most horrible grimaces, puffed out his tobacco smoke with the most offensive meanings, performed the most ludicrous mocking antics, and used the most threatening gestures. This went on every Sunday, but I took not the slightest notice, and Jack took care to keep out of my way when I was not in the pulpit. Jack's was one of those cases which can be won only by patience. I persevered with the children. By establishing a penny savings bank I gave them and others the opportunity of taking care of their small savings, and I had introduced into the lending library a little work on the subject, entitled "The Savings Bank Book." The little Pitmans took home this book one day, and as usual read it aloud.

All their life and that of their mother seemed to be lived quite apart from their worthless father, and he did not even know that his children could read. One of them had said to me "We don't dare to let him see a book." It happened one day while they were reading aloud the "Savings Bank Book" that Pitman, who had been sawing in the open air, crept into the back kitchen, having been obliged to relinquish his work owing to the inclemency of the weather. The door opening into the front kitchen where his family were sewing was partly open, and Jack heard some child reading aloud. He peeped in, himself unnoticed, and listened attentively. His eldest girl was reading a very simple story out of the book about two men who had been boys together, and who met after a separation of several years. One of them had much higher wages than the other, and yet was badly clad, and in apparent want. The other seemed comfortably off, and his whole appearance indicated prosperity. They compared notes, and found that it was the village alehouse in the one case which had brought the want and degrada-

tion, and that the other man had saved his earnings in the Savings Bank, and was now respectably dressed and with £20 laid by. "You had better give up the alehouse," said the friend in the story, "and go to the parson and put your money in his bank." The story ended by the advice being taken, and good results following. The quiet party in the kitchen were startled beyond measure at the close of the story by a voice from the back kitchen, "Janie, read me that book again." It was the father's voice. Were they about to have their hours of happiness wrecked by this unfortunate discovery? Alarmed and trembling, the poor child obeyed. Pitman listened to every word, and at the conclusion said "Well, I'm determined to turn over a new leaf. Mrs. Masters shall have no more of my money."

When the children came to change the book, they told me all about it, and said, "Please, sir, we didn't know father was in." I looked over some tracts I had by me, and found one which bore the title, "Funeral Sermon of John Pitman—a Member of the Friendly Society." This was taken home and read to the father, who was wonderfully struck that the parson should have a book with his name to it. He was, moreover, greatly pleased with the sermon, and made up his mind that next Sunday he would go to church. I heard of this, but could not believe it. However, when Sunday morning came, and the three girls came to Sunday school, they assured me that it was even so—that "father had got dressed and was coming to church." At Cadbury the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, and as they took their places the women dropped a curtsey and the men made a truly rustic bow. I looked round for Jack, but he was not there. At length, when the service had begun, in sneaked Jack, and took a seat behind the door. When all was over it was the custom for the clergyman to go out first. There was Jack as I passed down, looking rather ashamed. I shook him by the hand, and expressed the pleasure I felt in seeing him there. "*Eh, master, it's them little books did it,*" exclaimed poor Jack; "I mean to be a different man now." I told all this to the Squire, who was so much surprised and delighted that he promised if Jack would come to church every Sunday he would give him a new suit of clothes at the end of the year. I need not say that Jack got his clothes, and when I left Cadbury he had saved some money, bought a nice clock and a new chest of drawers, and in every way added to the comfort and happiness of his family. I have never been to Cadbury without

calling to see the Pitmans, and I look back upon this reclamation of a rough, worthless fellow as one of the happiest memories of my ministerial life.

What a Spirited Girl can do.

A friend of mine, the son of a neighbouring clergyman, after serving his time in a solicitor's office and becoming qualified to practice, started business on his own account at Wincanton, a little town five miles from Cadbury. He became engaged to a young lady at Clifton, near Bristol, hoping in time that the law would bring him in sufficient to enable him to marry. He frequently came over and spent the Sunday with me; and I heard from him all the excellences of his *fiancée*, who was being brought up by her aunt, and all his hopes and anxieties. He waited two years, but made no progress against an old family firm which had a long-established practice in the neighbourhood. He therefore determined to follow a new kind of life; and, as he had managed his father's glebe, and was acquainted with agriculture, he proposed to his intended bride to go out to Canada, to buy land and commence farming; and she agreed to this, and promised to join him as soon as he saw his way clear. He therefore went with new hopes out to Toronto, and as there were very few applicants for land at that time, he succeeded in purchasing a large tract at a cheap rate, investing in this manner all his little capital. He took out with him his father's man-servant and wife to live with him and assist him in working up this new farm. The whole of the land was forest, and the first duty was to clear it. Each of the three settlers could keep a hundred fires a day alight, and in this way they managed in the first year to bring 150 acres into cultivation. All this land they cropped before the end of the first twelve months. He was able to write hopefully and happily to his *fiancée*, and looked eagerly forward to the time when she would join him. The course of true love does, however, never run smooth, and some friends in England advised the young lady not to go to Canada, and the engagement was in danger of being broken off. The young fellow was not one to give in easily, he felt that his happiness, as well, probably, as his success, was at stake, and he returned to England to see her. The result may be easily imagined, his persuasion was more forcible than the advice of her friends, and she resolved to try with him a settler's life. When her determina-

tion was once finally taken, she devoted herself most assiduously to learn all the duties of a farmer's wife. She went to live at a farm in the neighbourhood, and here she acquired the secrets of curing hams, breeding poultry, making cheese and butter, and all the other duties which belong to the dairy and the farm-yard; so that before leaving England she was competent to take the management of the new settlement in Canada. Her grand piano was packed in a case; the other belongings of her girlhood and early womanhood were made ready for their long voyage; the marriage took place amidst the tears and sighs of her friends, and she was ready to cross the ocean to the new world where she was to begin her new life.

I will finish the history of my friend and his bride in what my young friends now-a-days call two tableaux.

See in the first tableau the interior of a log hut. Everything is scrupulously clean, and all the furniture is very plain in character. The young farmer is about to dine, and his young, bonny wife looks upon him with eyes brimful of happiness. She appears the very ideal of activity and cheerfulness, and prosperity seems to be the lot of the young couple. But stay! What a very peculiar dining table they have got! It is her grand piano, which for two years has done other duty besides that of discoursing sweet music! It will not always have this double duty, for the young settler will shortly be able to let estates out of his reclaimed land. His labourers are all English, and are deeply attached to their employers. And he is making money by his cattle, which are of the very finest breeds, and are becoming noted throughout the Dominion.

My second tableau represents a handsome carriage in the streets of Bath, wherein a lady and gentleman are driving. They give me glad smiles and a hearty shake of the hand. They are my friends from Canada, come back to Old England with a fortune made and another making. For every inch of the settlement is let, and brings in a handsome revenue. Goodbye, my friends, you have both been brave, and are rewarded; but I think the pluckier of the two, my ex-lawyer, is the woman by your side, who gave up all her hopes and surroundings in England for an unknown future, and whose piano was for two years your dining table!

Witchcraft.

Years ago, every village had its witch or wise woman, whom the people accredited with supernatural powers of wisdom or of male-

volence. My little village of Cadbury was not exempt from people who believed in witchcraft and sorcery, nor from the recognized presence of a witch.

There was a farmer by the name of Pope, whose son had given one of the farm-lads, named Pitman, a good thrashing for being saucy. The lad threatened to go and tell his grandmother, old Hannah Pitman, thinking, I suppose, that she would advise him what to do in such a terrible strait. Old Hannah was a very religious body; in all her notions and feelings she was ever a devout and kindly person. She was most constant in her attendance at church, most civil to all her neighbours. Unfortunately, however, her appearances were prejudicial to her. She was a short, dumpy old woman, hump-backed. Her dress was also peculiar. She wore, whenever she went out of doors, a red cloak, with a hood to it, which she could pull over her head; and she carried in her hand a crutch-stick. Probably it was her deformity, and the shrewdness of mind which often accompanies it, aided by the peculiarity of her garb, which won for poor old Hannah the reputation of a "wise woman." But though Hannah frequently gave good advice, and could tell a few "old wives' stories," she never indulged in witchcraft.

But on the night after her grandson threatened to tell her of his ignominious beating by young Pope, the farmer's best cow died, and was found a corpse in its own pasture next morning. It was worth £30 at least; and the farmer, greatly distressed, came to me complaining that old Hannah Pitman had exerted the power of an evil eye on his cow, or, as he put it, had "overlooked her." He was like a madman. I could not reason with him. It was in vain I tried to laugh him out of such a foolish idea. He left me swearing he would have vengeance upon the old hag. Sad to relate, he was strengthened in his opinion, and in his desire for vengeance, by the fact that the next night another cow died, and was found in its pasture with no marks of violence upon it. Poor Pope went off like a maniac to consult another farmer who was tainted with his superstitious belief in witchcraft. The two agreed that the best thing to be done was to go and consult a conjuror who lived twenty miles away on the Mendip Hills. Farmer Pope's best horse was put into the other farmer's gig, and the two came down to tell me of their expedition. I tried to influence them against it by ridicule, by reason, by even suggesting a cause of death, but it was of no use, and away they went, leaving the village in the greatest state of

uproar, as they expressed their determination to be revenged upon poor old Hannah Pitman. Whilst they were gone I went to see a magistrate who lived about a mile off, and who was the owner of the land which these men rented. He was much vexed and annoyed at their stupidity, and told me he would send them both to gaol if they did any harm to the poor old woman.

The village was all in uproar. About six o'clock, which was the hour at which the two farmers were expected home, I went to the alehouse, where the excitement was intense. Before long there was a shout; the gig was seen to be coming, and the farmers soon drove up, their horse one mass of foam. They had been obliged to return in good time because of the necessity of putting into execution the plans with which the conjuror had inspired them; and the remedy which he had proposed to them was one likely to tax their efforts of search to the utmost. He had told them that they must find a horse with only three nails in the shoe of the left hind leg; one of these nails must be drawn, and with it they must scratch old Hannah and bring blood, and she would then lose her charm. The farmers offered ten shillings reward to anyone who would find the three-nailed shoe on a horse's left hind hoof, and away flew the rustics hither and thither for miles, searching every stable, and stopping every rider and driver. But it was all to no purpose. All returned late at night unable to find the fitting nail wherewith to scratch poor Hannah, who meantime had remained like a prisoner in her room, doubtless lifting up her heart to an unseen Defender. By the kindness of the magistrate I had had the village constable in readiness all the evening to arrest the two farmers if any violence were attempted towards the poor old creature.

The two farmers were more mad than ever at the failure of their scheme of vengeance, but they were obliged to go home and do what it is often wise to do, viz., to sleep upon their resolve. I sent for Pope in the morning and reasoned with him, showing him that it was not a conjuror he should have gone to consult, but the veterinary surgeon at Wincanton, who would have opened the cows and found the nature of the disease and the cause of death. "It is not too late even yet," I said; "act like a sensible man, and go for the surgeon." One of the farmer's sons got a horse, and in a very short time the veterinary surgeon arrived. He opened the bodies of the cows and found them full of vetches. They had been blasted with green food. On search being made as to where they could have procured this, their track was traced through the

fence and into a field of vetches more than a mile away, where, having eaten their fill, they had come back, lain down in their own field, and died.

All were satisfied at the result of the investigation. Poor old Hannah was never scratched, but Pope and his friend were ridiculed at every fair and market they attended for years afterwards. The joke was kept up, "Well, Pope, been to the conjuror lately?"

A Clerical Neighbour.

I had many clerical neighbours, all of whom were sociable and friendly. One of these, the Rev. J. Harbin, the Rector of Compton, had been chaplain on board the "Goliath," at the battle of Trafalgar; and his two sons, then boys, were rated as midshipmen, and served as powder-monkeys during the same engagement. The Harbins were "founder's kin" of Wadham College, Oxford, and one of these very boys became Rector of Esher, Surrey, a living which is in the gift of that College. I often went to see Mr. Harbin, because of the interesting stories he told about Lord Nelson.

How an Old Servant served his Master out.

In the neighbouring village of Kingsdon, not far from Cadbury, lived a clergyman, a wealthy man, who was a bachelor. He had an old man-servant, John, who had lived in the family for fifty years, and who had been to Oxford with his master in his undergraduate days. John was quite a character, and presumed upon his long service, and the trust always reposed in him, so that he seemed at times to take liberties.

On one occasion the Rector of North Cadbury asked me to ride with him and call at Kingsdon Rectory. Old John answered the door, and was asked if his master was at home. He replied, "No, Sir, my master is not at home. What do you want him for?" The visitor explained that he wished to invite his master to dine with him; whereupon Old John said, "I tell you he can't come, for he's already bespoke."

Shortly after this the Rector of Kingsdon gave a large dinner party to the magistrates of the county, to meet his Majesty's Under-Secretary of State. When the invitations were issued, the

Rector told Old John that he would not be required to wait at table, as there would be many gentlemen's servants to do this, but he would find plenty needing his attention out of doors. Old John grumbled very much at this, and said "he didn't see why he should do so;" but his master seemed determined, and he therefore said no more. He studiously kept out of his master's way until the morning of the dinner party, when he seemed as fussy as usual, though not very well pleased. It is the custom for the Under-Secretary of State, as for all Cabinet Ministers, to adopt the Royal livery in their households; therefore the Under-Secretary's servants looked very gay among their humbler country brethren. When the dinner bell rang Old John was in the room, heading all the servants. He was arrayed in an old pair of top boots and a long coat, and certainly looked much like a figure of fun. The Rector looked at him in no good humour, but Old John bustled about seeming not to heed, though he knew well enough what was on his master's mind. At the end of the dinner he determined to pay his master off; so he waited his opportunity, by allowing all the other servants to leave the room, and then he called out, as he held the door in his hand—"I say, Master, I think I waited as well as any of 'em, though I don't wear red breeches!"

The poor Rector was now obliged to confess everything, much to the amusement of his guests, who all took Old John's part, and even sympathized with the heroic way in which he had contrived to "serve his master out."

Nearly Killed by the Horse of an Archdeacon, the late Dean of Gloucester.

Archdeacon Law, who lived near me, had been a tutor of St. John's. He had brought six of us from Cambridge, and had dotted us about in the villages near his own living.

The Archdeacon was very fond of riding. On almost every Monday morning that was fine he would come over to South Cadbury to get me to accompany him in one of the beautiful rides over the Corton Hills, and very frequently I returned with him to luncheon or dinner. Though fond of riding, a more timid horseman could hardly be found.

One Monday, after a long ride, he asked me to go and have luncheon with him. We were then about a mile from his house, and our way was through a narrow country lane. On one side of

this lane was a ditch, which was dry in the spring and summer, while the other side was bounded by a high hedge. I was riding on the ditch side, the Archdeacon near the fence. In the field above the hedge a farmer was ploughing with two horses, and just as we passed he had got to the extremity of the furrow, and his horses were going faster to get round to the new start. They put their heads over the hedge, and so startled the Archdeacon's horse that it backed suddenly and knocked both my horse and myself into the ditch. My horse fell upon its back, and I with my leg under the horse; and had it not been for a projecting stump of an old tree which grew out of the bank of the ditch, and upon which the shoulder of my horse rested, so that the pressure upon me was relieved, I must have been most seriously injured. As it was, I was able, with some little difficulty, to get my foot out of the stirrup, and to crawl out, my only injuries being that my face was scratched, and I was covered with mud. The Archdeacon, who had alighted, was most anxious, and thought I must have been killed. My poor horse was still in the ditch on its back, and it was necessary to devise some means of getting it out. I thought that the farmer with his two horses might lend a helping hand, and as the Archdeacon knew him, he asked him to come to the rescue. The farmer, seeing the predicament, got a bag of chaff which he had with him for his horses to eat. This he put under my horse, and then under the bag of chaff he fixed a chain, the other end of which he fastened to one of his horses. By this means my poor animal was turned over upon its knees, and after a few struggles it was able to get upon its feet. How to get it out of the ditch was the next difficulty, for the bank was steep and too high for a climb. We found a spot about ten yards down where the bank was not quite so steep, and the farmer went for a spade which he had in his cart, and with this we dug a passage out. On getting my horse into the lane, and the ploughman rubbing him down, we found that he was not at all injured beyond having the hair rubbed off from his shoulder where it had rested on the old tree stump. The Archdeacon's delight that we had escaped so well was unbounded, but he could not rest satisfied till he had taken me to Dr. Jay, whose door we had to pass, and had been assured by him, after examination, that I had received no wound or internal injury. On arriving at the Archdeacon's Rectory, I gave my horse into the charge of his groom, and requested him to examine it well. I learnt that the poor animal was perfectly sound, and that even the hair would all grow again on the

spot where the shoulder had been rubbed, after a little careful treatment. I went into the rooms of Mr. Hughes, the Archdeacon's curate, and was brushed down and made comfortable for the luncheon. Instead of going back to Cadbury, however, I rode to my father's at Langport, 16 miles, feeling that should anything really have happened to injure my horse or myself, we should be more likely to receive attention there than in my bachelor's home at Cadbury. I got the veterinary surgeon to examine my horse, and he gave me a very good report. At the end of the week I rode back to Cadbury, calling to report myself to the Archdeacon on the way.

I had many rides with him after this accident, but I always took good care never to ride on the ditch side in a narrow lane. And as for my poor horse, he never passed that spot in the lane but he quivered all over, remembering vividly how we had both been nearly killed by an Archdeacon's horse.

Why Farmers and Game-preservers may well Dislike Foxes.

The man who was the most regular attendant at South Cadbury Church was an old woodman, who worked in the wood belonging to Compton Castle, one of the meets of the Blackmore Vale hounds. I often had a personal interest in this hunt, for whenever the meet was near, my four-stall stable was in great requisition by members who sent their horses overnight.

I was riding with the Archdeacon one day when we met with the old woodman, who asked us if we should like to see some young foxes. The Archdeacon expressed great curiosity to see them; and the old man led us through the wood to a place where we could see the two old foxes with four little ones, playing and frolicking about like young kittens. As soon as the old ones saw us they made off, taking their young ones with them. The fragments scattered all about bespoke terrible slaughter. There were bones of fowls, rabbits, hares, and game.

"You cannot wonder," said our old guide, "that the farmers and game-preservers do not like foxes, for the destruction they do is more than anybody would believe."

Some Reminiscences of South Cadbury.

The village of North Cadbury adjoins South Cadbury, and the Rector of North Cadbury was a good and valued friend to me during

my stay in this district. I dined at his house every Sunday, and many were the plans we discussed and the efforts we made in common for the good of the people.

My other clerical neighbours were equally warm-hearted and sociable. There were eight beneficed clergy within a radius of two miles; and it is a pleasure to me to look back upon them all as personal friends, as scholars and gentlemen, and as doing their Master's work with quiet and exemplary goodness.

There were also many of the gentry in the neighbourhood at whose houses I was always a welcome guest, and with some of whom I maintained for many years afterwards terms of close intimacy. The Rev. John and Mrs. Wyndham, of Corton, were amongst my best friends. After my going to London I kept up a correspondence with them, and whenever they were in London they called upon me. Every time I had occasion to visit Somersetshire, I stayed at Corton, and thus an intimacy beginning in the early years of my ministry was strengthened and ripened into deep and sincere regard, which lasted up to the time of their death. In taking leave of Cadbury in these memoirs, I do so with lingering tenderness and regret. My ministry here was very happy; and amid the peacefulness of rural work there were inspired those longings for a greater sphere, and those eager desires for doing much for my Master, which, notwithstanding all imperfections, I am thankful to say, have not passed wholly unfulfilled.

A letter received the other day from the Rev. J. A. Bennett, the son of my old friend the squire, and the present Rector of South Cadbury, will form a fitting conclusion to this part of my story.

South Cadbury Rectory, Bath,
November 8, 1887.

Dear Mr. Quekett,

Nothing would give us more pleasure than to receive you here if you can manage to pay us a visit.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The outward aspect of the parish is much changed. My father did very much * * * * and I in my turn have done something, restored the church, rebuilt the chancel, school, &c. Our population is only 170; it was 20 years ago nearer 300. Cottages have disappeared; farm buildings also, and many trees.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

There are, I find, several in the village who remember you.

Mesech and Charlotte Mead, George and Jane Mead, son and daughter of Uriah Mead.

Elizabeth Gulliford, *née* Vallis; Richard and Sarah Pitman, "do mind Mr. Quekett quite well; he were a very tall gentleman, as tall as Mr. Bennett [*i.e.*, my father], and when he got into the pulpit he did always push up both his hands through his hair on each side."

I remember also being told how "there was no escaping Mr. Quekett. He would follow the men out to the plough and talk to them."

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Anything in my power it will be a pleasure to me to do for you. And any of your reminiscences will be very welcome to me.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

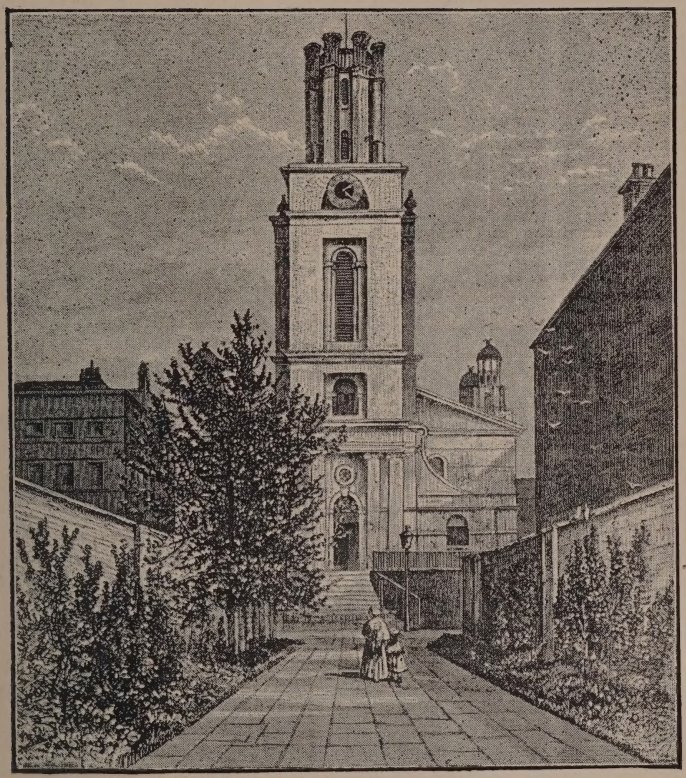
J. A. BENNETT.

MY LIFE IN LONDON.

Appointment to London.

I left my little village of Cadbury with many regrets. I knew every family and every individual, and had had the gratification of seeing much fruit from the various little organizations I had set on foot. The last special effort I made for the poor villagers was to get up a bazaar, and from the proceeds to clothe all the Sunday school children, and to give to every old woman a new bonnet and cloak.

It was in the midst of the bustle and excitement of this bazaar that I received from my rector, Dr. Rogers, an intimation that the curacy of "St. George's, London," was vacant. I had spoken to him some time before of my wish to find a larger field of work; for, though I felt deeply attached to Cadbury, I had the consciousness that it did not afford sufficient scope for the energies of a young, strong, active man. Dr. Rogers advised me to go up to London and see this curacy. The news of it had come to him through the Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School, Dr. Wilson; and my Rector wrote for me to Dr. Wilson to say that I would go up to London. As soon as I could conveniently arrange matters, I set out, and went to call at the residence of the Head Master of Merchant Taylors'. Dr. Wilson was full of kindness, and offered to drive with me to see Dr. Farington, the Rector of St. George's. On our way I thought it strange that the cabman should be ever turning eastward; and I said to Dr. Wilson, "Surely the man is going wrong; this is not the way to St. George's, Hanover Square!" "But you are not going to St. George's, Hanover Square; you are going to St. George's-in-the-East, near the Tower." I felt thunderstruck, and remonstrated. "Oh!" I said, "I shall never like that. Why, there will be no society or anything. No! I think we will not go further." Dr. Wilson expressed himself extremely sorry for the mistake; but said that I had at the least better go on and explain matters to his friend Dr. Farington, who had been waiting for me at very considerable inconvenience for a fortnight past. So we drove on through the crowded, low streets, and my heart sank within me as I saw the squalor and wretchedness of the



PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST,
LONDON, MIDDLESEX.

neighbourhood. At last we reached the church. Four mourning coaches and a hearse stood in the street before the entrance gate. "What! funerals at twelve o'clock in the day!" I exclaimed. Such a thing I had never known in any parish before. After waiting for some time, Dr. Farington was at liberty, and he received me with a gladness so evident that I felt heartily sorry to disappoint him. Dr. Wilson kindly explained how the whole mistake had arisen; that I had merely come to see the curacy; that I had been misled, thinking it was St. George's, Hanover Square, and that he had had some difficulty in persuading me to come even to see St. George's-in-the-East. Poor Dr. Farington seemed so much cast down that at length I said, "Well, sir, I can get my duty taken down in Somersetshire for a month, and I will stay and help you for that time, so that you may have opportunity of looking out for someone else." This offer was gladly accepted, and rooms were soon found for me near the church. My duties began the next day, and as the days went on I kept inquiring of the clerk whether Dr. Farington had got anyone yet. As for the Rector himself, I never saw him. He never came out of his house, nor assisted with the duty in any way. At length my last Sunday came. The clerk still reported that Dr. Farington had taken no steps to provide another curate; and indeed the clerk began to look upon me as a fixture.

I naturally was thinking of returning to my curacy at Cadbury, when one morning the post brought a letter from Mrs. Rogers to say that her husband had been seized with paralysis. Next morning came the news that he was dead. My connection with Cadbury seemed severed by this death; for the living had been disposed of to the squire who possessed the land, and the squire's brother was waiting for the vacancy as curate. Therefore I said nothing about Cadbury, but told the clerk I had made up my mind to remain.

The following paper was written by Mr. Charles Dickens, and published in "Household Words" of November 16th, 1850:—

WHAT A LONDON CURATE CAN DO IF HE TRIES.

The payment of sixpence at the London station of the Blackwall railway secures not only a first-class ticket for the Shadwell station, but the privilege of looking from the carriage window into the apartments of all the upper-floor inhabitants between Fenchurch

Street and the station in St. George's-in-the-East; the railway, as every Blackwall sailor and every Blackwall whitebait-eater knows, running, like a giant brick-and-mortar wall, straight through the buildings, on a level with many of their roofs, and permitting the passenger to look, like Asmodeus, into the dingy tenements of this Eastern region. A few minutes suffice for the journey, and stepping from the train, the passenger descends a stone stair, to find himself in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, a district which could not be more full of contrasts to its namesake at the other extremity of the Modern Babylon—St. George's, Hanover Square—if it were forty instead of four miles distant. The houses in the Eastern St. George's are almost all small, and the streets and alleys form a sort of labyrinth—a tangled web of dingy structures—ins and outs, and twisted meshes of lane and alley, having only the one feature in common, that feature telling of poverty—not always squalid, for many show the struggle of decency for appearances by a polished brass plate or door-handle, with here and there bright symptoms of green paint portals and a whitened door-stone—but ever displaying the presence of a population of the humblest means. Round the outside of the district there may be found a street or two, containing the shops of the chief traders of the place, in which signs of more affluence may be detected; but within this crust lies one mass of almost unredeemed poverty—a population of very many thousand souls, located upon a very few acres of ground. Scores of houses, of six rooms, holding six families; scores of houses, of five rooms, holding five families; hundreds of houses, of four rooms, holding four families each. "Time was," said an old inhabitant of the spot, "when the people could get two rooms—one to live in, one to sleep in. But the evictions at the West-end, and other circumstances, have so increased the numbers, that rents have risen, and the people can afford but one room."

Such a spot offers so few attractions to the class who are able to choose a location for themselves that there are no resident gentry in the place. Those who own the property live away from it. There are no large good houses offering a contrast to the surrounding poverty; no wealthy people who may be asked to lend a little help to their poorer neighbours. One in every fourteen of the whole population of the parish are paupers. Surely such a spot offers few inducements for its selection as a place of permanent abode. Yet here, some years since, came a hopeful, zealous, hard-working man, who, seeing and feeling the wants of the neighbourhood, went

single-handed to work to see what good intentions, backed by perseverance, could do in a hand-to-hand fight with poverty, ignorance, dirt, neglect, and crime.

Twenty years ago, the then rector of St. George's-in-the-East was a Doctor of Divinity of the old school, whose pride it was to leave the world at large, and his own parish in particular, just where he found it. The dust and the modes of past times should, he thought, be preserved inviolate, and hence, though ignorance stalked through his parish unchallenged, save by the feeble efforts of one small charity school,* he lived quietly on, untroubled by any idea that popular knowledge should be promoted among the flock of a London rector. The patronage of the living was the gift of his college, and with him it was a religious duty to leave things as they were. The world let him live quietly; why should he disturb the world?

One fine day the rector found himself without a curate, and as the close courts and poverty-stricken streets of his parish sent every year many hundred tenants for the parish graveyard; and as the young men and women, notwithstanding their poverty, would be young men and women, and made up amongst them scores of matrimonial matches in the twelvemonth; and as, moreover, innumerable little pledges of affection had to be christened in each similar space of time, the curate must needs be "a working man." The friends of the rector passed from one to the other the demand, "Wanted—a Curate;" but curates seemed to know what sort of a place St. George's-in-the-East must be, and the attractions of one hundred and fifty pounds a year† as the reward for burying a little army of dead, marrying no end of "happy couples," and christening hundreds of young Cockneys, did *not* secure a crowd of applicants for the vacant post. Days ran into weeks, and the rector felt desperate. The graveyard was dank and clayey, and air blew coldly through the masts and rigging of the shipping moored in the Thames and the docks, and amongst the smoky chimneys all round about. The perpetual iteration of the services was more laborious than chimed with the idea of the rector, and "Wanted—a Curate" became day by day a more pressing necessity of his case. At last a stray letter, explaining the reverend gentleman's necessities, found

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* Raine's Charity, endowed in the last century.

† I had only a hundred and twenty pounds on first coming to London.

its way into an out-of-the-way Somersetshire parish,* in which there was a young curate who had distinguished himself by zeal in getting up schools and clubs for the poor. These humble establishments in their quiet way had done much good, and had obtained for their promoter and superintendent, the curate, quite a reputation in their locality; but he had got them into good trim, and as they worked well and there were no more difficulties to be encountered, the curate felt a longing for a wider sphere. His patron, the parish clergyman, had often said that London was the place for a mind so active as his, and when the intelligence came that a curacy might be had "in St. George's, London," the proper moment seemed to have arrived for moving the curate to his natural sphere of usefulness. A friend was found to do temporary duty in the church, to "give an eye to the schools, and to look after the sick," and off set the curate to ascertain if he could secure the vacant post in the modern Babylon.

Arrived in town, his first duty was to call upon the writer of the letter that had induced him to quit the country in search of a new field for his labours. His reception was cordial and encouraging. The post was still vacant; indeed the reverend gentleman in whose gift it was had kept it specially for our young friend, for he had heard of the Somersetshire schools, and of the industry displayed by their promoter, and was sure he was just the man to encounter the labour of a metropolitan cure of souls. After much more of such conversation it was proposed that they should go together to the rector, to settle the affair, and a few minutes more found them on their way.

They passed street after street, but they were all City streets; and one after the other they grew dirtier and dirtier, until at last a climax of abominations greeted eye and nostril and well-polished shoe as they threaded Rag Fair.

"Surely," interposed the curate, "this cannot be the way to St. George's?"

"Certainly it is," was the reply; "and this very place is in the district you are to take charge of."

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* The vacant curacy was known of by the late curate having a son at Merchant Taylors' School. This boy went to the head master to shake hands and take his leave, as he said his father had left the curacy and was going away. The head master of Merchant Taylors' School was a friend of the Rector of South Cadbury, who had applied to him to let him know if he heard of a London curacy for an active young clergyman.

"This!" gasped the curate with astonishment. And he stood still as he spoke, half shuddering amidst the crowd of Jews, thieves, rags, filth, foul smells, and wretchedness, as his mind and spirit flew back to the country scenes and country friends he had that morning left.

"Here! I could never live here. The air seems thick with impurity. I thought St. George's meant St. George's, Hanover Square."

His companion laughed. "You longed for fashion, did you? You wanted to live amongst lofty people; to change the rural sounds of Somerset for the clatter of dashing vehicles, and to marry and bury lords and ladies? No, no. St. George's-in-the-*East* it is that wants a curer of souls, and believe me you are just the man for the place."

Forward they went in silence,* until they reached the rector's door.

"I cannot undertake it," repeated the country curate. "The smells, and sights, and noises are frightful. I could not live in this atmosphere, I'm sure."

"But the rector has kept the place vacant for you," was the response; and as he spoke, they were ushered into the presence of that dignitary himself.

More friendly greetings and kind speeches. The curate was the thing; he would soon be used to the neighbourhood. He firmly declared his repugnance. But what was he, the rector, to do? He had been waiting for the curate. He should be greatly put out of his way if he were to be disappointed at this critical moment. Indeed, he was very ill. He really hoped he should not hear of anything like refusal. And a great deal of talk resulted in an arrangement that the curate should *try* for a month, whilst the rector sought for another to succeed him.

In a little old house close by, some little rooms were selected as a cheap temporary lodging, and there our country friend soon located himself. The occasional funeral duty of the country† was changed for the constant day by day, week by week, repetitions of a gorged

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*I went on with the Head Master of Merchant Taylors only on the understanding that as he was placed in a painful position by having made the appointment with the Rector, I would explain to him my objections to the curacy.

†I had only two funerals in five years at Cadbury.

London grave-yard. Work, work, work, was becoming the order of his life, and work, too, without knowing the people for whom he was ministering, and in a field so vast that there seemed little chance of his ever gaining a knowledge of the souls now under his spiritual charge. Whilst yet astonished at the change, and whilst longing for the day that should release him for his return, a letter reached him, saying the incumbent of his Somersetshire parish was—dead! Ease and abundance had been succeeded by the demon that follows in their trains, Apoplexy—a scene of confusion and distress—hurrying for doctors, who came only to use lancets and shake their heads—and the curtain fell, leaving a widow to mourn, a preferment to delight some long expectant, and a curate out of place. This fatal termination of his old patron's career came at a critical moment. Somersetshire no longer beckoned our humble hero back. St. George's-in-the-East had him in its clutches, and the one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and a field for usefulness, was better than throwing himself adrift upon the world; and the upshot was that, instead of leaving his small lodgings at the end of the month, he lived there for many years.*

And how were these years passed? The work of the place—the clerical work—was amply sufficient to fill up his time; but the curate had desires, and felt he had a duty beyond that routine, laborious though it might be. The rector, true to his creed, would hear nothing about schools or societies. There was the one charity school when he came to the living, and there should be the one charity school only when he left it, and all the curate's thoughts and plans had to be kept to himself. But still he went on *trying*, and kept steadily on, making himself acquainted with the needs of the neighbourhood; visiting the sick, advising the idle and the improvident, and comforting the afflicted, till the people round about began to find that "a parson" might be a very comfortable person to know, if, as they said, he was "one of the right sort."

Years rolled on, and the day arrived when the Bishop of the diocese† made a grand appeal to the public for help in the building of new churches, and so readily was the request responded to, that a sum of two hundred thousand pounds accumu-

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*The Rector never knew the real cause of my remaining.

†Bishop Blomfield.

lated in the hands of the bankers to the fund. The impossibility of one rector—supposing him to be an active man, and not, as our rector was, a kind of "clerical sleeping-partner," with one curate (though a curate of treble curate power)—ever grasping the spiritual needs of such a parish as St. George's-in-the East, with its forty thousand inhabitants, must long have struck the Church reformers of London; and when our friend the one curate made up his mind to write to the Bishop, pointing out certain strong reasons why a portion of the two hundred thousand pounds should be spent in his part of the world, the letter could scarcely fail to receive attention. In due time, an answer came from the episcopal dispenser of the building fund, stating that a grant was in abeyance for the building of a church in the most neglected part of the parish, but there was a difficulty in obtaining a site. This was hint enough. To work went our curate to *try* what could be done. A failure on one spot only set him on to search for another, and at length he was directed to a small street, from the back windows of which, it is said, a large unused stone-yard could be seen.* It had been for years shut up behind small, poverty-stricken tenements, that few people knew of its existence; but there it was, sure enough, grown over by weeds, and strewed with the dirt and refuse that poverty, and London cats, and London smoke, somehow bring together whenever a spot remains unoccupied. Scraps of stone were scattered about it—fragments too small, or too ugly, for door-steps or tomb-stones, yet too heavy for trespassing boys to throw at one another, or to toss through the windows of the neighbouring empty houses, and of no value per pound at the marine store dealer's. And there they lay, uncared for for years, until the eye of the curate fell upon the spot, and straightway they reared themselves, in his mental vision, one upon another, into a tall church filled with worshippers, with the curate himself ministering there. But dreaming was no use.

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* I applied first of all to Mr. Hunter, the ironfounder, for a vacant piece of land with a frontage in the Commercial Road. He said they could not part with their land; but told me to go to one of their houses in John Street, from the back windows of which I should see a piece of vacant land belonging to Mr. Bridger, the builder. I saw the piece, and applied to Mr. Bridger, who told me that the land had been reserved for the very purpose of building a church; and that if the contract for the building was given to him, he would make a present of the site. This arrangement was made, and Mr. Bridger gave the valuable site.

The curate went forth to *try* what he could do. Work, work, work; talk, talk, talk, to one and to another; letters here, explanations there, until, at length, the site was secured; until the building was begun, continued, and furnished. The chosen plan was one that would secure the largest amount of accommodation for the sum to be spent; and the day arrived when the church-room was ready for sixteen* hundred people, within a substantial building, in a district set apart for it, and christened "Christ Church." But still, there were no fittings; no stoves; no organ; no preacher's house; no preacher's pay; no preacher.

The curate who had worked so long and so satisfactorily in the parish was naturally the man who should occupy the church he had contributed to rear; but having by this time been the sole working clergyman of the mother church for twelve years, and having still only his one hundred and fifty pounds a year to rely upon, he hesitated to give up that. Nobody was willing to take the empty church—the bare walls—the shell—without even an income sufficient to feed the legendary mice supposed to be a part of every parish. Still, after a while he thought *he'd try*.

The terms he made with the old rector were (and the said old rector had very, very serious doubts about all these new-fangled church-buildings; but, being quite an old gentleman, he thought it very much the bishop's affair)—the curate's terms, we say, were that he would accept the incumbency of the new district upon condition of continuing to receive his stipend, out of which he would pay a curate to perform duty at the old church, whilst he himself went to labour with the new.

He began his labours in a very business-like way. He took stock of his new district, counted his flock, estimated their quality as it were, and found that upon the sixty-three acres committed to his clerical charge, there were seventy-seven streets and courts, containing upwards of two thousand six hundred houses, holding more than seventeen thousand men, women, and children. For every four buildings that might, in the conventional sense, be called "respectable private houses," he found there was on an average one public-house, or beer shop, and that more than half of the total number of houses were essentially the dwellings of the very poor. These very poor numbered fifteen thousand out of the total

*Eighteen hundred.

inhabitants, and the ranks of this army of poverty were described as being filled with "sailors and men dependent upon the uncertain labour of the docks;" the women being generally "seamstresses, working for the slop-shops, which abound in the neighbourhood—poor creatures belonging to the class now so well-known as 'distressed needlewomen.'" The average rental of the houses—houses in London, be it remembered—was only eight pounds ten shillings a year!

Such a locality could not be supposed to afford much in the shape of pew-rents, but on pew-rents alone must the preacher depend, as there was no endowment. So, giving six hundred free-seats for those unable or unwilling to contribute, our curate began his ministrations in the new church. His zeal and excellence of purpose and conduct had secured him friends and sympathizers—and those qualities now soon began to bring him a congregation. In his vestry he kept an alphabetical index of the poor, in which was noted what help had been given to each applicant—who had received a ticket for free baptism; who a letter for the dispensary or the hospital; who had been attended by the district visitors; who had been helped by the blanket loan society; whose children ought to be got into the National or the Sunday school; and so on. Some of the warmest and best of the free-seats were supplied with books, in large type, suitable for aged eyes—and soon it was found that old folks began to congregate in numbers in front of the church doors, long before they opened, that they might secure these best seats, where they could see and hear, and have a large-typed Prayer-book.

The kindly sympathies which enlisted the poor did more than that. Amongst the richer people friends were found. The pews filled; a subscription in the parish paid for gas-fittings and other needful appointments; and, though the first year the curate's gains, after he had paid his curate at the mother church, were *nil*, yet the next year he found himself with an income, small, yet something. And now another event took place. The old rector died—and the curate thanked his stars he had taken the empty church, without fittings and without pay though it was—for new rectors bring new curates. He had *tried* his best; striven with the difficulties of a high duty; and had again not gone altogether unrewarded.

The church was a very great step; but schools were all-important—he must have schools. Having no funds for school buildings, he

bethought him of the Blackwall Railway Arches.* He set to work *to try* what could be done in that and in other directions to meet the many wants of his parish. He addressed letters to clergymen with good benefices; and to wealthy laymen; and then he, with the aid of a curate and a Scripture-reader, begged his parish through from door to door. They were more than a fortnight going from house to house, "when great anxiety" (says a report of this experiment) "for the establishment of the school was expressed by the poor people, but the amount collected was only eighteen pounds fifteen shillings—a large portion of which was in pence." Larger sums ultimately came from other quarters to aid the work, and first one school and then another was got into operation. Amidst all this toil the curate (or we must now call him the incumbent, for we have followed him into his own church) had found a wife amongst his flock, and had become a father. His children were enlisted in the work in hand. They folded circulars and helped to seal them; and one Christmas Eve there was a great feat accomplished—for on that day there went from the door of the house of clerical industry two cabs filled with letters which the post would deliver on the Christmas morning upon the breakfast tables of the wealthy, telling how on that day of Christian rejoicing one parish of the Great London had thousands of people who knew no church, with thousands of children who knew no school. And those Christmas holidays were gladdened by a noble response from the charity of this English nation. Hundreds of pounds were subscribed towards the works our clergyman had now in hand; and still greater gladness was there in his household when an old man walked one day into his church to see what was being done, and asking what was wanted, and being told the organ was in debt, put into the parson's hand, as they left the building together, a piece of paper, with a request that no name be mentioned. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds, and next Sunday the organ poured forth a strain more than ever beautiful in that preacher's ear—for the debt was gone—wiped out by the benevolence that asks no blazonry in return.

And higher and higher still rose the gladness in the parson's

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* This is a little out of place. I had built the schools under the arches of the railway while I was curate of the mother church, and before Christ Church was built. But when the district of Christ Church was assigned, these Railway Arch Schools fell within the new district.

home, when one day he returned from a country dinner, to which he had been bidden by a rich old physician, who was spending his last years in a quiet rural neighbourhood. A day-ticket had carried the visitor to the old man's house. They had chatted and dined, and talked of many things, but never of money; and as the time drew on when the last train left for London, they strolled together towards the station. The whiz and the bustle of the stopping train, the slamming of carriage doors, and the hurry of guards, were just over as the parson took his seat, when his host, the kind old ex-physician, said, "Use that in your good works, but never mention my name." As he spoke he gave the parson a paper, as he shook hands with him. The engine was off. Let his astonishment be imagined when he opened the slip of paper in his hand and found it a cheque for one thousand pounds!

The donor was the same old man who had released the organ from its difficulties. He is since dead; but his gifts towards the needs of a poor London parish stand a lasting record of unobtrusive charity in the list of donations to Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, where his offering figures thus:—

A Family Fund . . . £1,100

Just below it on the list is another large donation, also made by one of the really charitable, who ask no advertisement in return. Two words tell the story:—

Anonymous £700

Monuments enough, these, to prove the existence, if proof were needed, of true charity in England, and of the virtue of "*I'll try.*" But more remains yet to be told.

Encouraged by success, the plans of our incumbent became bolder and bolder. Here is the substance of one of his appeals—a list, in fact, of what was wanted to meet the spiritual and educational destitution of his district.

1. A parsonage for the minister of the present church, estimated, including the site, at one thousand four hundred pounds.

2. Three new schools, for six hundred children, with three residences, estimated at about two thousand four hundred pounds.

3. A fund for the support of the schools.

4. A new church, of stone, plain but substantial, for one thousand persons (of which, if a sufficient endowment can be obtained, all the seats will be free), estimated, with site, at five thousand pounds.

5. A parsonage for the minister of the new church, one thousand two hundred pounds.

6. Endowment.

At first blush this might seem too much to hope for; but, by hard work, by hopeful, never ceasing endeavour—by again and again recurring to the cheerful effort that follows the determination *to try*—much, nay, nearly all, of that which was once a project are now facts.

At the time we write, the incumbent has a comfortable parsonage, the arches of the Blackwall Railway hold three of his schools—an infant school, a boys' school, and a girls' school. In the same place he has a pence bank, to which the poor of the neighbourhood bring their savings, now amounting to nearly a thousand pounds a year, and a library and reading room, in which, for a penny a week, the poor have light, and warmth, and newspapers, and instructive and amusing books. More than six thousand readers have attended the place during the past year. He has likewise a Ragged School. in which the very poorest are taught to read and write. The fine large schools he once hoped for, to hold six hundred children, with residences for masters and mistresses, have been raised, and are occupied. Altogether, he has now a thousand children at school! He has, moreover, secured a second church for the neighbourhood —the church of stone he hoped for—to hold a thousand persons. He got money to buy a site, when a peer, who heard of the efforts he was making, stepped forward and built and endowed the church at a cost of ten thousand pounds!

Thus far successful beyond what were once his wildest hopes, he is still striving on. He is at this moment *trying* for Baths and Wash-houses, and for a Sailors' Home—to cleanse the poor and to save the seaman from plunder by crimps. With him, to begin is to go on, and to go on is to succeed; but if any like to help or imitate him, let them take, in Fenchurch Street, one of the sixpenny railway tickets we spoke of at the opening of this paper, and stopping at the Shadwell station, ask for the incumbent of Christ Church, in whom they will soon recognize the living hero of this true story of "*I'll try.*"

Sunday and Day Schools.

When I arrived at St. George's, the living was held by Dr. Farington, who was an old fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

All these East London livings were formed out of the original Rectory of Stepney, which belonged to that college, and they were all filled by old Brasenose fellows. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state of the pastoral supervision of the vast population in East London at that time. There were only eight clergymen to minister to the spiritual wants of 250,000 people. Stepney had a non-resident rector, whose place was supplied by a curate. Poplar had its rector only. Limehouse was in the charge of a curate for a non-resident rector; the same was the case at Bethnal Green. Spitalfields, Wapping, and Whitechapel each had its own Incumbent only, and St. George's-in-the-East—had practically one curate in charge, for the rector, though resident, never did any duty, nor took any share in the oversight of the parish.

The National Day Schools of the parish—quite of insufficient size for the large population—were built close to Raine's Parochial Charity Institution, and the Girls' School received some subsidy from that trust for its maintenance. I found, however, that they were in great pecuniary difficulties, and I got up a bazaar which realized a large sum. Three hundred pounds was spent in paying off the debt, and with the remainder I built a large addition in the form of a class-room, which was also intended as a meeting-room for the managers of the school. My first care had been to obtain the use of the schoolroom for a Sunday school, so that here was the first provision—however inadequate—for giving religious instruction to the children of the parish. It remained for later efforts to provide further school accommodation, and to establish an infant school, by securing three arches of the Blackwall railway.

Schools under the Arches of the Blackwall Railway.

I was obliged to go to church at eight o'clock every morning and wait till twelve for weddings. I had, therefore, in the vestry of the church, many hours of leisure whilst waiting for parties. One day while I was thus waiting a clerk came and deposited in the vestry all the plans and drawings of the new railway at Blackwall, which I carefully examined. On tracing the line I found that one portion of the parish of St. George's-in-the-East would be required, and that between Cannon Street Road and Walburgh Street there were three arches to be built, each 40ft. span, 25ft. broad, and 18ft.

high. An idea struck me, and turning to the Parish Clerk I said—"What capital schools these would make; I shall try to get them!" I took pains to find out when the next meeting of the directors would take place, and at the appointed time I went, and sent in my card. The Chairman happened to be a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, Mr. George F. Young, and I was immediately shown into the room where sat the Board of Directors, every member eyeing me as I entered, with unsuppressed curiosity. "What on earth," each seemed to be saying to himself, "can *he* want here?" The Chairman asked me to sit down and state my business. I produced the plans of the railway which had been deposited at the vestry, and, pointing to the proposed arches, I begged to know whether they were to be disposed of. A titter ran through the room as I put the question, for it appeared that all the arches on line had been a bone of contention in the Board, and that they were looked upon as a dead loss to the Company. After sufficient gravity had been restored for the discussion of the question, the Chairman said to me, "May I ask, sir, what you want with the arches?" But I felt that to tell my secret all at once would probably be to run up the price. I therefore replied that I thought I could make use of them if I could rent them for a reasonable sum. But whether from curiosity or to learn how this waste property could be made available, the Directors were not disposed to allow me to escape without a direct avowal of my purpose. I therefore explained that it was my intention to turn the three arches into schools by enclosing the spaces and making openings through the centre from one arch into another. I showed that as no locomotives were to be used there would be very little noise, and that the rooms could be made really comfortable. I was asked to retire for a short time while my proposal was discussed, and on my return the Chairman informed me that my plan had led them to see a way of making all the arches along the line profitable, and that the Directors were therefore prepared to deal generously with me, allowing me a lease of the arches in question for 100 years at a rent of £20 a year. They also would enclose a piece of playground on each side, and give a house already built there as a residence for a master and mistress.

The whole of this scheme was carried out. I gave up the lease of the school to my successor in the Vicarage of Christ Church on leaving London, and the schools under the Railway Arches are still popular in the neighbourhood.

Moral Uses of a Punch and Judy Show.

Having taken the elder children of my schools for their annual trip to Harmer's Park at Greenhithe, the younger ones, under seven, who had been left behind, had their treat next day in the Rectory garden. About 200 assembled, and had tea, cake, and all kinds of games. In order to amuse them further, I made arrangements with a Punch and Judy showman who lived in the parish to come and give an exhibition in the course of the evening.

We had received many complaints of children keeping back a penny or twopence from their school fees, and had found out who were the defaulters; and I gave to the showman twelve names, and asked him to introduce into his entertainment some warning to these young delinquents, explaining to him the whole of the circumstances, and the serious consequences of the bad example.

Accordingly we had in our Punch and Judy variations which greatly astonished the juvenile spectators. Judy produced a baby, and said she was intending when it was big enough to send it to "Quekett's School." She was very anxious that it should be well taught and cared for, and that it should grow up honest, and never keep back the school-pennies.

Mr. Punch, at the close of the performance, said:—"Now, there are a few of you boys I want to speak to. I want James Brown."

Immediately the hue and cry was raised for James Brown, who was so much alarmed at the hints given by Judy that he had kept at a distance.

"James Brown, Punch wants you," was shouted by the young searchers; and at last he was brought up, and made to stand before Mr. Punch.

"Put him here," cries Punch, with a wave of his pole. "Now fetch Thomas Stringer."

Thus Mr. Punch at length got before him twelve boys, all of whom had been guilty of keeping back school-pence. He then made the following speech, whilst the poor little fellows trembled all over:—

"My dear young boys, I am going to speak to you on a matter of serious importance. You are some of a party of children who keep back the school-pennies your mothers give you to pay for your being taught at the school. You put either the whole or part of what your mothers give you into your pockets. Now, James Brown, I know your father and mother. Suppose I tell them of

the serious position you are in at this moment, when one word from me to the police would put you into gaol. And you, Thomas Stringer, and all of you. I know you well. You have seen to-day, after the trial by Judy and myself, how a man was hanged. That man, you know, was a bad man. But he was not worse at first than you are. He began to be bad by nothing worse than stealing pennies; and if you don't leave off this bad trick, and be honest boys, you may come to the gallows too."

The twelve little thieves were terrified that Punch should know all about them. They swallowed all he said, and were so wrought upon that this bad habit was entirely cured.

The results of this harangue were not so beneficial to the showman as to the juvenile culprits. A few days afterwards I happened to meet him, and he said—"Ah, sir, it was a very bad day's work I did, that coming up into your garden. I can't get an audience to listen to me down in this part. As soon as they see me the children cry out, 'Come away, come away; he's got the Punch that knows all about us,' and the consequence is that I can get no custom."

I advised him to keep away and visit other places till the thing was forgotten, having only this to regret in the moral lessons which Punch and Judy had taught to my children, viz., that the poor showman should suffer.

Raine's Charities, St. George's East, Middlesex.

This noble and interesting Charity is, perhaps, without a rival, either in this or any other part of the civilized world. It stands forth as a glorious monument of the wisdom and beneficence of its good and pious founder, and a model for the contemplation of the philanthropist in all succeeding ages.

This Charity, which comprises two establishments, was founded by Mr. Henry Raine, a brewer, in the parish of St. George, Middlesex, who, in 1719, commenced the good work by erecting in a place now called Charles Street, Old Gravel Lane, in that parish, a substantial and appropriate building, since called the Lower Schools.

These schools, with suitable residences attached for the master and mistress, were for the education therein of 50 boys and 50 girls, who were clothed and educated at the founder's expense.

From the year 1719 to 1736 these schools were carried on under

RAINE'S ASYLUM, ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

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the superintendence of the founder, by whom, in the latter year, they were permanently endowed. The boys were admitted at the age of nine years, and the girls at eight.

In 1736 Mr. Raine extended the Charity by the erection and endowment of a new school, called the asylum.

The Asylum.

In this building 40 girls, "chosen out of the most deserving of those brought up in the old school, and who have continued therein two years," are wholly maintained, clothed, and educated. Ten are elected into it annually, and after being there four years (during the last of which they are instructed in the duties of domestic servants), they go out to service; and at the age of 22 are entitled, on production of satisfactory testimonials, to become candidates for the marriage portion of one hundred pounds, for which six of them may draw lots on every 1st May and 26th December, two of such marriage portions being given in each year; the unsuccessful candidates, continuing unmarried, may draw again from time to time until they obtain the prize. The proposed husband must be a man of good character, and belong to the Church of England, and be approved of by the trustees.

Drawing for the Marriage Portion.

This ceremony takes place in the great room of the asylum, in the presence of all the girls of that establishment and many visitors, principally ladies. The scene is a very interesting one, as may be conceived from the description given of it by the founder in his will, who, after exhorting his two nephews to purchase £4,000 stock in order to make a permanent provision for these marriage portions, thus pathetically expresses himself:—"I doubt not but my nephews would cheerfully purchase the said stock if they had seen, as I have, six poor innocent maidens come trembling to draw the prize, and the fortunate maid that got it burst out in tears with excess of joy." From the account here given it is evident that the benevolent founder gave away marriage portions in a similar manner before he built the new school.

The Wedding.

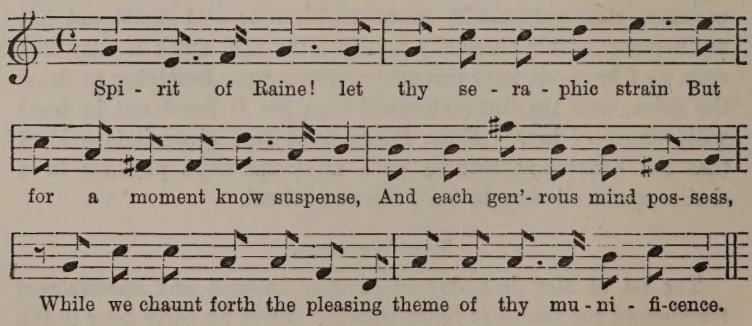
The 1st of May is a day of exciting interest and cheerfulness throughout the parish of Saint George. From an early hour in the morning, and at intervals during the day, the fine set of church

bells ring a merry peal, the flag is raised on the church's lofty tower, the marriage of the happy couple is solemnized at the Parish Church, the whole of the 140 children and the trustees afterwards attend divine service there, and a sermon is preached by the lecturer who, under the will, takes the prominent part in the management of the asylum, and the children and trustees then return to the asylum, where the drawing takes place for the next marriage portion, to be given away on the ensuing 5th November.

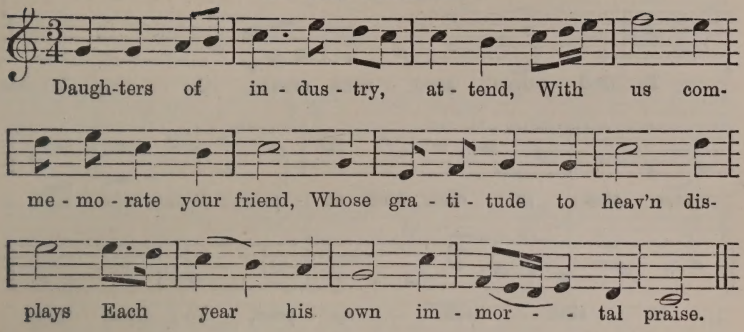
The Dinner.

On the day of the wedding a dinner is provided for the bride and bridegroom and their friends in the matron's room at the asylum. The trustees and friends of the Charity also dine together at the asylum, at their own expense, the senior girls assisting in the preparation of the dinner and in waiting at table. At an appointed time after dinner the bride and bridegroom and their friends enter the room near the head of the table; the girls of the asylum then range themselves at the other end, in a half-circle, and sing the following ode to an organ accompaniment, performed by the parish organist. The music to this ode was written, at my request, by the celebrated Dr. Gauntlett, the ode having been before this merely recited by the children, and it was performed for the first time, under his own conductorship, in the year when I, as a trustee, presided at the dinner, and my brother Edwin, who lived in the parish and was elected a trustee, took the vice-chair. The members of Parliament and magistrates and many other gentry dined on these occasions.

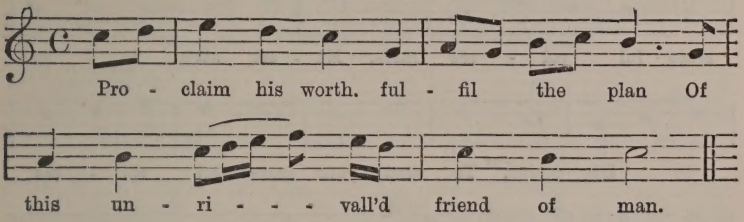
First Ode.


Spi - rit of Raine! let thy se - ra - phic strain But
for a moment know suspense, And each gen'- rous mind pos- sess,
While we chaunt forth the pleasing theme of thy mu - ni - fi-cence.

TO THE CHILDREN.


Daugh-ters of in - dus - try, at - tend, With us com-
me - mo - rate your friend, Whose gra - ti - tude to heav'n dis-
plays Each year his own im - mor - - tal praise.

CHORUS.



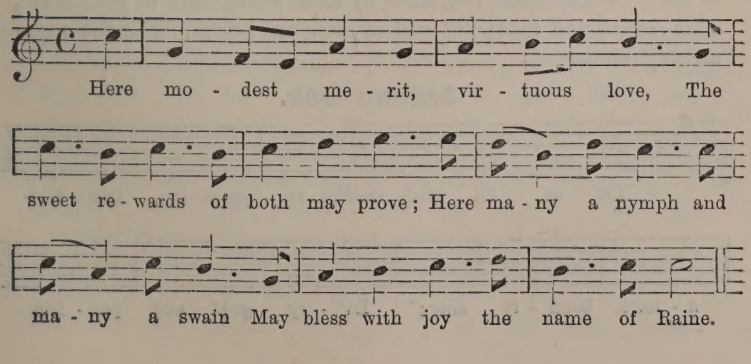
TO THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES.

Patrons of innocence and youth,
Encouragers of plighted truth;
Ye who would save the infant poor
From vicious pleasure's baneful lure.

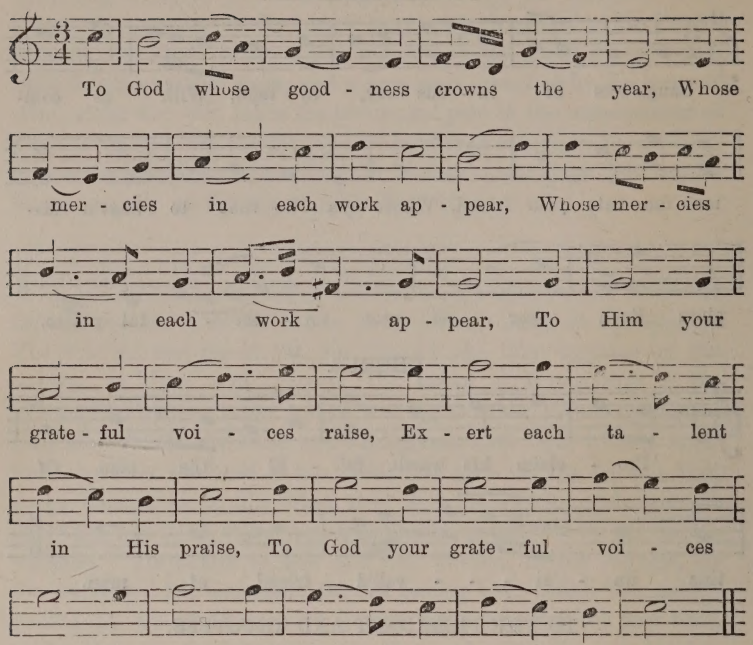
CHORUS.

Proclaim the worth, adopt the plan
Of this unrivall'd friend of man.

TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.


Here mo - dest me - rit, vir - tuous love, The
sweet re - wards of both may prove; Here ma - ny a nymph and
ma - ny a swain May bless with joy the name of Raine.

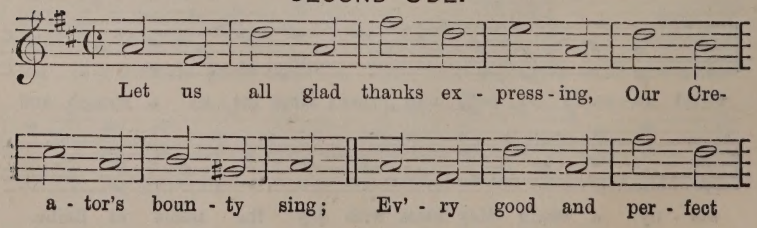
CHORUS.

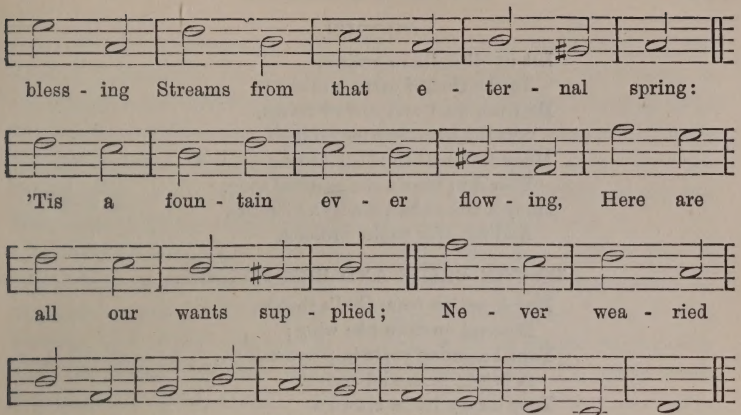

To God whose good - ness crowns the year, Whose
mer - cies in each work ap - pear, Whose mer - cies
in each work ap - pear, To Him your
grate - ful voi - ces raise, Ex - ert each ta - lent
in His praise, To God your grate - ful voi - ces
raise, Ex - ert each ta - lent in His praise.

PRESENTATION OF THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

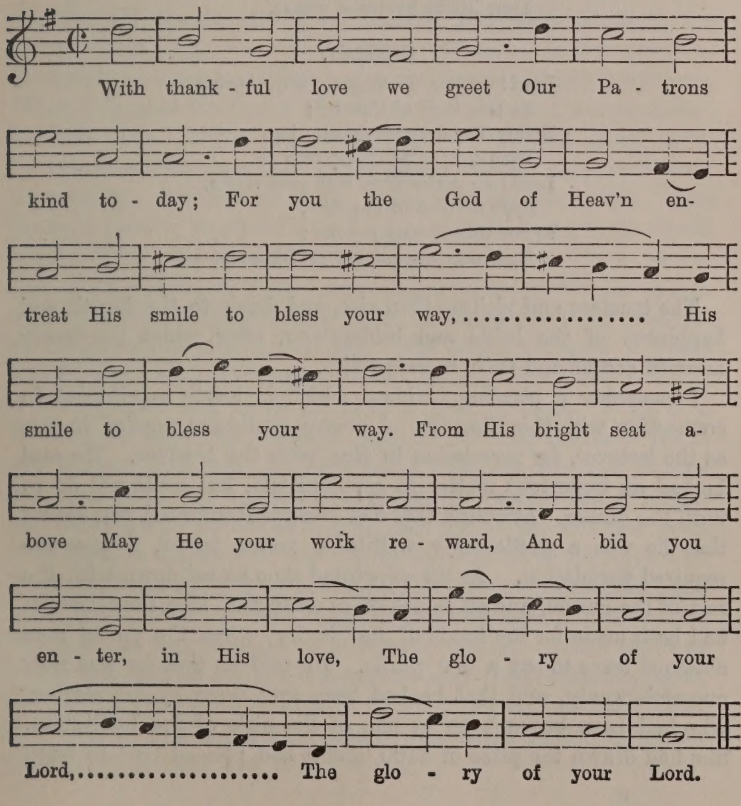
The bride and bridegroom then advance towards the Chairman, who delivers an address of congratulation and admonition, and presents the bride with a purse containing one hundred new sovereigns obtained from the Mint as her marriage portion, given to her in a handsome bag made by some young lady in the Parish, after which the following ode is sung as before, with the organ accompaniment :—

SECOND ODE.




bless - ing Streams from that e - ter - nal spring:
'Tis a foun - tain ev - er flow - ing, Here are
all our wants sup - plied; Ne - ver wea - ried
in be - stow - ing, Thee we sing, Our Heav'n - ly Guide.

TO THE PATRONS AND BENEFACTORS.


With thank - ful love we greet Our Pa - trons
kind to - day; For you the God of Heav'n en-
treat His smile to bless your way, ... His
smile to bless your way. From His bright seat a-
bove May He your work re - ward, And bid you
en - ter, in His love, The glo - ry of your
Lord, ... The glo - ry of your Lord.

CHORUS.

Let us all unite in praises,
To the God of earth and sky;
He from want and sorrow raises,
Sets the humble poor on high.
Many favoured thus before us,
Pour'd to heav'n the grateful song,
Many a voice shall swell the chorus,
And for ever praise prolong.

TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

May blessings from God's throne
Descend on dove-like wing;
Your blooming years in peace roll on,
A bright perennial spring.
Your happy lot be crown'd
With love and length of days;
Your hearts with gratitude abound,
Your life be hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Lord! we pray Thee, grant Thy blessing
To this work of Charity;
Richly Thy dear love possessing,
Thou our Guide, our Patron be.
Lord! we praise Thee with glad voices,
Each devoted to Thy fear,
In one tide of song rejoices;
Hear our prayers, our praises hear!

The trustees and visitors then rise, and drink to the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom, after which the newly married couple and their friends retire.

I remember a pleasing incident which is worth mentioning in connection with this Charity. A young gentleman applied to me, as the lecturer, for permission to dine with the trustees. He said he had an important matter to communicate, but could not do so until the dinner. Although this was somewhat informal, yet, seeing that he was a gentlemanly well-to-do young fellow, I gave the required permission. At the appointed time he sat down with the rest of the guests, and all passed off as usual until after the collection had been made for the funds of the Charity, when the young man obtained leave to say a few words. He told us that he was now one-and-twenty, and that he had been sent there by his mother, who had been brought up as one of the girls of the Institution. She had drawn the prize of £100, and it had pleased God to bless

her with great prosperity ever since. She was now in the possession of a plentiful fortune, and she had requested him to return to the trustees the £100 with her sincere thanks, and the earnest hope that many others would be similarly blessed. The young man handed to the Chairman a hundred-pound bank note; and the whole party rose and drank his good health, suitably expressing their thanks to his worthy mother for her generous gift.

I may also mention that Warrington itself has a little link of connection with Raine's Charity. There was in my parish in London a young lad who was brought up in Raine's School. On leaving the school he felt a disposition to be bound apprentice, and we found for him an opening at Mears', the great bell-founders, in Whitechapel. There he served his time, and gave great satisfaction to his employers. As time went on he was advanced, and eventually became connected with the firm. Mears supplied bells for all parts of the country, and Willie Waskett, the former Raine's boy, was now frequently sent to see to their erection. Whenever he came near Warrington he spent the Sunday with me. When I restored the Parish Church there were, as in the old tower, six bells only. Willie used to find great fault with these bells, because they were dreadfully out of tune; indeed, they had never been tuned. During one of his visits after the restoration, when the bells were to be placed in the tower, an offer came to me which caused Willie the greatest delight. A gentleman, W. C. Jones, Esq., of The Elms, who had been a liberal contributor to the church in its restoration, had died, and his widow wished to make some gift to the church in memory of him. She asked me what I would receive, and I replied that if she would give the large bell I would give the small one, so as to make a peal of eight. I gave to Waskett the order for his firm; and in due time the bells came, and Waskett with them to superintend their erection and to tune the whole peal. He spent a fortnight in the tuning, and at length was satisfied that we had at Warrington one of the sweetest peals of bells in the county. It was during his stay for a fortnight that Waskett told me the story of his prosperity. He had, during his visits to my house, formed an attachment to Sarah Salmon, the nursemaid, who also had been brought up in Raine's School. When she was twenty-two, and he out of his apprenticeship, they became engaged, and she drew the prize of £100. "That £100, sir, we have never touched from that day to this; but we have kept adding to it, and are now doing well."

The following notice appeared in the London "Times" of December 5th, 1887 :—

"Marriage Portions in East London.—The Governors of the Schools on Mr. Raine's foundation in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East have given public notice that on the 1st of May in next year young women of 22 years of age at least, who have been brought up in that school, will be admitted to draw lots for a marriage portion of the sum of £100. Candidates must have continued members of the Established Church up to the present time, and they must bring certificates of good conduct from the employers with whom they may have lived since they left school. Applications for permission to compete for this marriage portion must reach the governors on or before the 19th of the present month."

How My only Son, Henry, Became an Engineer.

I was staying with Lord Herbert at Wilton, where there were many invited guests; and one day after dinner the conversation turned upon families. I was asked by Lord Herbert what family I had got, and I replied, "Two; a boy and a girl." He very kindly pursued his enquiries by asking their ages, and what I was intending to make of my boy. I told him that I was greatly perplexed about him, as he wished to be an engineer, and I had made enquiries and found that I could not afford to pay the necessary premium. There was much curiosity among the gentlemen present to know what the amount of the premium might be. I told them that one of the chief firms wanted £3,000, a sum utterly beyond my means. One of the guests who heard my story was Mr. Ravenhill, a magistrate for the county, and a gentleman who had rendered great services to Mr. Herbert during his election for Wiltshire. On my saying that I had given up all hope of forwarding my boy's wishes, he sat silent, while the rest of the gentlemen present discussed the matter very fully and kindly. Next morning at breakfast, Mr. Herbert missed Mr. Ravenhill, and asked the butler if he were ill. "No, sir; he left word that he had gone to London on particular business, but would be back to dinner." At dinner he turned up; and when the ladies had left the room he said, "Oh, Mr. Herbert, you talked yesterday about Mr. Quekett's son, and his difficulty in providing a premium. Having a brother an engineer in the firm of Miller and Ravenhill,

I went up to see him. I had some talk with them, and as a result of that conversation I am happy to tell you that they will take Mr. Quekett's son into their office without paying a premium; and, if agreeable to Mr. Quekett, he is to go next week."

I need not say what my feelings were at this announcement; nor do I think that I was alone in tendering to Mr. Ravenhill expressions of sincere gratitude.

My son entered upon his duties, and proved himself an efficient student; and as time went on he became a capital draughtsman, and thoroughly learned both the theory and practical parts of an engineer's work. He became so skilful that he was constantly employed upon important works which the firm had in hand. He had an important part in the design and construction of the engines for two of the mail steamers, Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, which ply between Holyhead and Dublin. When any castings of importance had to be made Henry was sent to see to the mixing of the iron. He was frequently sent to the North when contracts were executed, and much trust was placed in his skill and care.

When I became Rector of Warrington I frequently dined at The Elms with Mr. Jones, who was an old friend, and continued to be a true friend until the day of his death. On one occasion, after dinner, when the ladies left the room, a gentleman came and sat by my side. "Yours is a peculiar name," he said, "I have never heard it but once before. There is a young fellow who comes to superintend contracts for the great firm of Miller and Ravenhill—Henry Quekett." "He is my son, sir," I replied, "my only son." The gentleman took my hand into both his own and shook it warmly. "Your son! God bless you! Why, the boy always comes to stay with me when he is in this part of the world, and is like a son of my own."

This gentleman was Mr. Dagleish, of St. Helens, who lived at Aston Hall, near Preston Brook; and of whom I heard Henry speak without knowing his name or place of abode. After this short introduction we became great friends.

After leaving Miller and Ravenhill, Mr. Herbert was the means of my son's being sent by the Government to India as one of the engineers entrusted with the work of putting the great bridge over the Jumna. He broke down in health while engaged in this work, and returned to England for a short leave to recruit his strength. He went back after a few months' rest to India; but had not been out

again long before he received a sunstroke which terminated fatally. He died at 23 years of age, and his brother officers erected a monument to him in the cemetery at Allahabad, on which is the following inscription :—

IN
MEMORY
OF
HENRY WILLIAM QUEKETT,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
EAST INDIA RAILWAY,
BORN, 22ND DECEMBER, 1835 ;
DIED, 14TH JUNE, 1860.
AGED 24 YEARS.

At the restoration of Warrington Parish Church, I put in the south side of the chancel a stained window to his memory. Of all his possessions I received only his watch and his Bible, which I greatly treasure and carefully preserve. All the rest of his goods and chattels were sold by his brother-officers, the usual custom in India being to receive all and pay all.

Metropolitan Pauperism and Destitution,

Collected at the time, from Authentic Returns, by the Rev. W. QUEKETT, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, London.

A great deal is now written, and public attention drawn again to the destitute condition of the poorer classes in London. The following is a return, made 40 years ago, by the Incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., now Rector of Warrington, Lancashire. As it may interest many in its perusal, the statement has been asked for, and reprinted.

NOVEMBER 27TH, 1843.

My attention having been called in the year 1843 to the subject of Metropolitan Pauperism and Destitution, which from the severity of the season and the scarcity of employment at that time was forcing itself on the attention of the public, I conceived the plan of getting some positive information on the subject, by facts and figures, which could only be done by getting returns made of every pauper person, man, woman, and child, that should sleep in the unions and workhouses of the Metropolis and its suburbs, on a particular

night, and likewise of every mendicant that should sleep in those houses, and in the different refuges for the destitute, *on the same night;* these would give the numbers of each *indoors;* and through the instrumentality of the police, the numbers in the streets, or elsewhere, on the same night, would give the amount of destitution *out of doors.* I consequently put myself in communication with the different Clerks of Unions and Masters of Workhouses of the Metropolis and its suburbs, and likewise with the Commissioners of the Metropolitan and City Police, who all kindly and readily lent their aid for the occasion. The night of November 27th, 1843, was fixed on for the returns to be made, and the following was the result of the inquiry for that year.

In the 35 unions and workhouses of London and its suburbs, containing 200 parishes, from which I received the returns, the number of paupers—men, women, and children—that slept in the different houses on the night of November 27th, 1843, was—6,561 men, 10,050 women, and 5,414 children, making a total of 22,025.

The number of mendicants that slept that night in the same unions and workhouses amounted to 179 men, 87 women, 44 children; making a total of 310. And the number that slept on the same night in the different refuges of the Metropolis which happened to be open on that night was—560 men, 71 women, 22 children; total, 653. The number of destitute persons found or observed by the Metropolitan Police in the streets, or elsewhere throughout their 17 divisions, on that same night, amounted to 83 men, 47 women, 43 children—total, 173; by the City Police, 1 man, 3 women, 4 children; total, 8.

Thus the number of paupers was 22,025; mendicants and destitute persons, 1,144.

November 27th, 1844.

Having obtained this information one year, it could only be ascertained by comparison with other years whether pauperism and destitution were on the increase or otherwise; I consequently obtained on the following year, and on the same day—viz., Nov. 27th, 1844—similar returns from the very same unions and workhouses, and likewise from the Commissioners of the Police, and the following was the result:—Paupers, 6,235 men, 10,074 women, 4,828 children; total, 21,137.

Mendicants that slept that night in the unions, &c., 351 men, 135 women, 52 children; total, 538.

In refuges (one only being open on that night), 65 men.

Found by the Metropolitan Police in the streets, or elsewhere, 62 men, 23 women, 7 children; total, 92.

By the City Police, 3 men, 1 woman; total, 4.

Thus the number of paupers was 21,137; mendicants and destitute persons, 699.

From the above it will appear that on the 27th November, 1844, there was a decrease, compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, of paupers in the various unions and workhouses of the Metropolis and its suburbs, to the amount of 888, and in mendicants, vagrants, and destitute persons to the amount of 445; and by comparing the two years together it will be perceived that when the houses of refuge were not open the unions and workhouses were more frequented, and the mendicants, &c., more scattered amongst the different parishes; but as soon as the refuges are open, no doubt, as in the preceding year, the mendicants leave the workhouses, &c., for these places, and fresh arrivals flock into the Metropolis, to take up their nightly abodes there; and by supposing them full as in 1843, and less in the workhouses, we still get the number of these nightly wanderers to be about 1,000.

November 27th, 1848.

Having now allowed an interval of four years to elapse before obtaining similar returns, I have this year again on the same day—viz., November 27th, 1848—succeeded in getting from the same unions and workhouses, and likewise from the Commissioners of Police, the like returns as before; and the result is as follows:—

Paupers, 7,381 men, 11,775 women, 5,425 children; total, 24,581.

Mendicants that slept in the unions, &c.—Men 364, women 232 children 146; total 742.

In refuges (two being open)—Well Street, 43 men; St. Bernard's Hospice, 42 men, 7 women; total 92.

Found by Metropolitan Police in streets or elsewhere—128 men, 108 women, 65 children; total 301.

By the City Police, 13 men, 7 women, 10 children; total 30.

Thus the number of paupers was 24,581.* Mendicants and destitute persons 1,165.

Here we find that the number of paupers has increased 3,444, likewise mendicants 466, and the lamentable fact of 331 destitute persons found by the police in the streets, or elsewhere, on the night of the 27th November last. Had the refuges for the destitute been open, the majority, no doubt, would have found shelter there; and supposing them to be filled, as in 1843, and less as before in the different workhouses, the numbers would not much exceed 1,200.

Now, nightly to accommodate such wanderers would be attended with the most beneficial effects, by carrying out the proposed Act of establishing, in six equidistant localities, "Metropolitan Asylum Districts" for destitute houseless poor; where, under proper management, classification, and inspection, the several cases could then be properly investigated, and the Jem Brown of one night, with as many names as there are workhouses, could then be distinguished from Tom Styles of the next; and by giving employment to the able-bodied, thus prevent upwards of 1,000 vagrants from being daily let loose on the Metropolis and its suburbs, to prey upon the public, and to make nightly visits to the workhouses in rotation.

Whoever has seen this class on a morning leaving their nightly abodes, cannot but regret that such a state of things should be allowed to exist. There are to be seen boys and girls of all ages, young and old of all classes, half naked, and half-starved, depart in all kinds of weather to different quarters to beg their daily bread, who, under proper discipline and restraint, may yet be rendered better members of society, and by being taught some useful trade, become eligible objects for emigration. If the experiment has been tried with success with criminals, surely a trial may be made with our less fortunate fellow creatures, who are friendless and houseless.

W. Quekett.

Christ Church Parsonage, 1848.

It was from these statements of Metropolitan destitution and pauperism, and from letters showing the condition of distressed needlewomen, that there arose the scheme for female emigration which did so much for the poor women of the East-end of London.

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* Not that this is the amount of pauperism; the outdoor poor of every parish far exceed the indoor; during the year ending Lady-day, 1847, the total indoor poor for England and Wales were 265,037; outdoor poor 1,456,313.

A RETURN

*Of the Number of Poor and Destitute Persons that slept in the Union or Workhouse of*_____

on the Nights of November 27*th*, 1843, *and November* 27*th*, 1844.

1843.								1844.							
Number of Paupers that slept in the House on the Night of Nov. 27th, 1843, exclusive of Mendicants.				Number of Mendicants that slept in the House on the Night of Nov. 27th, 1843.				Number of Paupers that slept in the House on the Night of Nov. 27th, 1844, exclusive of Mendicants.				Number of Mendicants that slept in the House on the Night of Nov. 27th, 1844.			
Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	Men.	Women.	Children	Total.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.

Please to Return this as directed, on THURSDAY, November 28*th.*

An Awkward Predicament.

I was preaching one Sunday morning for the Rector of a neighbouring church in London a charity sermon on behalf of the National Schools of his parish. There was a large congregation, and I hoped to make a successful appeal to their liberality. In the midst of my sermon, a child, who sat in a pew immediately under the pulpit, kept crying out, "I want to go home. I will go home." The congregation were much disturbed, and at last I could endure it no longer, and I said very quietly, "Will you be so good as to take that child out?" What was my dismay when I saw the wife of the Rector leave her pew with her only son, a child of three years of age. This little fellow had been the delinquent, and I felt somewhat ashamed to have brought my friend's wife into such unpleasant notice.

A few years ago I was staying at the Pump Room Hotel at Bath, when the Rector for whom I had preached on the occasion referred to, and who had since exchanged his living for one in Somersetshire, came into the hotel to call upon me, with a young clergyman. My friend introduced the young gentleman as the "naughty young boy whom I had ordered out of church." I felt happy to have so good an opportunity of expressing the awkward predicament I had felt myself placed in when I saw his mother lead him out of the church, she feeling most sensitively my unconscious rebuke.

A Strange Accusation.

I was walking one day with another clergyman up Cheapside to attend a meeting at St. Paul's. Two persons walked close up behind us, one of whom kept saying—"Oh, you old glue-pot! oh, you old glue-pot!" At length he came up so close that the words sounded directly in my ear—"Oh, you old glue-pot!"

I turned to the speaker, and inquired what was the meaning of his applying such words to me. He said—"Well, sir, you married me ten years ago, and I have had no peace since."

I asked—"Did you not take your wife for better, for worse?"

He allowed that he did; and I said, "Then, if you have had all the worse and none of the better that is no fault of mine. You took your wife as she was, and I can only express my great sympathy that she was all for the worse."

He shrugged up his shoulders and went away—I hope if a sadder yet at least a wiser man.

District of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East.

The following is taken from an appeal issued on behalf of the district of Christ Church :—

A few members of the Church of England, having had their attention drawn, in a manner apparently accidental, to the circumstances of that portion of the Parish of St. George's-in-the-East which comprises the ecclesiastical district assigned to Christ Church, St. George's, have been so struck by the extraordinary character of the district, and by the amount of successful labour which the incumbent, the Rev. W. Quekett, has devoted to its social, moral, and religious improvement, that they have felt it to be their duty to make public a short statement of the case, in the hope that, striking others as it has struck them, it may procure effectual assistance to complete what has been commenced by Mr. Quekett, and to enable him to prosecute such further undertakings as are now immediately and urgently needed.

The district of Christ Church contains 63 acres, with 77 streets and courts, 2,618 houses, and a population of 17,124 souls.

The 2,618 houses may be thus classed :—

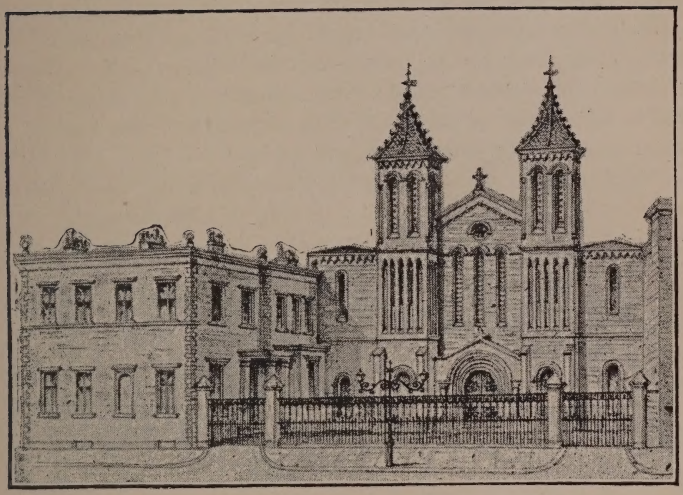
Shops of every degree	...	344
Public-houses ...	...	21
Beershops ...	...	22
Respectable houses...	...	164
Middling houses ...	...	266
Poor people's houses	...	1,801
		2,618

The annual rental of the whole district is £22,378.

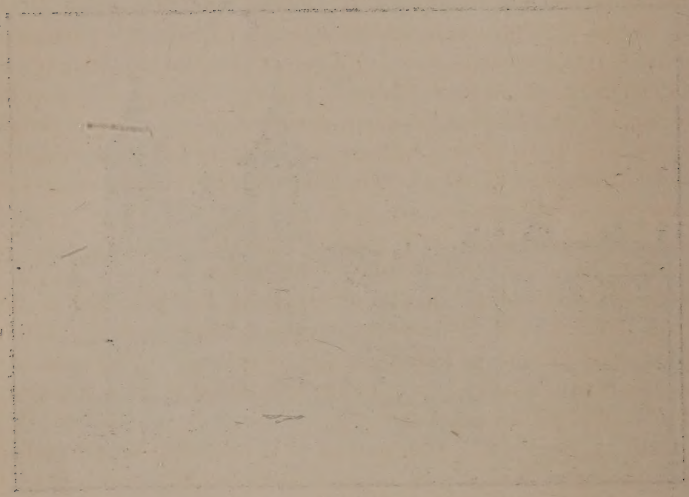
The average value of the houses is £8 10s. per annum.

There is not one house in which the clergyman and his family can reside ; they are, therefore, obliged to live at some distance from the district.

The church, which is capable of containing 1,600, was consecrated in 1841 ; and the Rev. William Quekett, who was then, and had for twelve years previously been, the curate and sole working clergyman in the mother parish of St. George's, whose population exceeded 40,000, was requested to undertake the incumbency of the new church. He undertook it without a curate, parsonage, endowment, repair fund, communion plate, gas fittings, stoves, or organ, and without schools or any institution of any kind for the benefit



CHRIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE,
ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.



of the poorer classes. The inhabitants of the parish, and others connected with it, subscribed, on his appointment to the new church, towards the expenses of putting the building into a condition sufficient for the celebration of Divine service.

Mr. Quekett's emoluments during the first year were *nil*, he having to pay a curate for the performance of Divine service at the Parish Church; they are still entirely dependent upon such fees and pew-rents as can be obtained in so poor a neighbourhood.

In 1843, a few Churchmen, entirely unconnected with the parish, and with Mr. Quekett, having heard that his church was without communion plate, and that, when he celebrated the Holy Communion, he was under the necessity of borrowing the vessels from the Parish Church, made an anonymous offering of a suitable service. (On Christmas morning a cab drew up to the door, and a footman came with a plate box and a letter, which he delivered to the servant, and he then left again immediately. The letter stated merely that some friends had sent a Christmas gift. On opening the box there was found a perfect Communion Service; and on the paten was engraved :—

A QUIBUSDAM EXTERNIS
QUI NOMINARI NOLUNT.)

Being unable to obtain funds sufficient for the purchase of an organ, Mr. Quekett borrowed the sum deficient, namely, £100, and insured his life as a security for repayment. This sum has recently been discharged for him, by the liberality of a stranger, who heard of the circumstance.

Until the year 1844 Mr. Quekett was labouring single-handed in his district; in that year he was enabled to obtain a curate by a grant from the Curates' Aid Fund, and a Scripture reader from the society which is patronized by the Bishops of London and Winchester. In the same year the Association for the Promotion of District Visiting enabled him to organize an efficient system under sixteen district visitors.

There are three full services every Sunday in the district church.

Mr. Quekett has established a Pence Savings Bank, which has 2,000 members, a Dorcas Society, a Blanket and Rug Loan Society, a Lending Library, a Reading Room, and a Sunday School, with 25 teachers; and annually provides more than 100 children with decent clothing, kept at the school, to enable them to attend Divine service at church on the Lord's Day.

Not having the means of erecting school buildings of the ordi-

nary kind, even with the aid of grants from Her Majesty's Government, and from the National School Society, he obtained from the Blackwall Railway Company, whose line passes through his district, permission to fit up three of their arches as schools for boys, girls, and infants. They contain six hundred in all, with one master, two mistresses, and two pupil teachers apprenticed by the London Diocesan Board.

The schools, thus strangely situated, are efficiently conducted and filled with children.

In 1845, when Mr. Quekett was endeavouring to raise funds to fit up the third arch of the Railway for a girls' school, he gave public notice that he and his curate would personally apply for subscriptions at every house throughout the district; and he and his curate and Scripture reader were, in fact, occupied for more than a fortnight in going from house to house, when great anxiety for the establishment of the school was expressed by the poor people, but the amount collected was only £18 15s., a large portion of which was in pence.

In two streets containing 123 houses, with a population of 1,476 souls, there were found in 1845 300 children without shoes and stockings.

Of the 15,000 poor persons who inhabit Mr. Quekett's district, the men are sailors, and others dependent principally upon the uncertain labour of the docks; and the women are generally sempstresses, working for the slop-shops which abound in the neighbourhood; these poor creatures belong to that unfortunate class the "distressed needlewomen," whose social wrongs and distresses so powerfully excited the compassion of the public in 1844-5.

The foregoing statements, to which much might with truth be added, are sufficient, it is believed, to demonstrate that the difficulties with which the incumbent of Christ Church has had to contend have been greater than any one could reasonably have expected him to overcome; that he has done all in his power, and used all available means, and that if any extraordinary help can be given to him from other (external) sources, there is strong warrant for believing that no want of energy or ability upon his part will prevent the blessing of Almighty God from descending upon those objects for which such extraordinary help is designed.

As respects the church accommodation, there is at present sufficient for only about 2,000 persons, being little more than one-ninth of the people of the district; but one-third of a population

ought, according to the low Parliamentary scale, to be provided with seats in the church; so that if we allow that the 2,000 seats are a sufficient provision for 6,000 persons, we shall still have in this district more than 11,000 persons for whose public worship the National Church has made no provision: another church is therefore immediately called for, with a parsonage, and an endowment for an additional curate: he will require an assistant, whose salary, Mr. Quekett hopes, will be granted by the Pastoral Aid Society, or by the Curates' Aid Fund.

As respects the provision for education, it may be stated that in 1845, at three o'clock in the afternoon on a Tuesday, when the greatest number of children are generally in their various schools, the several streets and courts of the district were perambulated by the district visitors and others; and 997 children under twelve years of age were found to be playing in the streets. It is, therefore, clear that additional schools are needed, and it is proposed immediately to build three new schools for 600 children, namely, two hundred boys, two hundred girls, and two hundred infants, with three residences for the master and mistresses; but it is impossible that these schools should be efficiently maintained from the resources of the district itself; it is therefore requisite that funds should be raised for the endowment of the schools, or that annual subscriptions for their support should be obtained from external sources.

It is also thought right and necessary to provide, in the first instance, a proper parsonage for the incumbent of Christ Church; this can be accomplished at a cost of £1,400; and £850 have been already set apart for this particular purpose.

(It may be here stated that my two children laid the foundation stone of the New Parsonage on Easter Monday; and that by the end of the year we had taken up our abode in the new house.)

It must be obvious to every one who reads this paper that, if these objects are to be accomplished, some extraordinary measures must be taken to cause the abundance of other parishes to flow towards this scene of destitution; and it is the humble hope of those who put forth the present statement that it may afford to some wealthy Christians a glad opportunity for the exercise of that Divine charity which feels that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

It should be stated that the Baptists, Ranters, and two sects of Methodists have places of worship and schools in this district, and

that the Romanists are making great efforts for the advancement of their schism; they have laid the foundation of extensive schools, and have recently established and opened a large cemetery.

The several objects which this appeal is desired to promote are:—

1. A parsonage for the minister of the present church, estimated, including the site, at £1,400, of which the greater portion is already subscribed.

2. Three new schools for six hundred children, with three residences; estimated cost, £2,400.

3. A fund for the support of the schools.

4. A new church of stone, plain but substantial, for 1,000 persons (of which, if a sufficient endowment can be obtained, all the seats will be free), estimated with site at £5,000.

5. A parsonage for the minister of the new church, £1,200.

6. Endowment.

An eligible site for the schools and teachers' residences has been purchased for £700; and a site for the church has been secured for £600.

The schools and residences for the masters and mistresses will be commenced immediately; their cost, in order to secure all the present advantages which the Government offers, will be £2,400. It will be seen that Her Majesty's Government has promised £678 (which is at their maximum rate) in aid of the building of the schools; the National Society has granted £200, with an intimation that the grant may be increased if the funds of the Society should be sufficient to warrant it; the London Diocesan Board of Education has intimated its intention to give pecuniary assistance; the Lord Bishop of London has given a donation of £50 to the general fund, and the Cholmondeley Trustees have granted £50.

The new church will not be commenced until the funds necessary to complete it, and one-half of the requisite endowment, shall have been secured; but, in the meanwhile, the Lord Bishop has promised to licence the large schoolroom for Divine service; and it is proposed that Mr. Quekett should appoint the two additional clergymen as soon as the means of paying their salaries shall have been obtained either from the societies or from public subscription.

In conclusion, it should be said that, though miserably poor and unable, of themselves, to better their condition and provide for their spiritual necessities, the inhabitants of the district of Christ Church are an industrious, hard-working people, and apparently

desirous to receive those advantages of churches and schools which it is the object of this appeal to procure for them. The existing schools are filled with children; the Pence Savings Bank and other local institutions are used by the poor people to the utmost of their ability; and all the free seats of the large church are usually occupied by an attentive congregation. These facts are mentioned not merely to do honour to Mr. Quekett and his fellow labourers in the Lord, but to animate the hopes of those who may be disposed to contribute of their substance to furnish fresh labourers for the harvest.

The Foundation of the Microscopical Society.

I had established my brother Edwin in my parish, he having purchased the practice of a gentleman who died suddenly. My brother took up his abode, and secured the principal part of a large connection.

A neighbouring surgeon was Nathaniel Ward, Esq., who was eminent as one of the great botanists of the day, having founded what were called "The Wardean cases." My brother and he became great friends, and, as they practised in different lines, their profession was no barrier to their mutual regard. Mr. Ward was a great man in his profession, and his practice was much connected with the sugar refineries of the neighbourhood.

Amongst my brother's patients was a man named Ross, who lived in Clerkenwell, and was a working optician. My brother, who was a good mathematician, took him by the hand; and, after several conversations, Edwin discovered that Ross and he were just working in the same line. My brother therefore engaged him, and put into his hands work from his own calculations; and he also interested a number of gentlemen, who were beginning to take up microscopical matters, in this clever workman. In process of time eight gentlemen, Messrs. Nathaniel Ward, Hyder, Bowerbank, Allcard, Jackson, Rippingham, Buck, and myself agreed to meet at each other's houses, under the presidency of my brother, and with Ross as our working optician. One outcome of these gatherings was the production of a really excellent microscope for all practical purposes at a very cheap rate.

My brother Edwin—the cleverest of the family—died young. After a very few years' practice, in which he realized £5,000, he caught diphtheria from one of his patients and was carried off very

quickly. He had been engaged to be married to a Miss Hyder, who had died of consumption, and had been buried in the family mausoleum at Sea Salter, on the banks of the Medway. Mr. Hyder had built there a new church, and the chancel of the old church he had retained as a burying-place for his family. On my brother Edwin's death the family petitioned to me to allow him to be buried by the side of Miss Hyder. They had been so much attached to each other during her life that in death her family thought they should not be divided. I gladly acceded to the request, and my surviving brothers and myself laid his remains with much sorrow by her side.

Professor Quekett afterwards took up the line in which Edwin was distinguishing himself, and from his further microscopical study and personal fostering care sprang the "Microscopical Society" out of the ashes of our former little gatherings. The "Microscopical Society" and the "Quekett Club" are both still in existence.

Founding of a Female Emigration Society.

In the winter of 1849 I met with so much distress among the poor needlewomen in the East of London that I felt it my duty to make a representation of their condition in the daily newspapers. These poor work-women were working almost night and day for a maintenance, and this, too, at an occupation so close and sedentary that many became the early victims of consumption. The remuneration for making a shirt was twopence halfpenny—and this in the days when sewing machines were unknown! My letter caught the attention of the Hon. Sidney Herbert, who was Member of Parliament for Wiltshire. He called upon me at Christ Church, Watney Street, and we talked over the whole question of female industry, and the necessity for some scheme of emigration which would give to our young women new fields for their work. We felt that while men could push their way into the colonies almost unaided, it was necessary not only to help young women pecuniarily, but to provide supervision on their passage and after their arrival in a new country. Mr. Herbert told me he had determined so see what he could do in raising a fund for the promotion of female emigration.

Before very long a meeting took place, over which Mr. Herbert presided as chairman. It was of a very influential character, many of the nobility and gentry, bishops and other clergy, being present, all eager to render assistance in so good a work. A committee was

formed to raise subscriptions and donations, and to take the general management of the scheme, while various individuals were appointed for the carrying out of the many necessary details. We took a house in Hatton Garden as an "Emigrants' Home," and into this we were to send all likely applicants for six weeks' training under an experienced and sensible matron. We felt it was highly desirable that the young women should become accustomed to some of the ways of their life on board ship before actually embarking; and also that they should have the opportunity of learning as much as possible about the colony to which they were to go.

Before the end of the winter, £22,000 had been placed in the bankers' hands as the fruit of our appeal to the public; and our first party of emigrants sailed on February 25, 1850, in the ship "Culloden," for Port Philip. Amongst the various duties assigned to those who were to work in this good cause was that of engaging the berths in the emigrant ships, looking after the fitting of them, and in every possible way providing for the comfort and well-being of the young women. This work I undertook. I superintended the sending out of thirty-six parties of our emigrants in various ships; and 1,071 young women left our shores for colonial life under the auspices of our Ladies' Committee—the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. James Stuart-Wortley, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Kinnaird—who were indefatigable in their exertions, and with my arrangements for their welfare. In every colony to which we sent emigrants we had a home at which they were received and helped forward, and many are the kindly letters from the Bishops and clergy of the colonies which came into the hands of the committee. Many, too, were the affecting words of fatherly and tender counsel given by the Hon. Sidney Herbert to some of the parties on their sailing. I particularly remember one occasion of the confirmation of several of the young women in the Home, at the Parish Church, Holborn, when Bishop Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, administered this solemn ordinance. There was not a dry eye in the assembly as, with father-like simplicity and sympathy, he set before them the right way and bade them adieu. It remains for me in justice to say that this movement was by no means confined to the Church of England; and I have to bear willing testimony to the liberal and earnest help given by many Nonconformists.

A Party of Emigrants sailing in the "Hannah" to Tasmania.

Lord Herbert received a letter from a gentleman, saying his son was going to Tasmania, and that he wanted to take out twelve young women as domestic servants. He offered to pay all expenses; and his yacht, the "Hannah," was to sail from Liverpool in a month's time. The letter had been addressed to the Committee for promoting female emigration; but as the members of the Committee had all left London, Lord Herbert sent it on to me, expressing the hope that I should be able to take advantage of the offer. I was to make my own choice of the twelve girls, and put them for a month's training under the charge of Mrs. Batkin at the "Home." I wrote at once to the different Committees; and a few days brought me plenty of applicants from whom I selected the best. Those who had had some experience of the duties of domestic servants as housemaids, cooks, or maids-of-all-work, were the most suitable; and before long I had the number completed.

The captain of the "Hannah" wanted some information as to the arrangements and fittings he was to make on board for this party of emigrants. I therefore gave him particulars of the space required, and drew a plan of the necessary fittings. The vessel was of 700 tons burthen, and was splendidly furnished. The owner was the only son of a gentleman who had large property both in England and in Tasmania; and the father wished this young man to travel and see something of the world, and also to have some experience of the management of large estates. The son said that if he did go out to Tasmania, he would go as a gentleman. He therefore had had the "Hannah" expressly built for himself; and he had engaged a tutor for his boy, a governess for his girls, an artist to take views of the scenery in Madeira, and other places he intended to visit; and the yacht was furnished with every requisite of comfort and luxury for a prolonged voyage. All this was the son's project; but when the father came down to inspect the yacht, he gave it as his opinion that there was "too much gingerbread," and advised that his son should utilise the large space by taking out what was likely to be of value in the colony. He told his son that the newest inventions in the way of agricultural implements would be welcomed in Tasmania, and that he would sell at a profit all the most noted kinds which had been shown in the Exhibition of 1851. He also urged him to

take out good domestic servants; and thus it was that our Emigration Committee had been communicated with. As I had undertaken all the superintendence of the party, I was asked by the owner to go to Liverpool and see that everything was right.

On the 4th of November a letter arrived from the captain, stating that he was ready to go to sea, and was only waiting for the emigrants. He hoped that I would bring them by the first train next morning. I found that the first train left London at six o'clock, and I therefore went to the Home to tell Mrs. Batkin to have all the young people ready, and to take them next morning in conveyances to Euston Station in time for the six o'clock train. We were all punctual for this early start; and I saw the girls safely into a third-class carriage, while I got into a first-class a little further towards the end of the train. I was alone; and I amused myself all the way to Crewe with newspapers and books. We reached Crewe between ten and eleven o'clock, and as the girls had breakfasted very early, I gave them all some luncheon there, and we went back to our respective compartments. Before the train moved, I was joined by a gentleman with whom I entered into conversation, and I did not notice anything of the surrounding country until we came to the outskirts of a town. "What is this place?" I asked. "This is Chester, sir," my companion replied. "Chester! I had no idea that we came through Chester to go to Liverpool." "To Liverpool! Why, you are in the wrong train; you ought to have changed at Crewe." I was struck with consternation as the gentleman explained that the London train was divided at Crewe, and that the first part only went to Liverpool. Here was a pretty business! These poor girls were by this time in Liverpool, without tickets, without friends, not knowing where to go or what to do, and, above all, conjecturing probably that I had forsaken them. My companion said "It is very awkward; but your only plan now will be to get on to Birkenhead, and take the ferry-boat across to Liverpool." He said he thought I should not be much more than an hour behind them. When I reached the Lime Street Station, in Liverpool, I found the girls seated on their boxes and crying their eyes out. The superintendent had been very kind to them, assuring them that I should be there by-and-by, and accounting for the accident exactly as it happened. The girls came forward to meet me—"Oh, Mr. Quekett, we thought you had been killed! We thought we should never see you again!" As soon as all had been explained, I chartered a couple of wagons

to take all the boxes down to the "Hannah." The girls themselves preferred to walk; but as I had never been in Liverpool before, the superintendent from the railway station was kind enough to walk with us. The girls enjoyed looking at the shop windows, and as the day was fine, our spirits rose with the hope that all would be right yet.

On arriving at the dock where the "Hannah" was, the captain said, "Mr. Quekett, what made you bring the girls? Did you not get my letter? I wrote yesterday to say that it was blowing a gale of wind, and that we could not get out."

I felt very angry, and told the captain that as in his first letter he had expressed the wish that we should come by the first train, we had left London at six o'clock, and that the letter which he had written the previous day could not be delivered in London till after our departure.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he said.

"Can't these girls come on board till you sail?" I asked.

He replied that the authorities would not allow it; and that so strict were they about ships in the river, that even lights were forbidden on board. He was not very gracious as he advised me to take them to an hotel.

I made him understand that it was his fault we were placed in so awkward a position; as he ought to have telegraphed, and not only have written; and he then showed a little more courtesy, and recommended us to go to the Sun Hotel. We there found accommodation for the twelve girls and their matron; and after the varied experiences of the morning they were glad of a good dinner at two o'clock, and a walk in the town in the afternoon. I ordered that they should go to bed in good time, as the captain had said they had better be at the vessel early in the morning. However, on the following day the gale outside was as strong as ever, and for twelve days I was kept in Liverpool with these twelve girls before the "Hannah" could sail. The people of Liverpool were very kind. Tickets were placed at our disposal for the sights of the town, and for any events of interest; and the "girls who were going round the world" became objects of general sympathy, and kindly feeling. On the Sunday we attended St. Nicholas Church, and I read prayers for the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Brookes.

We received among other kindnesses permission to look over a cotton factory, the only one in Liverpool. This belonged to Mr. Price, of the celebrated firm of candle manufacturers. Not only

were the manufacturing processes and the machinery most interesting; but we found that the operatives had daily prayers—a chaplain coming at a fixed hour; that they had a doctor to attend them in sickness, a savings' bank, a library, and every other advantage which a benevolent and religious employer could devise.

At length came the welcome news that all was ready for a start, the wind having at last graciously consented to become favourable. The ship was out in the river, but we were to be in readiness on the landing-stage at one o'clock, and a steamer would take us to the "Hannah." At three o'clock we were to have a good dinner; the owner and his father and friends all being on board. The last toast was given, the last kind word said. A tug came alongside, and the "Hannah" was taken down the river. At New Brighton we said "Good-bye," and we made our way back to Liverpool, with many good wishes and prayers for the voyagers.

We heard that the vessel arrived safely at Hobart Town; but none of my young friends ever favoured us with a line. What became of them we never heard. Perhaps by this time they have recovered from the false shame which made them hesitate to acknowledge that they had been sent out by charity; and, if so, I shall be glad to hear of the voyage of the "Hannah."

A strange coincidence occurred to me as I was travelling back to London. A gentleman was in the same carriage; but we had not spoken much, until when we came to Stafford I noticed a large mill lighted up. I remarked, "I hope they have got there the good and wise provisions for the workpeople which I have lately seen in a cotton factory in Liverpool."

"Then you are Mr. Quekett?" said my companion, and, on my affirmative reply, he added—

"I am Mr. Price, who sent you the order to see the factory."

I need not say that the remainder of our journey was enlivened by pleasant conversation, and that Mr. Price has been a friend of mine ever since.

The Skin of a Dane Nailed upon a Church Door at East Thurrock, in Essex.

One day in London I called to see my brother, Professor Quekett, at the College of Surgeons. While I was with him he received a letter, which, after he had read it, he flung over to me, and asked if I could tell him what it contained. I examined the

enclosure, which looked like part of the bottom of an old shoe, of the thickness of half-a-crown, of a dark colour, elastic, and with the markings of wood upon it. The piece was about two inches square. The letter in which this substance was enclosed was from a gentleman who was churchwarden of the parish of East Thurrock, in Essex. He wished to be informed if Professor Quekett could tell him what the substance was before he communicated any particulars as to its history. I gave it back to my brother, and told him I thought it was the bark of some tree, as it had every appearance of having been in close contact with wood, and was not unlike bark in other respects. The Professor shook his head, and went away. Half-an-hour afterwards he returned, saying that he had discovered what it was. He had got some boiling water, and, after washing it well, he had cut with his machine an extremely thin slice, and had placed it under the microscope. There he found that it had all the structure of human skin. On further and more minute examination he found that it was the skin of a light-haired man, having the hair of a sandy colour. He wrote this for the information of the gentleman who had sent it. In a few days there came a reply from this gentleman, thanking him for the trouble he had taken, and saying that he had unravelled and proved the truth of a great tradition which had existed for years in the parish of East Thurrock. On the west door of the church there had been for ages an iron plate of a foot square, under which they said was the skin of a man who had come up the river and robbed the church. The people had flayed him alive, and bolted his skin under an iron plate on the church door as a terror to all other marauders. At the restoration of the church, which was then going on, this door had been removed, and hence he had been able to send the specimen. My brother showed me this letter, and made me a present of a piece of the skin half-an-inch square. I had this piece fixed as a specimen for the microscope, and at the back I wrote the words—"This is the skin of a Dane, who, with many others, came up the River Thames and pillaged churches. Caught in the act at East Thurrock, Essex, and flayed alive." I always carried this slide in my microscope box, and exhibited it to draw attention to the minute hairs on the skin. For many years I lost it out of my box, and could never account for the loss. Three or four years ago I was staying at Buxton, in August, and in the hall of the Palace Hotel I read aloud, to a few gentlemen, an account of the meeting of the British Association at Penzance. All who stood around me were greatly interested in the account of the

microscopic objects shown by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had invited the members of the Association to inspect them. Amongst the objects of special curiosity was a "Dane's skin," and the words written at the back of my specimen were exactly quoted. As soon as I had read this, I broke off from the account of the specimens, exclaiming "Why! this is my Dane's skin; I lost it twenty years ago," and I gave to the group of gentlemen an account of the manner in which I had obtained it. I said aloud, "I wonder who that man is." Immediately afterwards the porter, who had been in his box at the other end of the hall, but who had heard the whole of the conversation, came forward and said, "Please, Mr. Quekett, I can tell who that gentleman is. I was his footman and valet for four years; it is Mr. ——, who lives at —— Castle, near Penzance." I wrote that night from Buxton, telling this gentleman what I had seen in the paper, and laying claim to the specimen of the Dane's skin. I asked him how he came into possession of it. His reply was, I regret to say, more ingenious than honourable. He said I was perfectly correct in my description of the specimen, and in my account of the writing at the back. It had been given to him by a lady in London, and he greatly valued it. Should I ever be in his part of the country and wish to see it, he would have great pleasure in showing it to me, &c., &c. He never offered to return it.

Identification of the Body of Napoleon the Great before its being delivered up to the French Government to be deposited in the Hotel des Invalides.

The French Government applied to the English Government in 1840 for the removal of Napoleon's body from St. Helena to France. In order that there might be no mistake as to the identity of the body, three Commissioners from each country were appointed to go to St. Helena and have the body disinterred.

I was one day visiting my brother, Professor Quekett, at the College of Surgeons, when I found him talking to a gentleman in the Museum. After this gentleman had left him he asked if I knew who it was. On replying that I did not, my brother said that he was a noted member of the College of Physicians, who had been appointed by the Government to go to St. Helena for the identification of the body of Napoleon. He had expressed his sense of the difficulty of the Commission; for should decomposition have destroyed the features, there was really nothing that he knew of by

which to certify the identity. I told my brother I knew how to identify the body; for I had had an old sergeant in my parish who used to come once a quarter to have the necessary paper signed for obtaining his pension; and it was this very man who had put Napoleon in his coffin. I related to my brother the following story which the old sergeant had told me.

He had originally been a shoemaker; and as he had conducted himself well in the ranks he was promoted to be a sergeant. On account of his calling he was able to amuse himself by shoemaking, while at the same time he could fulfil the duty assigned to him at St. Helena, which was to see Napoleon twice every day—morning and evening—and to telegraph that he had done so to the Governor of the Island. He went to the House at Longwood every morning, and tried to give as little annoyance as possible in the performance of his duty. Napoleon knew the object of his visit, and always endeavoured to put himself in the old sergeant's way, so that by-and-by a sort of friendship sprang up between the two. The sergeant's sentry box was built in a very prominent position, so that every ship arriving from or leaving for India could be seen, and the view of the bay was very beautiful. Napoleon was fond of coming to the sentry box and amusing himself by watching the vessels and looking at the sea. He generally introduced himself with the words, "I come see you." But if any vessel arrived in the bay the ex-Emperor made himself scarce, for he was greatly annoyed by the visitors who crowded to see him. In order to escape this annoyance he had a sunken terrace six feet deep made, in which he could walk without being seen. This quiet, monotonous mode of life went on day by day. He was always cheerful, always kindly and considerate for those about him. "It used to sadden me," said the sergeant to me, "at times when he came to see me, because he tried so many little devices to get me away from my apartments for a few minutes. I had learned by experience that this was not a prudent thing on my part; for the poor Emperor used on any such opportunity to unfasten the huts of my rabbits, saying, 'If I am prisoner, don't see why you should be.' I had often difficulty in catching my pets again." At length Napoleon was taken ill; and his illness was a long and trying one. He was watched and treated by his own medical attendant, and nursed by his own servants. But still the old sergeant's duty led him to see the invalid twice every day, and many were the kind words which passed between the shoemaker and the great General. Napoleon

slowly faded away; and when he died there was not a servant about him who could do those offices for the dead which humanity demands. The old sergeant was summoned and laid him out. The undertaker was sent for from St. Helena to measure him for his coffin. Three coffins were made, two of wood and one of lead. It was then discovered that he had ordered in his will that he was to be buried in all his regimentals, and wearing his cocked hat on his head, and his sword. The surgeon embalmed the body; but there was nothing they could find to put the heart into except his silver mug, for which the silversmith made a cover by melting down five franc pieces. The coffins were brought, and the body was put in. But the dimensions had been taken for the body alone; there was not sufficient width for the cocked hat. By way of compromise the cocked hat was placed upon the breast; the sword was packed closely by the side; and the mug containing the heart was placed between the legs. The leaden coffin was soldered up, and the burial took place three miles from Longwood, in a vault of great depth, excavated out of the solid rock.

This tale I related to my brother, who saw that it gave such details as would afford the best possible identification of the body. My brother took an early opportunity of repeating the whole story to the physician who was appointed to go to St. Helena.

I was sitting in my room a few days after this when a Government messenger from the War Office was announced. I wondered what he could want, and naturally fancied his errand to be connected with some of the emigration schemes with which I was at that time much busied. He brought me a summons to attend a meeting at the War Office on an early day. I went at the time appointed, and found a number of officers and statesmen assembled. The Chairman said to me—"You are, I believe, the brother of Professor Quekett?" I replied that I was, and he then asked me to tell the story I had related to my brother. I told them all that the old sergeant had communicated to me, and they thanked me very warmly, saying that I had furnished the Commissioners with the strongest proofs for identification of the body. The Commissioners from the two nations sat at St. Helena, and the Prince de Joinville was officially authorized to receive the body on behalf of the French Government. There was considerable difficulty in getting out the coffin. When at length it could be opened it was found that the body was not in the least decomposed, the features were as firm and clear as they had been in life, and the

identification needed no collateral evidence to establish it. But had such evidence been needed, all was found as the old sergeant had said; the cocked hat was upon the breast, the sword packed close by the side, and the silver mug containing the heart placed between the legs. The coffin was re-soldered and carried off to France, where, as everyone knows, it found its permanent resting-place in the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris.

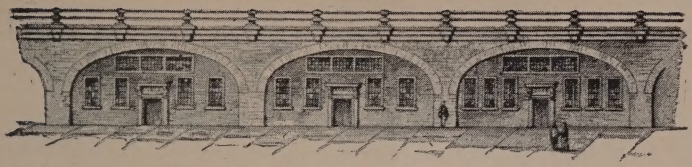
How Little Children helped to Build a new School.

The schools under the railway arches became filled to overflowing, and it was necessary to provide further school accommodation. A site was offered to me belonging to the Gas Company in "No Man's Land;" and I felt that here was the first step towards the accomplishment of my great desire, and that I must lose no time in making efforts to get sufficient funds for the buildings.

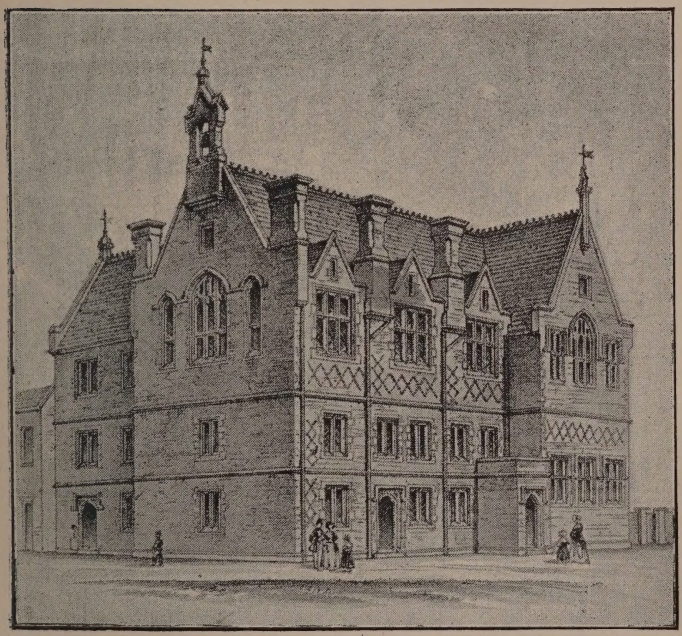
I went to the schools under the arches one morning, and said to the children, "I am about to build larger schools; now every one of you can contribute something: even a halfpenny apiece will buy a new brick. Tell your fathers and mothers that they must let you contribute something to the new schools."

In the afternoon, the mistress sent up to say that two children—a boy and girl of the name of Hudson—had brought two new bricks; and she asked what she was to do with them. I wrote back telling her to send them up to me, and that I would take charge of them in my study as the first fruits for the new building. When they arrived I carefully wrapped them up, and put them away.

The collection of money for the schools went on briskly, and before long we had sufficient to commence building. A day was appointed for laying the foundation-stone, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, who took great interest in all my doings, promised to lay the stone and to preside at a dinner afterwards. There was Divine service in the Parish Church, and afterwards all walked in procession to the site of the new schools. There Lord Richard Grosvenor laid the stone, and coins and other things were placed in the cavity. As soon as he had finished his part, a boy and girl came up, each carrying a new brick, and followed by the builder. The little fellow was eight years of age, and his sister six. They laid down their bricks, and the builder set them upon the stone. They then knelt down, and the boy offered up a prayer for God's



SCHOOLS UNDER THE ARCHES OF THE BLACKWALL RAILWAY,
CHRIST CHURCH, ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.



NEW SCHOOLS, JOHNSON STREET,
ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

blessing on the new schools. Lord Richard was so much moved that he told me he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears at little Hudson's prayer.

It is worth mentioning that that little boy grew up and became a monitor, and afterwards a pupil teacher. I had him sent to Culham Training College. He afterwards felt an inclination for missionary work, and I made application on his behalf to the Bishop of London, who in due time ordained him, and he went out to Cape Breton, labouring there faithfully until his death.

Another Missionary.

During my work in London a large number of Scripture readers were sent to me from time to time to be trained in my schools, some for work in London and other parts of England, some for missionary work abroad.

A man of the name of Hobson came to me from Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, highly recommended. He was one of my Scripture readers, but in course of time he expressed a great desire to become a missionary. I consulted the Bishop of London about him, and his Lordship said that the men who were most wanted were those who understood something of medicine and surgery. If Mr. Hobson could have twelve months' training in these studies, the Bishop would be glad to receive him. My brother was at that time regularly visiting the London hospitals, and I prevailed upon him to get for Mr. Hobson the privilege of attending twelve months' lectures. During the whole of this time he continued to be a very useful man in my parish, and at its expiration I recommended him to the Bishop of London for ordination. His particular desire was to go out to China, and to this end he had studied the Chinese language. The Bishop ordained him, and he was appointed chaplain at Shanghai. He also obtained some other appointment in the Colony. On reaching his destination his first work was to establish a dispensary, and to give his attention to the cure of diseases. In this work he was so successful that he became famous, and from far and wide came patients to his dispensary. Amongst others who heard of Mr. Hobson was a rich and influential man, Taeping Wang, who was suffering from a disease of the skin. He came to the dispensary, and as there were three beds there for the accommodation of patients, one was assigned to him. He could speak a little English, and Mr. Hobson some Chinese, so that intercourse between the medical

man and his patient was frequent and pleasant. During the three or four months of Taeping Wang's stay, the missionary took advantage of every opportunity to converse with his patient on the subject of religion, and before the end of it, the patient had renounced his old beliefs and superstitious practices, and became a convert to the Christian faith. He was cured of his skin disease, and he determined to go forth under the banner of the Cross, and teach his own people the new truths he had learnt. He influenced and led to conversion an enormous mass of his fellow-countrymen, and it is worthy of record that this same Taeping Wang overthrew the Tartar Dynasty in China, and established a new and better state of things of which the fruits are likely to be reaped in China for all time to come.

A Reason for not Believing in Ghosts.

I was staying with Lord Herbert at Wilton for a short holiday in the Christmas week of 1853. There was a very distinguished party, including Lord Raglan, Lord Granville, Lord and Lady Clan-William, Lord and Lady Canning, and the Right Honourable Mr. Goulbourne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A great deal of snow had fallen, and we had been compelled to seek much of our enjoyment indoors. At length the thaw came, and Lord Herbert sent to the saddler's to provide the gentlemen of the party with gaiters made of thick coarse horsecloth, so that we might venture abroad on a shooting expedition. The beaters had gone out to surround the woods for a long distance with netting, and then to start their prey, which could escape only in the direction where the gentlemen were to come for their sport. We all set out, I walking by Lord Raglan's side so as to hold his pony. We had to wait some time. A piercing east wind was blowing, and we selected a sheltered position under an old ash pollard. Lord Herbert, looking up into the wood, said to the gamekeeper, Longman, "Why, Longman, they tell me nobody will go to live in the cottage since old Joe's death; they say it is haunted, and that old Joe's ghost comes there at nights. Do you believe all that, Longman?"

Old Joe was a former gamekeeper, and one of Longman's associates.

The man hesitated, and Lord Herbert pressed him for a reply, saying, "Perhaps you don't believe in ghosts?"

All the visitors became interested, and drew near to hear the controversy.

At length, Longman being again pressed by Lord Herbert—"Don't you believe in ghosts, Longman?"—said very sententiously, "I don't believe in old Joe's ghost."

Lord Herbert again attacked the gamekeeper, urging him to give his reasons.

The gamekeeper was silent for some time, and bore Lord Herbert's sallies with imperturbable countenance. Then, as if for a final throw, he replied, "Well, my lord, I don't believe in old Joe's ghost: for if he's gone to heaven, he'll not want to come there; and if he's gone to t'other place, why, they won't let 'un!"

We all felt that Longman had the best of the argument, and his reply afforded much amusement to the ladies at dinner.

What may be Found in a Shark's Stomach; an Anecdote related to the Author by a Girl sent with a Party of Emigrants to Sydney.

It was after dinner at Wilton Hall, when the ladies had left the table, that Lord Herbert asked me, "Any tidings of the 'Northumberland' yet?"

The "Northumberland" was an emigrant ship bound for Melbourne and Sydney, and we had sent out a party of sixty-three girls from London to Sydney.

I replied, "Yes; I had a letter this morning from one of the party, with several very interesting details."

All the gentlemen present drew closer to hear my letter from Mary Brown, one of the emigrant girls.

She began by saying that it was her first opportunity of writing, as they had not passed any home-bound vessels until they were under the line. Here they were becalmed for ten days. The supply of newspapers, which I had been careful to furnish them with, here became of value. An Indiaman, bound for England, was about a mile from them, also becalmed. A boat arrived, and fruits and preserves were freely offered for the English newspapers. After the return of the boat to her own vessel there were frequent visits to the "Northumberland," and the girls got a good supply of fruit, and were able to send home letters. But before long other visitors than the sailors of the Indiaman came alongside, for in these

tropical seas the sharks are always on the look-out for ships, so that they may pick up whatever is thrown over board.

Now it had happened that a day or two before the sharks came, some gentlemen—cabin passengers—had been on deck taking their daily exercise. One of these gentlemen was a man of good position, and he carried a gold snuff-box which had been presented to him for some public services, and which bore an inscription likely to be of value to him as an introduction in the colony. As he walked along, chatting with his friend, he offered him a pinch of snuff, and on the box being returned, it somehow slipped through his fingers, fell upon the deck, where it rebounded to the side of the vessel, and went through the scuttle-hole into the sea. The gentleman's regrets were very loudly expressed, and every one on board sympathized with him in the loss of an article he so much valued. About three days afterwards, when the sharks were playing about the vessel, the sailors determined to catch one for the amusement of the passengers. Accordingly a large piece of pork was fixed as the bait on a monster hook, and this was thrown over the ship's side. In a few minutes the pork was seized by a huge shark, of 12 or 14 feet in length, and the ravenous creature was firmly hooked, and before long was hauled up on deck. The passengers had all been summoned to see the capture, and the sailors were now enjoying wild frolic at the expense of the poor shark. "He's got a bad headache," says one, as he administers to the creature a stroke on the head. "His back is bad," cries a second, as he plants a heavy blow on the shark's back. They danced wildly over the great body of the monster, and when at length death came to relieve its misery, they determined to cut out the liver. What was the surprise of everyone when the gentleman's gold snuff-box was found in the stomach of the shark! The writer here put in a sentence which betrayed her own sense of the marvel, "You know I would not tell you a lie, sir." The gentleman at once laid claim to the snuff-box, but to this the sailors demurred, and would not give up their prize. The matter was referred to the captain, and as there was no sign of the ship's being able to continue her course at present, he took advantage of the dispute to provide amusement out of it for the passengers. "The question must be brought to a proper trial," said he; "if the gentleman's claim is fair, it will be upheld; if, on the contrary, the sailors have the best right to the snuff-box, that will be proved. A jury alone ought to decide the case." Accordingly, a jury, consisting of

twelve of the girls of the emigrant party, was duly empannelled; a barrister who was on board was dressed up in a black dress, and wore a paper wig, to preside as judge; two other gentlemen became the leading counsel on either side; and the whole of the formalities of a regular trial were gone through with mock solemnity. As the captain's idea was to prolong the farce as much as possible, the number of witnesses examined and cross-examined included almost everybody on board. One was called to identify the hook as belonging to the ship; another to swear that it was the identical hook used in the capture of the shark. Several were required to give testimony that the shark caught was the very shark from which the snuff-box was taken; and so on. The trial lasted two whole days; the claims of the disputants were fully set forth by their counsel, and the judge summed up. The jury then retired to consider their verdict, and after a brief consultation they returned into court, finding that, "as the shark had swallowed the snuff-box, and as the shark had become the property of the sailors, therefore the snuff-box was a distinct part of the property of the sailors." The sailors cheered lustily at the finding, and the gentleman was grievously disappointed; but in the hour of their victory the sailors behaved generously. "They didn't want the snuff-box," they said, "and if the gentleman would give them some rum they would be satisfied." There was a slight further dispute about the quantity of rum; but in the end the matter came to an amicable settlement, highly satisfactory to both parties.

This letter greatly interested all the party; and, at its conclusion, Mr. Goulbourne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said, "Well, that is a very good story of Mr. Quekett's, but I think I know even a better shark story than that."

We all begged him to relate it, and he gave us the following:—

There are among the documents at the Admiralty a ship's papers which came into the possession of one of our naval officers in a very extraordinary way. One of our cruisers on the African coast had chased what she took to be a slaver into the Bight of Benin. Our men came up with her, overhauled her, and found her fitted throughout for carrying slaves. But she had no papers, and the officers on the cruiser could not condemn her. Reluctantly, they let her go, but the commander was not satisfied. The cruiser was about a fortnight afterwards, as all on board thought, very unhappily becalmed. The sharks came alongside, and the sailors began to

earnings to procure all she needed. I returned to Mary and tried to show her all this; but again came the sobbing cries, "Oh, Mr. Quekett, what shall I do? My father is only a labourer in the docks; he can't advance me the money." I found that the girl wanted about a sovereign's worth of clothing to complete her outfit and I said to Mrs. Batkin, "I suppose if I lend her this sum she can go?" She replied in the affirmative, and I said to Mary, "Now, Mary, I am not going to give you this money, but I am going to lend it to you until you can repay it to me out of your earnings in Australia. I shall then expect you to write to me and send it back." "Oh, yes, sir! Yes, thank you, sir; I will, I will indeed!"

We had in almost all cases noticed that after our young emigrants got out, we heard nothing from them. This was undoubtedly due to a feeling of pride which forbade their letting anyone in the colony know that they had been sent out by charity. I therefore hoped in the case of Mary Brown to receive some tidings from herself as the fruit of my loan.

It was thus settled that the girl should sail in the "Northumberland," and her joy was most exuberant. I have already related how she wrote when the ship was becalmed under the line; and I waited patiently after I heard of the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, and of the brave conduct of the party, for the further fulfilment of Mary's promise. But alas! I was doomed to long disappointment.

About five years ago I had returned from a short run over to Liverpool to my rectory in Warrington about half-past three in the afternoon, when the footman announced to me that a lady had been waiting for me for some time, particularly wishing to see me. On going into the drawing-room I found a handsome, good-looking woman, who rose, held out her hand, and said, "Oh, Mr. Quekett, I should have known you again, anywhere! Do you know me?" I was obliged to confess my inability to remember. She continued, "I can bring something to your mind that will make you remember me. Do you recollect coming into the Home at Hatton Garden when the ship 'Northumberland' was about to sail, and finding a girl crying in a corner?" "To be sure I do," I replied; "her name was Mary Brown, and I lent her a sovereign." "I am Mary Brown," said my visitor, "I have done well in Australia, and have married the captain of a merchant vessel who has just brought a cargo of wool to Liverpool. On making inquiry about you, I

heard that you were at Warrington, and that it was not far from Liverpool; so I came determined to see you, and to bring back your sovereign, and to thank you for all your kindness to me." I was delighted to hear of Mary's doing well; and I gave her back the sovereign, saying that I wished her to buy something in remembrance of the brave action of herself and her companions in taking on the ship from Melbourne to Sydney. She appeared as much gratified at my recognition of their courage as I was at a reminiscence of a deed which had borne such good fruit; and we parted, each the better for having again compared notes after an interval of nearly thirty years.

The following is taken from *Household Words* of Saturday, January 24th, 1852 :—

"A Rainy Day on the Ship 'Euphrates.'"

"The 13th of January, 1852, was a decidedly wet day. *You*, reader, as a shadow, not affected by the weather; I, as a motionless, damp substance, under the porch of the Blackwall Railway station, looking up at the immense wet slate in the sky, and down at the few human sponges whom fate urged, for some motive or other, to run across the puddles of the pier. The river before us had a languid, sickly look, as if it had just come from swallowing a sewer. As for the opposite shore, utterly flat, it seemed to be depressed entirely, on account of the uncomfortable aspect of the morning.

"It was our fancy to come down to Blackwall half-an-hour before the time appointed for embarkation on board the steamer which was to carry us alongside an emigrant ship, 'The Euphrates,' ready to sail this afternoon, weather permitting. Let us employ the spare half-hour out of the weather's reach, by the fire in the adjacent waiting-room; and over that fire I will tell you for what reason we propose to visit 'The Euphrates.'

"Do not believe anyone who remarks that they are unlucky in their day, when I tell you that at this moment sixty poor girls out of the wilderness of London, who have scrubbed hard, and stitched hard, trying hard to be honest, but almost in vain, are, under able, kindly guidance, quitting the great city. They will arrive here soon, when we will join them. For half-an-hour more they tread English soil. Every day, nearly, has hitherto oppressed their hearts with damp and gloom, like that which is on this day oppres-

sive to our senses. In half-an-hour they lift their feet for ever from a soil that has yielded for them a too scanty measure of its cheer; and the sails of the good ship 'Euphrates' are to carry them to mended fortune. These poor girls form, in fact, the twentieth and largest party of the needing needlewomen and unprosperous domestic servants sent out by the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert's Female Emigration Fund. The whole number of emigrants despatched by this fund, on the nineteen previous occasions, has been six hundred and thirty-seven; so, including the present set, about seven hundred poor girls will have been freighted away from poverty and destitution to a land where they are certain of a livelihood.

"I now 'hold in my hand' (because I have just pulled out of my pocket) an Occasional Paper, published by the Committee of the Female Emigration Fund, containing specimens of letters recently received from emigrants sent out by them. While we await the arrival of the train which is to bring our young friends of to-day, we may profitably spend the little time we have in gossiping about the home talk of their predecessors. As for the fund itself, to be sure there are some wise people who complain of the small scale on which an operation of this kind has to be conducted; who complain that it can exert no influence upon the aspect of our social system, and that by favouring a few women who are sent away in peace, it becomes unjust to those equally deserving objects of compassion who are left behind in trouble. For my own part—it may be eccentricity—I think that if a man can bake but a few batches of bread during a time of famine, it is much better that he should do so, and distribute his few loaves as he is able, than that he should leave his flour in bags unmoistened, because he is unable to make bread enough to feed a people. Let us all do good as we can, and strive on to do ever more; and let those who grumble at the limited means of the Female Emigration Fund prove their sincerity by sending their subscriptions in, so that its means may be less limited in future.

"From the emigrants' letters now before us, let me read to you here and there a passage; for the glimpse they give into the 'short and simple annals of the poor' is of a kind which will gladden us, and serve, as well as brandy, to keep out the weather.

"E. M. had been a needlewoman earning five shillings a week. We may wonder how she lived upon it, until we remember that in many districts of this country able-bodied men receive seven, or

sometimes even six, shillings a week for the support of themselves, their wives, and families. I lately visited an English parish in which the land is extremely poor, where the whole income of some men, who had families to support, was four shillings a week from daily labour, and eighteen-pence in parish aid. Happy are they who can find means of escaping to a colony where bread is sure, and plenty follows steadiness in toil! E. M., the needlewoman, writes from Port Philip to her mother thus:—'I take this opportunity to write these few lines to you, hoping they will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God; and to inform you that I arrived safe in Melbourne, and that I was three months in service, and that I left to get married, and at the time of writing I am married about six weeks. I am happy to say I am married to a foreigner belonging to America, and I am very happy in my married state.' E. M., as one perceives, is of a straightforward turn, and wastes no words in her narration. M. A. W., however, finds a little room for the emotions, though she also writes 'these few lines to you, hoping to find you,' &c. She had been a poor servant, on the scanty wages of fifteen-pence a week. Oppressed by the happiness of an improved condition she soon breaks out—'Dear mother, I have been so happy, you don't know; I have had the best of everything since I left London; I have had plum-pudding three times a week, and fresh meat very often.' Presently again comes the burden, 'Dear mother, I have been so happy, you don't know; I have been waiting on the captain's lady all the passage.' Presently it is, 'Dear mother, I have oft-times thought of you when I have been sitting down at a good dinner, and my poor sisters and brothers too. Sydney is such a beautiful place I can't say; it's such a delightful place; mother, I am so delighted!'

"From this artless effusion of pleasure we turn to a letter written from Cape Town by another girl who had been a servant in England upon miserable earnings. Full of delicate fondling, it is a letter to her mother:—'My Dear, Dear, Dear, Darling Mother, I now take my pen, &c. Darling mother, I cannot tell you how uneasy I am at not having heard from you all this long time. For the last six days I have gone to the post-office daily, and to-day the steamer came in, and I went again, fully expecting a letter; I do not remember ever feeling envious before, but when I saw people of all colours, black, white, and grey, with letters in their hands, I certainly did feel as if I should have liked to knock them all down. Dear mother, this is now the fourth letter I have sent you, and I

have not heard a word from you, which makes me very uneasy indeed. Darling mother, there are steamers come to England every month,' &c. Then she tells her mother of the good place she is in, and of the satisfaction which she gives her master, who has, in consequence, made interest to send to England for her mother and her brother. 'Darling mother,' writes the girl, 'I know the dangers of the sea will not frighten you, for the same God that brought me safe will, I hope, bring you and my brother also. Darling, in this packet you will find a letter for Mrs. Herbert, and I wish you could take it yourself to her, and then you will hear all about it, darling. Mother, I hope you will come, for we shall all live together, and you will get good wages, and my brother will be well clothed, and be taken care of, and you will not have to work hard here like you do at home. Darling mother, I am always dreaming of you at night, and thinking of you by day, and wondering how you are, and how you look, and whether you have fretted for your little Phœbe; and I shall be sure to know whether you have, and then I shall try to give you a scolding if you have, though I am afraid I shall not be able. Darling mother, don't give my brother any more kisses, for I shall want them all to myself; I am sure I shall be greedy of them.' This brother Richard is a child, and Phœbe now goes on to send him playful messages of her affection. The little Phœbe seems to have won for herself, even in England, a good many friends. 'I hope you will get ready and come to me soon. O! how I do long for the time when I shall see your dear face! I am sure that I shall want a strait jacket when I do see you again. You know, dear mother, when you come you will not have to seek a home; there is one already for you, and kind hearts to welcome you. Give my love to Martha R., and to Mary and Mrs. C. Darling mother, give my duty to Mrs. W., and ask her to excuse the liberty I have taken in having your letters directed to her house, but I thought it was the most likely place to find you. Remember me to Mrs. C. Darling mother, remember me to Mrs. M. and Mrs. S.; and if ever you see Mrs. B., give my love to her; and perhaps Mary C. has seen Miriam H.; if she has, give my love to her;' with more of the same kind.

"After a little more of this tender home talk, thus the letter ends: 'Darling mother, I have plaited a piece of my own hair, knowing you will keep it for my sake; and when you come you will see if it is any longer. I remain, your affectionate, loving, and dutiful little daughter, P. H.'

"'Accept a thousand kisses from me, and give some to my brother —so good-bye; God bless you both.'

"By aid of Mr. Herbert's committee, the mother was really sent out, and Phœbe had her joy fulfilled.

"C. S. another of the seven hundred, writing from Adelaide, says to her mother, 'Now you would not know me—I am so fat, red-faced, bright-eyed, and care for no one. This is the place for independent spirits; the labourer is as much thought of as his master; things just as they should be; the country most beautiful; but the country much colder than I expected. How I wish you and the dear children were here, but you would have to rough it sadly for a time, and the boys would have to work very hard. All the work is very hard, none soft—soft people are no use here. I have got hardened to it, like the rest; but then for the labour there is good pay, and those who would keep sober might soon get houses and land of their own; but the men drink and gamble, and the women dress, and away goes all the profit.' Elsewhere she says, 'Many who came out nine or ten years ago are now living independent; and then, again, many do not. But none are poor, and that is one great comfort.' C.S., from whom we have been quoting, writes on a grander scale than usual, and asks, in return, for 'the latest news—theatrical, political, and so on.' From another long letter by her, containing her efforts at a description of the new country, we extract a passage; the manner in which she introduces the name of poor Mr. Malthus is amusing: —'The natives are poor, miserable-looking creatures, going about almost naked, and eating all sorts of offal, and are harmless hereabouts, though not so when wild. They are the most hideous sort of folks you can imagine, and much like very old monkeys, and, when wild, go quite naked, which they like best. Government has had houses built for them, but they will not stay in them, and schools for their children, but they will not let them attend. . . . . They are almost black, but have long silky hair, of which they are very proud. Altogether, one cannot but pity them. There would be a wide field for Mr. Malthus's philanthropy, here, in trying to civilise them—the young ones, I mean.' Poor Mr. Malthus. Here is a touch of sentiment: 'Another shop I went in, in the tin-ware line: two men were sitting in the shop, and on the counter was a bottle and three glasses; they had been taking wine with the master, and these seem like drovers do at home. The thunder-storms here are very grand—it echoes from hill to hill—and the

lightning is splendid; so is the moonlight." One might be curious to know what train of ideas caused two men, a bottle, and three glasses to suggest a thunderstorm. The letter concludes:—'Dear mother, that you may soon come to this land of plenty, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate daughter, CAROLINE.

"'P.S. I wish I could write a better description of the place, it is so lovely.'

"F.A.H., who had been in England a poor servant out of place writes of Port Philip, 'It is a good place for all maids to come to, for they are sure to get a husband. I am not married yet, but I shall be before very long—before you get this—to a young man who came out in the same ship. There was a mother and four sons and four daughters, and this is one of the sons that I am to have, and —— is to have another, and —— is to have a third. If you can, prevail on my sisters to come to me, and all shall be done both by me and Richard that can be done to make them happy.'

"M. S. A. R., who had been a servant in London at very low wages, begins her letter from Port Philip thus: 'We have been here now about ten months, and I have had very good situations, the last of which I left to be married. I was married on the 5th of January last, to Mr. Charles S——, brother to little Jane, as you call her. I have been very comfortable since, and am very contented.' Of the said little Jane the same writer says, that she 'has a comfortable good place, and twenty pounds a year wages.'

"S. G. (who had been a poor servant-of-all-work), writing by deputy from Bathungar, near Macklesfield, South Australia, about her comfortable place, with kindest love to 'My dear mother and father,' finds some delight in saying, 'We burn nothing but wood; there are no grates to clean; no coals are found here.' Having described this essential part of the Elysium of a maid-of-all-work, she says: 'There are no beggars in the country, and there are no workhouses. Servants need never be out of place, they are much wanted here. I have grown very much; you would not know me, I am so tall and fat. I am very sorry I cannot read or write; be sure and tell my sisters and brothers to make good use of their learning; they do not know what a loss it is. I often think of you day and night.'

"Here we have but a glimpse into the hearts of a few out of the seven hundred recipients of the blessings offered by Mr. Herbert's Emigration Fund. The glimpse reveals what every true eye may see in any drawing-room, or any alley, if it will but look and learn;

that there is a beauty in the human character which never can be quite suppressed. There is not a rascal in the world who has not in him some point loveable. But these poor girls are anything but rascals. Before they can receive aid from the fund, their character must undergo a searching scrutiny. Beyond the sixty who are coming hither now, there were twenty-five who were found wanting after the strongest recommendation, and there are still five left behind at 'the Home,' in Hatton Garden, who cannot be sent out until their characters have been more thoroughly determined. The emigrants are girls, who, through privation and temptation, have opposed an honest and comparatively blameless life against the troubles of the world. I hear the whistle of the train. Let us go out; but let me give you notice that you will not find the aspect of these girls so gaunt as it might be, if they came hither directly from their wretched garrets. Each one, as she was accepted, was admitted into 'the Home' established by the fund, where she has been watched and tended by a matron admirably fitted for her office. Here, each has remained, under a gentle discipline, for some weeks. Regular lives, and hearts set more at ease, soon show a good effect upon the bodies of young women, aged, as all these must be, between eighteen and thirty-five. A pleasant strain upon the line of hooks and eyes down many an expanding back, becomes, among the girls, while in 'the Home,' a theme of comment. In food, the transition from too little to enough, very soon works a change in youthful bodies.

"But they are pale still. Let us leave the fire, for, cloaked and hooded, there they all are, hurrying through the rain to stand under that roof, which four posts lift up, in the centre of the pier, to make exposure of its craziness! Either the roof is wretched, or the day is wretched, or they are both wretched together; for the roof is wet through, and can do no more than give a flavour to the rain which soaks through, on the sixty girls, packed, while they wait until the steamer shall arrive, under that clumsy bit of shelter. In the slate of the sky no crack is to be seen; it is high water in the puddles, and low water in the Thames; we must go down stairs to the floating barge before we can embark. There she is—a Gravesend boat. 'Now, girls!' Who speaks to them? A clergyman, by his white neckcloth; a Christian, by his kindly face, which looks like a small piece of fine weather under that umbrella, which defends it from the rain.

"A man of years, not without winter on his head, and with a

pleasant summer in his heart. It is the same clergyman, some recognition of whose labours in an Eastern parish has become part of our 'Household Words.'* We had not been prepared to meet him here; but here he is, brimful of work, just now field marshal, and about to board the steamer with his troop. We have been looking at his soldiers. The emotion natural to such a crisis in their lives, has spread an uniform expression of much gentleness over the faces of these women. Though, to be sure, while huddled thus beneath the bit of roof, they have been variously occupied; some talking to their friends who come to bid good-bye; one, smiling at the ridiculous behaviour of a sandwich, which insists on yielding all its meat at the first bite, emigrating from the mustardy embrace of the remaining bread; and many fingers, as all fingers that are feminine will do however rough with labour, are adjusting faded shawls, perking up neat woollen cloaks, part of the outfit given in the Home to those who may be destitute; protecting necks against the weather, or twiddling with mutual care, one over the outline of another's bonnet. Yet, however slight, or to the outward seeming frivolous, may be the occupation of these girls, the deep importance of this hour to all of them, has put an under-tone of seriousness and a sign of concealed feeling into every face; we look on, and forget the rain. The women, too, are thinking, and they forget the rain; and we are all aroused by the kind wrath of the good field marshal, who is expostulating with members of his troop as they pass down towards the steamer, for getting their feet wet by thoughtlessly—or rather out of excess of thoughtfulness—neglecting to beware of puddles.

"We are on board; boxes are coming after us, and long mysterious packages belonging to some emigrants; of which in a hundred years, we never could, by guessing, find out the contents. 'Now, then, don't stand about. Out of the rain, girls; get down out of the rain!' The kindly marshal has no peace till he has seen the last bonnet cleared away from deck. Here we perceive that he is aided by a woman who is not young; and who, going out as an emigrant herself, is appointed to be matron on the voyage. Now, all is ready, and through pertinacious rain the 'Meteor' proceeds to Gravesend.

"On the way we may make acquaintance with our friends. There

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* "What a London Curate can do if he tries.—"*Household Words*," vol. ii., page 172.

are the ordinary passengers of the Gravesend boats, and there are certain earnest gentlemen who come as working members of the charity. You will find Mr. Sydney Herbert at a table in the cabin, busily engaged with fellow-labourers in folding copies of a letter that is to be given to each girl on her departure. Perhaps it will occur to you, that English gentlemen, who leave the luxuries of home to travel down the cheerless river on this miserable day—who work so eagerly and steadily, with mind and body—are almost as well employed as they might be if they behaved like proper squires, and bent their energies on the provision of a hare for dinner. Perhaps you think there are more manly sports than one, or half-a-dozen, and that it is not the least manly occupation in which an English gentleman can be engaged, to be the helper of weak girls, who are battling, in an overcrowded city, against the temptations brought by helpless poverty; to be their helper, not with a purse only, but in person; and, while removing them from danger, to speak human words into their ears. You may think it not the least advantage of this kind of manly sport, that it is one which, not the man only, but his wife with him, can enjoy; and you will call to mind the names of English ladies, through whose sympathy—in this one charity alone, drop, as it is, in the great sum of good—many a weary heart has left off aching. Now, we have had a little talk, moreover, with the matron of the Home in Hatton Garden, and we are not surprised to find some of the girls flitting tenderly about her. She does not talk philanthropy; but we feel that she is as active as a bird, and full of tact and woman's feeling. She was at work until four this morning, full of preparation, and, after two hours' sleep, she got up, and, among other little odd jobs, cut sandwiches for sixty.

"We hear, too, over other talk, from one of the committee, how, yesterday, when the matron had gone out, he called at the Home, found the women locked up, and knocked some time before they let him in upon a scene of tears. They were enjoying a good cry on the eve of their departure. And we hear how Mary B——, who had arrived six weeks ago a wretched object, had now almost forfeited her identity by getting such a mask of fat. We were told how Letitia D—— had been with a bad mother in a miserable home; but was a tender-hearted girl, and, when she went out, used to return to the new home and the new mother, flushed and out of breath with hurrying, lest she should overstay, for one minute, her leave of absence. We pick up the history of Rose F——, from

whose face the thinness and the haggard look have not been yet expunged; that she writes rather elegantly, and is a first-rate embroideress, and that her business was to embroider, elaborately, dress waistcoats at eighteen-piece a piece. We learn, also, that of such embroiderers and fine-workers the trade is greatly spoilt by the large number of young ladies of the middle class—prosperous tradesmen's daughters—who take such work from the tailors, for the sake—not of food, but pocket-money. We find that besides a surgeon and his wife, who go out with the emigrants, and intend settling at Sydney, they have a chaplain, a married man. The chaplain is sent out to be a missionary at the diggings. Now let us dive into the cabin where the poor girls are. How closely those who have relations here are nestling by their side! How quiet they all are! So quiet, in a room which contains more than sixty women. Some of the Gravesend male passengers are smoking, and as I happen to be nice about the flavour of tobacco, which I take at second hand, we will, if you please, go up into the rain again.

"Yonder is the 'Euphrates,' a fine vessel, just now swinging at her anchor, so we do not go alongside until we have filled up a little time beside the coal hulk, while the steamer takes in coals. The feminine cloud rises and gathers about us. Their friend, the field marshal, understands their hearts, and resigns his staff, permitting his army, without one word of expostulation, to forget the rain. The weather-beaten stubby captain, catching us in a corner, privately communicates to us his own opinion. 'Them gals would be much better down out of the rain, but they will be after looking at the ship that is to carry 'em.' And the old fellow speaks as if he understood it all, and talks, after his own fashion of gentleness, as if the entire army of sixty were his single sweetheart, and he loved her even for her wilfulness.

"But now we are at last alongside the 'Euphrates.' Now for the climbing up the precipice of a paddle-box, and the bold march, or hesitating tread, or pretty mince, across the mountain bridge of a plank into the ship. Into the ship the poor girls troop, and out of it may Heaven guide their feet to peace, when they step forth upon a land more able than this over-crowded London to appreciate their merits and reward their toil!

"Again, there is wild work with the packages. That is the chaplain upon yonder coil of ropes busily making acquaintance with his fellow labourer, the emigrating matron. The field marshal resumes

his staff, and orders his army out of the rain again, into the cabin prepared for their permanent reception. The field marshal's staff is a carpenter's rule now, if you please. Where happiness is to be spread, and good is to be done, our friend is as busy as a newly-awakened child at play. He breaks upon us from all sides. He is the author and contriver of all the carpentering that has been done to increase the comfort of the girls. To keep out the rain there is a structure over the hatches, which very much reminds us, as to its entrance, of the entrances to negro huts—described by a Niger traveller, 'high in the threshold and low in the roof, contrived so as to break both the head and the shins together.' Those of us who are tall enter by a worm-like motion through this temporary burrow; and, once below, are agreeably surprised at noticing how very ample—as ships go—is the space allotted to this little colony.

"A spacious cabin is contrived exclusively for the occupation of sixty girls, whose berths are around the walls. Tiny rooms are manufactured in it, cabins for the surgeon and his wife, the chaplain and his wife, and one for somebody's wife's sister. There are also other conveniences for these female emigrants upon their own domain. Within this great cabin, our amateur carpenter, upholsterer, factotum, has poured out a whole cornucopia of thoughtful notions. From the beams down to the pepper casters, he has been at the bottom of every detail. All round the room a curtain-rod is run before the berths, and curtains are now being unpacked and suspended. These will separate, upon the voyage, the sleepers from the wakers. Then, there are rows of tables and forms, and there are sly tables up near the ceiling, which are shelves at night, and which slide down over the pillars and make writing tables in the day. And there are hooks everywhere, and there is a miraculous cupboard system; and there are the lamps to unpack. But where are the knives and forks, for the girls presently will want their dinner?

"These two casks are full of water, a supply in addition to the ship's allowance for the comfort of the women under the equator; those big jars contain also an extra supply of lemon juice. That great box is full of stationery. Those of the emigrants who cannot write or read, will be taught during the leisure of the voyage, and all will be encouraged to write letters. The other huge box is crammed with materials for stitch-work. As much of that as the girls please to do, they will be paid for when they get to Sydney.

For each common striped shirt that is made, its maker will have threepence to receive. Needles, thread, thimbles—yes, there is everything on board.

"Since it is too wet for the deck, the women have their friends and relations down in the cabin with them. We pass through, and at the other end await Mr. Herbert—the bishop of the business, as the missionary (after his clerical way of being funny) just now called him. Then the emigrants sent out by the Fund are summoned in their order, and to each, as she comes, is given one of these circular letters which were folded in the the cabin, and which is presently to be read aloud to all of them. Each is asked whether she can read or write. Many cannot write, or write imperfectly; these are advised to use the opportunity they have of being taught on the voyage out; and to each emigrant a directed envelope is given, in which she is to put a letter containing information to Mrs. Stuart Wortley or Mrs. Herbert, of her progress and prospects in the colony. We look at the girls as they come up one by one, and fancying the bit of colour that will come after a four months' voyage, and looking forward to the time when, with healthy work and ample food, they will become 'so fat and bright-eyed, you don't know'—we prophesy husbands for more than half of them, if men in Australia have at all an eye to what they are about. This business being done, Mr. Herbert rises, and, with head uncovered, reads to them the letter that has been addressed to each. Having read this, he proceeds to enlarge upon its contents in language plain and earnest; all are very still, and the old wrinkled head of one girl's father, thrust from behind a beam, looks with the fixedness of a Dutch picture at the speaker.

"The object of the speech and of the circular is to request each girl to write an account of herself soon after her arrival. To urge upon all cheerfulness and forbearance towards one another, and obedience to rules during the voyage. To point out to them the great boon of four months' leisure, which it is in their power to improve, by acquiring, where they need it, knowledge of reading or of writing, most important aids to their prosperity. To advise them strongly to be guided on their arrival by the counsel of the Government Inspector, who will be made acquainted with their names and qualities, and can, from his local knowledge, warn them against the invitations of improper masters; reminding them that, if by chance any of them do not get immediate situations, they will be duly cared for by the fund until they are properly provided. Mr. Herbert

reminds them that, while a free passage is given to each of them, in order that they may not in a new colony be burdened with a debt, yet that they owe a debt of gratitude to God; and if they prosper they will do well, out of their prosperity, to assist the fund which has blessed them, by such offerings as they may choose to save, for the purpose of promoting the welfare of others who remain here in distress. At this point do you observe how yonder pretty-looking girl compresses her lips in a determined way, and looks intelligently at her neighbour? The emigrants are then informed that any one of them upon saving so much money as will pay half the passage, will be entitled to claim of the fund all else that is necessary to bring over any relative who is a fit person, and for whom she feels that she can find a place. And at this point the pretty little girl beams out, and whispers to her neighbour a few happy syllables. She means to save, as any mole might see. The speaker finally having given other useful information and advice, now concludes, with cordial and emphatic good wishes. As his frank voice ceases, there is not a round of applause, after your public dinner-table fashion, but a sound like the loosening of many suspended breaths, and faint—because they come from deep down in the heart—faint whispers of 'Thank you, sir!'

"And now our venerable and child-hearted factotum is told that he must say a few words to his troop. He goes straight to their hearts, and their looks show that he has been that way before. A very Martha, full of cares, he has a great deal to tell them about their housekeeping, and about what they must do to make a comfortable and, to minds and bodies, profitable voyage. He, too, ends with his blessing on their exodus, and to him, too, the reply is a gentle breath of 'Thank you, sir!' And then the girls begin to whisper to each other, and you see by their looks of whom they talk, and how they talk of him. They seem to dwell with a half-playful, half-patronising love upon the old man's child-like heart, while they look up with trust and reverence to its pure earnestness of manly labour.

"Now comes the Government Inspector on the scene, and the relations have to go on deck; but he must wait awhile, for after the two speeches, there is a strong tendency to cry, scattered abroad—tears to be honoured and respected. Here is the doctor, who has found the chaplain, and they are in deep talk, establishing good-fellowship. The doctor, a fine, stout, handsome fellow; the chaplain, pale and thin, must trust to his spiritual force when he

shall come hereafter to 'the diggings." Then the chaplain is busy with the steward, dropping a sovereign over the agitation of bill-settling; and, when he is gone, his wife comes to the steward, and talks, and in five minutes she has cheapened something, and communicates to her husband, who approaches, the salvation of eighteen-pence. Next to the salvation of souls, it is to be feared that even a missionary to the gold country will have time to feel that to save pence is important.

"Now the girls pass in review before the Government Inspector as their names are called. And after this our working clergyman, who has among these emigrants some of his flock out of the poor Eastern parish, is hauling pots and pans about, diving among the emigrants, and repeating all manner of last words and instructions; and we wander quietly among the crowd, overhearing, as we pass, true words of appreciation which were not meant to flatter his own ear. There is a lunch in the cabin, but our friend is too busy to be dragged away to it; we stay with him. At last, as he is waited for, he is compelled to go. The emigrants' friends are all again down stairs, and we go up into the rain, and into the cabin on deck, and there is lunch. The steamer is to carry us away at half-past three. We, too, if you please, will slip away quietly from this lunch, and fill up the remainder of our time below, where we shall see the girls at dinner. They are all seated, now, in order at their tables, and have wiped away their tears. They make room for fathers and sisters by their sides; their platters are before them, and they wait patiently. It was well that the good matron foresaw the advantages of her sixty sandwich papers. She is here among her charge now, hard at work. She will sleep well to-night. There is a pathos in the pervading gentleness occasioned by the feelings of the hour. The old clergyman is down again. He, too, has slipped away, and come to his poor friends. Now for the dinner. Here is a man with three watering-pots, who declares that '*they* will never be the things to hold ship's soup. You can't pour carrots out of them narrow spouts.' The general manager looks grieved at the notion that he should ever have imagined such a thing. 'Those cans,' he says, 'are for tea or hot water. What is it you want for soup?'—'Flat dishes,' says the cook.—'Well, I have provided plenty of flat dishes,' says the store-master, appealing to the matron. 'I cannot find them, sir, and I've tried very hard,' the matron says. 'Come, come, let *me* try; where is the key?' Accordingly, the indefatigable old gentleman plunges

into the doctor's cabin, which is at present half full of tin utensils; and a tremendous disturbance becomes audible among the pots and pans. The flat dishes are soon produced out of the bottom of the pyramid. And now for dinner!

"Roast beef, potatoes, soup—more beef; a polite, and heartily kind voice of a great sailor from above us, as he hands his dish down with a cry of 'More soup, ladies!' We walk among them, eavesdroppers again. A wonderful production of salt-cellars, metal tea-cups, and all kinds of unexpected things, by their thoughtful friend, the clergyman, causes that person to be watched with pleasant curious eyes, as though he were a conjuror, extracting wonders out of nothing. Here, a voice cries, 'Look, look; *do* look at the little pepper-boxes!' There, a voice is murmuring, 'It will be our fault if we are not contented;' and, throughout, there is evident a very lively sense of this minute thoughtfulness, which is, by no means, so little a matter in its influences as to some it may appear. Here is a girl who glances at a thin creature sitting at another table, and calls the attention of a neighbour to her. 'There is poor Annie helping the potatoes;' and, by the tone and looks of these two girls, you see that they regard poor Annie, for some reason, with peculiar sympathy, and seem to be of opinion that after all she may have suffered, they would like, if possible, to spare her even the fatigue of ladling out the potatoes while she is at dinner.

"But, after all, there is not much eaten at this dinner; the hearts are all too full. And, before it is over, the steamer is alongside, and the unfinished food is left, and all the girls, heedless of rain and unbonneted, are upon deck for the last accents of farewell. Pleasant it is to see the matron made a prisoner of love, unable to get free of the fingers which fond girls put out to her, who had given them perhaps the first sense of home comfort. A stout girl, clinging resolutely to a sister who must go on board the steamer, is standing on the plank and blocks the way; she is warned off—not gruffly, far from it. And though she holds her place, and clings about her sister, caring most for the few minutes left for that embrace, and little for all the world else just then (though she tries to make way for the other passengers), nobody warns her off again. We all contrive to pass without disturbing her. At length the steamer has put off, the emigrant girls climb to where they can get the last look of the friends whom they may see no more. There are attempts at parting cheers, in which they seem to choke;

there is a mutual waving of handkerchiefs and hats; a mutual and complete good-will. The sailors, who have all gathered in the bow of the ship, give three cheers of a louder sort to the departing steamer, and to-morrow morning early the 'Euphrates' will set sail.

No Man's Land.

There was in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East a piece of land covered with miserable, tumble-down cottages, which had been built upon Stepney Heath, shamefully drained and kept, which bore the name of "King's Arms' Gardens," but which was more generally known by the strange appellation of "No Man's Land," inasmuch as the owner was not known. For the past forty years the rents had been collected regularly by an old shoemaker, who lived there in one of the houses, and who had also paid all legal claims upon the property.

My attention was drawn to the place, not only by its wretched appearance, but also by its being the nest and breeding-place of every infectious disease; and I determined to unearth the unknown landlord, and bring him to some account. I therefore discovered the old shoemaker who collected the rents, and at once plunged with him into the depths of my complaint. But not a word would the old fellow breathe as to his employer's name or whereabouts, and not a syllable of sympathy with my desire for improving the property escaped his lips. "If you have any claim against the property, sir, you must prove it; but we pay our rates and taxes, and no further can I go." I felt discouraged, but would not give up my determination to find the landlord. But it was in vain that I tried again and again to wheedle out of the old man the information I wanted; he was deaf to my pleadings and laughed at my threats. At length one day I called to see him, and his wife told me he had gone out for the day. By a little manœuvring I learned from her that he had gone to pay the landlord of the King's Arms' Gardens the rents; and that this landlord was an old gentleman who lived in a fine house near West Drayton. Here was the clue I wanted, and seizing the earliest opportunity, I went down to West Drayton. On arriving at the station I sought the station-master, from whom I learned that the old gentleman, who lived by himself in a fine house, was a Mr. H———. The station-master showed me the house, and before very long I found myself at the door, which was opened to me by an old grey-haired butler.

I said that I wished to speak to Mr. H——— on important business. The man looked me all over, but did not admit me, and he asked if it were anything he could tell his master. I replied that I must see Mr. H——— myself; whereupon he left me and shortly returned with an old woman—evidently the housekeeper, whose counsel he thought it well to seek upon so unusual a matter as the admission of a stranger to his master's presence. The old lady subjected me to a severer scrutiny than the butler had done, and then the two looked at each other, and again at me, and after a little more parleying, during which I held my ground firmly that I must see Mr. H——— in person, the housekeeper went to acquaint her master with the serious news, while the butler stayed to keep watch over me. I was summoned to Mr. H———'s room, and found him a little decrepid old man of seventy or thereabouts. He eyed me with a sinister expression, as if he suspected that I had something unpleasant to say, and demanded what might be my pleasure. I apologized for disturbing him, told him who I was, at which he seemed much annoyed, and I then introduced the disagreeable topic. I pictured to him the wretched state of his cottages in King's Arms' Gardens, and the utter want of proper drainage and sewerage, and drew a horrible picture of the diseases fostered by his neglect. As I went on I could see he became more and more angry; and when I wound up with an appeal to him to drain properly, to make proper roadways, and to repair the houses, he waxed furious, and asked me what right I had to interfere. He said, as his rent-collector had said before, that he paid all legal claims upon the property, and that he would do nothing more. It was in vain I remonstrated, trying to point out the moral duty of an owner of property. At last I rose, and said—"Well, sir, you might at least have treated me with civility, when I have taken the trouble to come and lay before you the real facts as to the state of your property; but as you have neither been civil nor will promise any improvement of the houses, I shall go from here to the office of the *Illustrated London News*, and get the proprietors to send one of their artists, and the whole state of the property shall be shown to the world in that paper, just as was Dan O'Connell's property in Ireland." I left the old man and returned home. Next morning a young gentleman called upon me, introducing himself as Mr. H———'s nephew, and saying that he called by his uncle's wish to beg me to stop any publication of the story of his property in King's Arms' Gardens. "You have nearly

frightened my uncle out of his life," he said, "and he wishes me to tell you that he will make all necessary improvements if you will see that nothing gets into the newspapers." I gave the requisite promise, only too glad to have aroused the old man from his selfishness, even by a threat. And before long I had the satisfaction of seeing "No Man's Land" exhibit signs of ownership. Navvies were there, filling up unsightly pits and cesspools, and making drains and roads; bricklayers were rebuilding and repairing; carpenters, plumbers, and glaziers, all found employment; and the Gardens began to look quite a sprightly colony.

The old landlord did not live long after, and his nephew sold "No Man's Land" to the Gas Company. Before that bargain was finally concluded a portion was set apart as a site for a new church —St. Mary's—and for large schools. The nephew also reserved a portion, and raised here eighty-four houses, which formed "model cottages," after the pattern designed by Prince Albert, as shown in the Exhibition of 1851. With these changes and improvements passed away the squalor and disease, the wretchedness and vice, as well as the very name of "No Man's Land."

Interview with his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

I had observed that the dispensary of the parish was in a very dilapidated condition. It was, indeed, as a building most unsuited to its purpose, being merely two old houses knocked into one, so as to form one large reception room. Poor, however, as was the outward aspect of the place, and wretched as was the accommodation, the institution was greatly valued by the working people, and on certain days, such as those when Dr. Fox, the eminent physician, attended, crowds waited in the street outside, each eager for his turn to gain an audience of the doctor. It was natural that I should wish to remedy the bad state of things which caused so much inconvenience and discomfort to the patients, and allowed so little freedom and help to the medical men in this gratuitous practice. A new building, with proper accommodation and suitable appliances, was absolutely necessary; and, if possible, a better and more easily accessible situation should be secured. It occurred to me that as the Duke of Wellington was now in the zenith of his glory and power, and had just been appointed Gover-

nor of the Tower, which was within the boundaries of the Tower Hamlets, we might plead with his Grace to use, from purely local interests, his great influence to raise funds in aid of this institution. Without saying a word to anyone, I determined to obtain access to the Duke. I wrote a letter to his Grace containing a statement of the debts and difficulties of the dispensary, and setting forth its usefulness; but also pointing out in strong terms its wretched situation and utter want of proper accommodation. I called at Apsley House, taking with me the last report of the institution. After waiting for a short time I was ushered by the footman into his Grace's presence. The Duke, who seemed to have a difficulty in getting hold of my name—a difficulty which he was never able to surmount—beckoned to me to take a seat, and addressed me as "young man." He then proceeded to deal with the subject of my letter. "Now, young man, you have called upon me to do an impossibility. It seems to me that you have no claim upon me in this matter, for my having become Governor of the Tower does not authorize me to interfere with the institutions and concerns of the neighbourhood. And even if you had a claim, I have no time to preside at a public dinner as you wish. There is only one day in the week I can call my own, that is Wednesday, when there is no House of Lords; and on referring to my diary I find that every Wednesday for a long time to come is engaged." I pressed my suit, nothing daunted by the Duke's apparent refusal. I urged that though the appointment as Governor of the Tower might not involve direct duties beyond the walls, there were, nevertheless, certain moral obligations incident to such a position; that the object for which I pleaded was a philanthropic one wherein those who aided might be sure there would be no imposition, inasmuch as the poor would not fly to the dispensary except from sad necessity. The Duke listened attentively. I evidently had made a favourable impression upon him, for as he rose to shake hands with me he promised to write to the Deputy-Governor of the Tower upon the matter, and would be guided by his report, and said that I should hear from him again. I came away from Apsley House with a feeling of great joy that my case would, at all events, be considered.

Three weeks elapsed, and no tidings came. I began to think that the Duke had forgotten all about it; and I determined to go to the Deputy-Governor to see whether any steps had been taken. I sent in my card, and was at once asked to go in, as I was the person Colonel Eddison particularly wished to see. On coming into his

presence he shook me warmly by the hand. "Oh, Mr. Quekett," he began, "I have had a letter from the Duke for ten days or more about the state of the dispensary, and I have not known how to answer it." He asked me to give him some information; and I replied that the best thing he could do, as the place was within a short walk, was to accompany me and see for himself. He consented, merely asking me to wait for ten minutes; and we soon set forth to visit the dispensary in Old Gravel Lane, taking Rosemary Lane, one of the marts for old clothing, on our way. It happened to be one of Dr. Fox's days, and as we came near the dispensary we had difficulty in making our way through the crowd; but the beadle in attendance, seeing myself and a gentleman, made way for us to get into the waiting-room. We were then conducted into a little cupboard of a room where Dr. Fox was sitting giving advice. On seeing me he shook hands. "You have plenty of customers, doctor," I said. "Yes," he replied, "but it is such a wretched hole of a place." As he was so busily engaged we did not stay long; but I took the Colonel through the whole place, and he agreed with me that we wanted means to remove to a better locality, and a much more commodious set of buildings. As we got outside again he was about to bid me "good-bye," when I offered to walk up to Tower Hill with him. On our way he said that all I had told the Duke was quite correct, and that he should report the matter as being urgent.

Two days afterwards I had a letter from the Duke to attend Apsley House. "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Quekett, and would be glad if he would call at Apsley House on Thursday morning next at half-past ten." I went most punctually; but there was one caller before me, and I was shown into the dining-room to wait. I had an opportunity of seeing the magnificent Sévres china dinner service which was given to the Duke by the Allied Sovereigns in recognition of his brilliant victories. Every plate and dish was ornamented with a painting of one of the Duke's great battles; and I was very sorry I had not a longer time to spend when I was summoned in to see the Duke. As an instance of his extremely methodical dealings, I may say that he had ready on his desk my own first letter to him, the report of the institution, and the report sent by Colonel Eddison. "Now, young man," was his greeting to me, "you see I have not forgotten you. Sit down. Eddison tells me a sad tale about this affair, and I felt that if I could spare a day I would do so. I find I can come on

June ——. Now you want me to preside at a public dinner for the Tower Hamlets Dispensary at Lovegrove's, Brunswick Tavern, Blackwall, at four o'clock. Now, I must depend upon you to give me all information in writing, and direct me as to the best way to find the place." He noted down the whole of the particulars in his diary, and he made me do the same in mine. We parted, my feelings being greatly elated at the success of my appeal. But I had little time for self-gratulation, for I remembered that his Grace had fixed on a day, but that I knew nothing of whether we could have the hotel on that day. I therefore started off at once to Lovegrove's, at Blackwall. Here again success attended me. Mr. Lovegrove was so delighted and enthusiastic that he declared we should have the finest dinner that had ever been served in London. My next step was to communicate the tidings to Mr. Oliver, the treasurer. He declared I was joking. I showed him the Duke's letter, and my engagement with Mr. Lovegrove, and he at once went into ecstacies. He told me to mention it to no one; but to go to Mr. Willey, the secretary, and ask him to call a private meeting of the Trustees that evening upon "special important business." It was most desirable that the public should not know of it until the nobility and gentry had had intimation. Mr. Willey was as incredulous as his colleague, and, when at last he did begin to see the truth, he was wrought up to the greatest pitch of excitement, and went to work at once to do what was required of him. Every nobleman and public man without exception responded to the intimation, taking tickets at a guinea each, and the number of applications for tickets after the announcement was made by placard was so great that hundreds were refused. Such was the popularity of the Duke at the time that he would have drawn an equally large company anywhere.

On June —, 400 sat down to dinner—as many as could be accommodated. After the public toasts, and that to the success of the institution, his Grace proposed my health, and said that "it was owing to their young curate's perseverance that he had come amongst them that day; but he had never felt that he had done a better action in his life." A sum of £1,200 was collected in the room, and a subscription list was set on foot, the response to the appeal being so generous that a spot was soon sought for a fine, handsome building, and the new Tower Hamlets Dispensary was long an ornament to the Commercial Road, until a new station, required by the Blackwall Railway, was built upon its site, and

a second new dispensary was built in the parish of Stepney a few years ago. A special invitation to the opening ceremony of this new building was sent to the Rector of Warrington, and he had much pleasure in attending.

A Visit from a Somersetshire Friend.

An old friend of mine from Taunton, in Somersetshire, came to visit me in London one Easter week; and during his stay he was anxious to see all the sights of London. He contrived to visit most of the places of importance, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he thought he should like to be present at one of the services in the Jews' Synagogue. As it was the Passover time, the Chief Rabbi was sure to be officiating at the large synagogue in our neighbourhood. We found that the final service of the Passover week before the Jewish "holiday" was to take place on the Thursday evening; so for my friend's sake I consented to accompany him. He was a skittish young gentleman, and I felt obliged to extort from him a promise to behave well, and not to give me any cause for shame or regret. He promised all I wished, and overcame all my scruples and hesitancy; and after tea we went to the synagogue. The service had commenced; but we were shown to a seat, where we sat as others did with our hats on. It was a very painful thing to me to see so little manifestation of any religious feeling. There were three of the Rabbis at a desk chanting in Hebrew. The majority of the worshippers—men only, for the women were in a gallery screened off—seemingly paid little attention to the service; and some of them were holding very animated conversation upon their worldly concerns. The sackcloth worn by the wealthier Jews was of the finest and richest description, and seemed an emblem rather of ostentatious pride than of mourning and sorrow. My friend was looking round with the greatest curiosity when the beadle came up to him and told him he must not cross his legs one over the other. "No cross," said the fellow, who was evidently a German Jew; and I felt how sadly true was their prejudice against the Religion of that Cross to which they had led their Messiah. At the same time I said to my friend, "See, now! You have got into trouble already!"

The service was soon over; and the congregation arranged themselves into a line to go up and shake hands with the Chief Rabbi and wish him "a merry holiday." My friend, seeing this, expressed

a great wish to go and do the same, thinking, I suppose, it would be something to say that he had shaken hands with the Chief Rabbi. I was willing to humour him, and told him to join in the line, as his large black beard made him look not unlike a Jew. "Do as the others do," I said, and he stepped out very confidently to go up amongst the rest. I had not to wait very long before he returned in a very excited manner. "Come out, come out," he said, "I have made a great mistake. Come out at once!"

I followed him out, and asked for an explanation of all this.

"Why, I heard them all say as they shook hands with the Rabbi —'a merry holiday to you;' but when it came to my turn, I made a most unfortunate slip of the tongue, and wished him '*a merry Christmas.*'"

"And what did he say?" "Oh, he looked thunderstruck, and asked me where I came from; but I, feeling that I had put my foot in it, thought I had better get away as fast as I could."

The Prince Consort and the Microscope.

My brother, Professor Quekett, had acquired great fame, not only for his investigations by means of the microscope, but also for his improvements of the instrument itself. Not only was the magnifying power of the lenses an object of great competition among microscopists, but they also strove to improve the form and shape of the instrument so as to increase its usefulness and steadiness. The Prince had seen my brother's book on the microscope, and came to consult him about some additions and alterations he wished to have made to a very handsome old microscope, in order to render it efficient for more advanced scientific observation. I was present at the time the Prince brought it, and was greatly struck with the costliness of the instrument, which was entirely of silver. It was very old-fashioned, and the lenses were very inferior. My brother promised to have it altered; and some time afterwards, when Mr. Ross had carried out my brother's suggestions, I saw that it had become a really useful microscope.

The Prince came again, and my brother put him in the way of using his improved instrument, and showed him how to mount his specimens. The Prince was very intelligent, and my brother told me that he was by no means a tyro in microscopical science.

Visit to the Zoological Gardens.

I received as a present from Australia some native "companion birds." They were sent over on board a ship and placed in the "long boat" on deck. There were also located some young pigs, which enlivened the tedium of the long voyage by plucking out the feathers from my poor birds; and when the "companion birds" arrived, they had not a feather upon their bodies. The name "companion birds" is given from their being so much attached to people. My daughter Ada took a great liking for these pets, and they went about with her all round the garden, one under each arm, never weary of her attention, nor she of their society. They were at that time taller than she was.

The "companion birds," however, developed some habits which were mischievous. In the garden there was a small pond in which were a number of gold and silver fish. The birds caught all the fish, much to our regret. They also found out what were our meal-times, and came banging their long beaks against the glass of the windows in the hope of being fed; and they were so strong that the windows were in danger of being broken. It became necessary to get rid of them; and as the authorities were in want of some at the Zoological Gardens, I wrote, and one of the keepers was sent down to see them. Although they were in such a miserable condition, the authorities at the Zoological Gardens were glad to have them, and gave me £6 for them. The male bird we called "Jacko." He knew his name, and would come on being called. They had both been so social and friendly that the parting between them and my daughter was a sad one.

In about a couple of months afterwards my daughter wished to see her old friends, and proposed a visit to the Zoological Gardens. We joined a small party of friends and went up. I knew Mr. Bartlett, the chief curator, and went to call upon him and enquire the whereabouts of the birds. He directed us to the keeper, the man who had brought them from my Vicarage. The keeper said, "You will hardly know them, sir, they are so much improved." And in truth they had become beautiful birds, in full plumage. They were in an enclosure, round which we walked; and I said to Ada, "Call Jacko, and see if he will remember you." The moment the bird heard her voice, he turned to see where it came from, and on perceiving

Ada, he opened his wings and danced for joy. Both birds were delighted to see her, and she fed them with biscuits, they expressing their satisfaction and pleasure in a hundred ways; and when at length it became time to leave, the poor birds showed their great reluctance to part with their friend.

Another section of our party had gone to see the monkeys and the elephants. They carried some nuts in a hand-bag; and the monkeys had a feast, over which they chattered and grinned as only monkeys can do. An old lady among the visitors was very anxious to push the nuts far enough into the cages, and she used for that purpose the point of her umbrella. A baboon, bent on mischief, seized the umbrella, and the monkeys gathered at once to render assistance in dragging it through the bars. The old woman's resistance was vain; the monkeys got the prize safely into the cage, put it up, and danced under it in high glee, heedless of the cries of the old lady—"Oh, they have got my umbrella! They'll break it all to pieces!" Before long the unusual riot in the cage, and the old lady's cries, caught the attention of the keeper who came to see what was to do. No sooner did one of the monkeys perceive him than by a peculiar squeak he warned all his companions, and they fled in all directions, leaving the umbrella in the middle of the cage. The old lady begged the keeper to get it, and it was restored to her not much the worse for the monkeys' play.

We then went to see the elephants, which were regaled with cakes and biscuits. As the store from which they were being fed was at the bottom of a lady's leather bag, the elephants could not get the biscuits very quickly and showed some impatience, which led one of the little children to say, "Please, mamma, let him put his trunk in, and he will get them for himself." The elephant accordingly put in his trunk; and in a second, he whipped up the bag, and put it and all it contained into his mouth, crunching all up with the greatest unconcern. The lady, recovering from her astonishment, cried out—"Oh, my bag! my purse is in it and money, and a knife, and my spectacles, and a bunch of keys! It'll kill him!" The elephant, however, looked as if he liked to be killed by such a savoury morsel, and twinkled his little eyes merrily at the consternation of his visitors. He looked so mischievously disposed that I said "We had better get away as fast as we can."

The lady sent to enquire next day about the elephant, when he was reported to be no worse; and the only harm that came of his extraordinary meal was the robbery of the lady!

How the Ellison Gallery of Pictures came to be Opened at the South Kensington Museum.

I happened to be visiting Richard Francomb, Esq., at Burlington Gardens, when there was as one of the guests at dinner a Mr. Ellison, a banker from Lincoln. Mr. Ellison was a picture fancier, and had become a great patron of art. In his house near Lincoln he had a splendid collection of Coopers, Landseers, and other great painters of the day. He came every year to London, and stayed at the Burlington Hotel. The time of my meeting Mr. Ellison was in April, and the adjudication upon the pictures of the year had just taken place at the Royal Academy. The subject naturally became the topic of conversation at the dinner-table; and I told of a very unfortunate case of the rejection of a picture painted by one of my parishioners, whom I certainly thought was from his industry alone deserving of a better fate. Mr. Ellison was so much interested in what I said that he begged to know the whole of the circumstances, and I told him that the young fellow had a natural taste for painting, and had cultivated it to the best of his ability. He was an errand boy at a large city warehouse; and so determined was he to advance himself in his artistic efforts that he resolved upon painting a large picture in his leisure time in his home. There was only one room for the family to live in. He, therefore, was obliged to fit up the coal-hole as a studio, and here with a palette and candle in one hand and a brush in the other he set to work to produce a large picture, five feet square, to represent a scene from English History—Henry VIII. signing the death-warrant of Anne Boleyn. He was most persevering in his search for the characters. For the portrait of Henry VIII. he went to the British Museum to copy Holbein's celebrated picture. The idea of a court of justice was borrowed from the Thames Police Court. He got ideas as to the dress of ushers and attendants from the beefeaters at the Tower of London. And thus by dint of perseverance, he filled in five-and-twenty figures, the chief of which were remarkably good likenesses of the principal actors in the sad scene. When the picture was finished, the warehousemen lent him fifty shillings to put a frame to it; and it was sent to the Royal Academy with the hope of its being hung. But after the judges had pronounced a verdict upon it, it was said to be too large, though merit was attached to it.

I told the whole of this story to Mr. Ellison, and said that the picture was to be returned the next day to the young artist. The sympathy both of Mr. Francomb and Mr. Ellison was excited; and they arranged that the picture should be brought to Mr. Francomb's house, and that the boy should call there at a certain hour, and Mr. Ellison would meet him. The meeting took place. The boy explained the picture, and how he had managed the composition and the obtaining of the portraits. Mr. Ellison asked, "How is it that you have made the beefeaters so very different, one is asleep, and the other is evidently much irritated?"—"You see, Sir, I thought that one of them would have had to stay up most of the night to prepare the court, so I made him look as if tired and asleep; while the other, who would be fresh from his night's rest, would listen to all the proceedings with keen interest; and he becomes so enraged against the King that he seems to say, 'Oh, you old villain!'"

This took the fancy of Mr. Ellison; and he became so much interested that he wrote the following day to say that he hadn't slept all night through the boy and his picture, and begged me to come up and dine that we might talk over the boy's future. On my seeing him next day, he told me he had made up his mind to give £100 a year for three years to enable the boy to pursue his studies in art, and that he had appointed me trustee, and wished me to accept the first £100 on the boy's behalf. He wished me to take the advice of Mr. Francomb and others as to how the money could be best expended for the young man's advantage.

Mr. Francomb got together a number of friends, amongst whom was Mr. Millais; and they advised that he should go and sketch for some months in the Lake District, so as not to draw upon his imagination, but to copy accurately from nature. In October he was to return and show us what he had done.

Some time after this Mr. Ellison came up to London again to consult Mr. Francomb, who was his medical man. He probably felt alarmed about the state of his health; for he made his will, leaving all his pictures to the nation after the death of his wife. The collection was to be called "The Ellison Gallery." He made me trustee for the boy I had been the means of introducing to him; but he left the amount of money he intended to give blank, evidently wishing to estimate the requirements for the boy's training before filling in the sum. Unfortunately, Mr Ellison died suddenly; and his executors refused to pay any more money for the boy's educa-

tion. Mrs. Ellison, however, feeling grieved that her husband's wishes with respect to him could not be carried out, wrote to the Government, and offered to give up half the pictures, so that the "Ellison Gallery" could be formed at once, if they would send down a competent person to select the pictures. Her intention was to appoint this boy as Curator. The Government accepted the offer, and the "Ellison Gallery" was thus opened much earlier than it would otherwise have been. The young artist became the Curator, and pursued his studies again in the hours of his leisure.

After three years Mrs. Ellison died, and the rest of the pictures were added to the collection. The protégé of Mr. Ellison then became tired of his employment, and went into business, I think upon the Stock Exchange; finding, no doubt, commercial life more lucrative than art.

I ought to tell that the original picture which led to this young man's advancement, came into my possession in a somewhat singular manner. After it had been rejected at the Academy, I might have bought it, as the boy wanted only the fifty shillings for the frame, and £1 or £2 besides. I wished, however, to do something for the lad; and therefore interested twenty people in the picture, each of whom subscribed £1; and the picture was to be drawn for on a fixed day at Mr. Francomb's house. Sixteen of the twenty came; and at three o'clock in the afternoon we drew out of a bag numbers in the order of which we were to draw for the prize. The number I had was 19, and I thought it very unlikely that so low down in the list I should have any chance for the prize. However, as the lady who presided at the drawing drew from the bag which contained 19 blanks and one prize, blank after blank for the first eighteen, my hopes gradually rose, and when my turn came, the prize was drawn. The young man burst into tears, and said that I was rewarded by fortune for my goodness in attempting to benefit a young artist.

Buying Watches in the Jura Mountains.

I was staying at Neuchatel, in Switzerland, for a short holiday in the summer of 1852, when in the hotel one evening a gentleman asked me what firm I represented. I could not understand him, and he repeated his question more at length, so that I comprehended that he mistook me for a business agent or commercial traveller, and wished to learn what English house I was connected

with. When I informed him that I had no connection with trade, and that I was a clergyman, he apologised, saying that the mistake was a natural one, inasmuch as representatives of all large watch-dealing firms were likely to be at Neuchatel at this time, for that in a day or two there would be the large annual sale of watches in the Jura Mountains, which buyers from every part of Europe attended. He said it was a most interesting sight, and I regretted that I could not be present. He was kind enough to offer to get admission for me if I would take the *rôle* of a buyer. The steamboats brought in numbers of agents, and on the day fixed for the sale we all made our way up into the mountains. Here were assembled watchmakers and dealers from every part of Switzerland. The home industries of these mountaineers are wood carving, the making of toys, and the manufacture of watches. At this annual sale thousands of watches are ordered both for European trade and for transhipment to China and the East Indies. We had first of all a grand feast provided in a large tent. Each dealer brings specimens on a tray, and on the dealers all assembling, each quotes prices for the different classes of watches, A. B. C. D., &c., while the buyers take notes, and give their orders according to the samples inspected. The most valuable watches are those made for China; and on my enquiry as to why this was so, I was told that these watches were much more highly finished, for that every Chinaman carries two watches, and compares them every time he wishes to know the hour, and if he finds any irregularity he at once discards the offending watch. The sale was a very lively affair, and I heartily enjoyed it. I wished my friend to buy a watch for me; but he informed me that the dealing was wholesale, and that if I wanted a single watch I should go to his "house" in London. I replied, laughing, "Yes, and pay you a 20 per cent. profit!"

I had no mind to buy Swiss watches in England, but I should have been glad to purchase one at Neuchatel as a memento of this interesting scene.

I feel a little grieved to think that the Americans and English by their machine-made cheap watches are underselling the poor watchmakers of Switzerland. It is the fate of hand-labour in most industries; but it is a sad fate which puts an end to this quiet industry, and to the pleasant gatherings of dealers and buyers in the Jura Mountains.

A Penny Savings Bank, and how it led to other Beneficial Institutions.

On my first arrival in the large parish of St. George's-in-the-East, I was indeed "a stranger in a strange land;" of the 40,000 people who were under my nominal charge I knew not a man, woman, or child; and the sea of strange faces, chiefly those of the poor, which every day came around me at weddings and burials, haunted me with that unexpressed, yet yearning appeal which perhaps only a clergyman, helpless in the midst of a dense population, can fully realize. They seemed truly "as sheep having no shepherd," and I have often felt how marvellous it was that in those days of want of pastoral care, the Church of England retained her hold over the masses of the people even in name. The vision of strange faces led me to think by what means I might draw the poor around me, so as to get to know something of them, and to be able to influence them for good. I determined to establish a penny savings bank; and to hold it in the vestry, appointing two mornings in the week, after service in church, for the receipt and withdrawal of deposits. Like many other things which are good, we began in a very humble way; but my intercourse with the depositors produced fruit. And the bank grew—increased so largely that we were eventually obliged to adjourn to the school-room, and our number of depositors soon exceeded 2,000. A work like this could not be hid under a bushel; and the Dissenters heard of it, talked over it, and with hearty approval desired the extension of it to the saving of larger sums. They appointed two of their leading men to wait upon me. One of these was a gentleman of independent fortune, and the other was the Rev. Andrew Reed, the minister of a small chapel in Cannon Street Road, a man of great activity and intelligence. These gentlemen put before me the earnest wish of their friends that my bank should be extended, so as to meet the needs of a higher class of people who would wish to save larger sums than a penny. I told them I had felt very anxious to do this, but I really had not the time nor strength. If they would make the effort, I would in every way give them my support, would pay in the deposits from my penny bank, and would take care that Church people were fully represented and associated with them in the working of the scheme. I urged them to call a public meeting, and to make the matter well-known to their own people.

I brought a large number of Church people to the meeting, which was well attended, and it was resolved that a savings bank be started, to be called "The Tower Hamlets Savings Bank." This name has since been changed to the "East London Savings Bank." Many names both of guarantors and of depositors were given in. Subsequently a house was taken in Colet Place, and money was found for guaranteed expenses. The bank was started under good auspices, and is in a flourishing condition even at the present day.

I used to take my turn to preside and assist in the management and working; and it frequently happened that Mr. Ellis, the actuary, and Mr. Reed and myself were thrown together both at the Board of Management and in the evenings in the actual work of the bank. One evening, when we were all present, there occurred a very painful circumstance. A carpenter came to receive £4, of the withdrawal of which—his last savings—he had given previous notice. On receiving the money he began to weep, and became greatly excited, crying out, "Oh! what shall I do? My money's all gone: all my savings are gone!"

We tried to console him, and inquired the cause of his grief; and he told us he had two idiot boys, who could do nothing for themselves, and who became every year a greater expense to him. All his earnings had gone in providing for them, and now his little reserve fund was all to be laid out, and he had nothing left.

After the poor fellow had gone, I said to Mr. Reed, "It is strange that amongst all the many charitable institutions in this country there is no asylum for idiots. I feel quite sure that if public attention were called to the great need for some charity of this kind, sympathy would be excited and something would be done."

Mr. Reed urged me to make the appeal; but I replied, "No, my dear sir, I cannot undertake more work. As it is, I have too much. You have plenty of time. Now, do you write an account of the case we have just heard, and ground your appeal upon it. I'll lend you a helping hand. You can say that I know the case, and may in any other way use my name as a guarantee to the Church people whom your appeal will reach."

He promised that if I would come to the savings bank on the Saturday evening, he would show me his statement and appeal, and would then, after my approval, do what he could to get it widely circulated.

We met on the Saturday; Mr. Reed had touchingly expressed

all that needed to be said, and I advised him to go to Mr. Monks, of Whitechapel, the treasurer of the Tower Hamlets Savings Bank, who was both a wealthy and a generous man, and who would certainly help with the expenses of getting out this appeal. I was not mistaken in this advice; Mr. Monks received Mr. Reed warmly, and paid all the preliminary expenses.

In a month enough money was subscribed to hire a house in the Cannon Street Road, and before the end of the year nineteen patients had been received into the home. The medical men of the neighbourhood gave their time and attention to the patients, and the Rev. Andrew Reed undertook the sole management of it. The institution prospered; the public became greatly interested in it, and it was extended. At length it grew so much, and the needs which it was intended to meet were so much more brought to light and pressed on the attention of the public, that it was resolved to establish an institution on a much larger basis. A large committee was formed, with a very influential list of patrons and patronesses; and the large and handsome buildings and grounds at Earlswood are the result of this effort. The Rev. Andrew—afterwards Dr.—Reed was the resident manager and secretary of this noble institution almost up to the time of his death. On his retirement £1,000 was given to him, and this sum when he died he left to the institution.

Meanwhile other parts of England had learned the lesson of benevolence towards idiot children. The Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster, for idiot children of the Northern counties, is a daughter institution of the one at Earlswood. At the formation of the Lancaster Asylum, when Lord Winmarleigh presided, I told the above story at Warrington, showing how from a small beginning a great and noble work may arise. I am happy to have been a subscriber to the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster since its foundation; but on looking back at the work of fifty to sixty years ago, I am happier, and prouder too, to think that from my penny bank sprang—

(1) The East London Savings Bank;
(2) The effort which made Earlswood; and
(3) Indirectly the foundation of other idiot asylums, notably the one at Lancaster.

I should be wrong in withholding here a letter written to me last April by the present actuary of the East London Savings Bank.

East London Savings Bank,
328, Commercial Road, E.,
8th April, 1887.

My Dear Sir,

I must apologise for this delay in replying to your letter dated 24th March. A part of this delay is due to your letter having been incorrectly addressed.

Mr. Ellis, the first secretary, died more than 20 years ago; he was succeeded by Mr. Francis Cook—also dead; then followed my father, Mr. George Stancliff, who remembers you well in connection with the bank. He was secretary for upwards of 20 years, and resigned the post in December, 1884, in consequence of failing health, when I was appointed his successor.

Mr. Monks, to whom you refer, has been dead many years.

I enclose the last balance sheet, which may interest you. Mr. Richard Jolly, the present treasurer, joined the Board of Managers at the earnest request of Dr. Reed, and has taken an active interest in the institution ever since.

The following trustees and managers are deacons of Wycliffe Chapel (Dr. Reed's Chapel):—Messrs. Richard Jolly, W. J. Bonallack, James Fraser, D. F. Matheson, C. J. Müller, George Wade, jun., and myself.

My father was for many years secretary to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham, Surrey, also founded by Dr. Reed.

Mr. Richard Jolly takes great interest in both the Fatherless and Idiot Asylums, and I am sure would be most happy to give you any information you may desire.

You will see by the enclosed report that this bank was instituted 27th June, 1837, so this is likewise *our* Jubilee year.

The business is carried on in the original house, formerly 34, Colet Place, now 328, Commercial Road.

If I can render you any assistance please make use of my services.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
JOS. STANCLIFF.

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Extract from "Thrift," by S. Smiles: Chapter VIII. Penny Banks.

"The extent to which penny banks have been used by the very poorest classes, wherever started, affords a striking illustration how much may be done by merely providing increased opportunities for the practice of thrift. The first penny bank was started in Greenock, about thirty years since, as an auxiliary to the Savings Bank. The object of the projector (Mr. J. M. Scott) was to enable poor persons, whose savings amounted to less than a shilling (the Savings Bank minimum), to deposit them in a safe place. In one year about five thousand depositors placed £1,580 with the Greenock Institution. The estimable Mr. Quekett, a curate in the East End of London, next opened a penny bank, and the results were very remarkable. In one year as many as 14,513 deposits were made in the bank. The number of depositors was limited to 2,000, and the demand for admission was so great that there were usually many waiting until vacancies occurred.

"'Some save for their rent,' said Mr. Quekett, 'others for clothes and apprenticing their children, and various are the little objects to which the savings are to be applied. Every repayment passes through my own hands, which gives an opportunity of hearing of sickness, or sorrow, or any other cause which compels the withdrawal of the little fund. It is, besides, a feeder to the large savings banks, to which many are turned over when the weekly payments tendered exceed the usual sum. Many of those who could at first scarcely advance beyond a penny a week, can now deposit a silver coin of some kind.'

"Never was the moral influence of the parish clergyman more wisely employed than in this case. Not many of those whom Mr. Quekett thus laboured to serve were amongst the Church-going class; but by helping them to be frugal, and improving their physical condition, he was enabled gradually to elevate their social tastes, and to awaken in them a religious life to which the greater number of them had before been strangers."

Dr. Farington, the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East.

The Church of St. George's-in-the-East is a very fine Queen Anne building. It has a beautiful peal of bells in the tower, and

even in those days of sleepy Church life it was free, and had always good congregations, and was a centre of religious feeling and devotion.

As for the Rector, Dr. Farington, he was unable to care for anything personally. He was a thorough bookworm, and spent all his time reading and writing. The only intimations he had that the work of his church was being carried on were the ringing of the bells, and the daily return handed to him of the number of weddings, funerals, and baptisms. As the windows of the Rectory looked into the churchyard, he could, when he wished, see what was going on outside the church. With the exception of one or two occasions, I never heard him preach. He had an impediment in his speech, and was somewhat difficult to understand. As a rule, he did not even come to the services.

Dr. Farington kept two servants in the Rectory, but though his housekeeper, Sarah, had lived with him for a long number of years, he never seemed able to trust his servants much. Every year he paid a visit to his nephew, Admiral Farington, in the Isle of Wight. He always took away the plate-chest as well as his trunk.

One day I observed that the shutters of his study were not open. I said to Verrall, the Parish Clerk: "What! has the Doctor gone away without telling us?" Verrall did not know of his having gone, and we therefore felt there was something strange about this, and we called to inquire. Old Sarah said, "No, her master was not gone, but he had not got up." "Have you not called him?" I asked. The old woman said she had not, as she supposed if he did not come down, and wanted anything in his room, he would ring. I felt uneasy about him, and made my way up to his room. I found the old gentleman gasping for breath, and evidently in pain. He was unable to speak and seemed as if suffering from a paralytic seizure. I determined to go for Dr. Hopké, his medical man. As I passed through the house I looked into the study, and saw the Rector's pocket-book and spectacles lying on his table. It appeared that he had had some words with the housemaid, had dismissed her and paid her wages, and had then gone off to bed, never to get up again. I locked the study and placed the key on the ledge above the door. It was well I did this, for the pocket-book was afterwards found to contain over £130. When I reached the doctor's house and begged him to go to the Rector, he said, "Has he sent for me?" and expressed his extreme reluctance to go. It

was with the utmost pressure that I prevailed upon him. "Suppose that he were to be found dead in bed," I argued, "and you, having been summoned, should be convicted of having refused to come, what then?" The doctor felt that this was an uncomfortable view of the case, and consented to accompany me. "But you must hold me harmless," he said, with evident fear of his patient's displeasure. Indeed, so much did he dread Dr. Farington's anger that I had literally to push him into the room; and I could hardly be surprised at the doctor's reluctance to enter when I saw Dr. Farington's angry and impatient wave of the hand bid him go away. Happily, the doctor's medical instincts got the better of his timidity. He saw that Dr. Farington was very dangerously ill, and hastened at once to his assistance. He told me to send for the relatives. I knew of none but Admiral Farington; and to him I wrote, urging him to come immediately. Locomotion was not good in those days; but with as little delay as possible the Admiral arrived, accompanied by his eldest son. They did not go to the Rectory, but came to me; and I provided for their accommodation. "The fact is," said the Admiral, by way of explanation, "the doctor and I have not been good friends for the last few years. The last time he stayed with us in the Isle of Wight we had some lady friends calling one day, and the doctor went out to the carriage without his hat to see the ladies, and stood talking for some time. I took out his hat, fearing he might take cold, and put it on his head. This he looked upon as an insult, and so irritated was he that, unable to listen to explanation or apology from me, he packed up his things and went off that very day."

I went down to the Rectory to learn how the Rector was, and to bring back tidings. Old Sarah told me that her master had never called or rung, and I therefore felt it right to go up and see him. He took no notice of me, and had evidently lost consciousness. Fearing that the worst might happen I advised the two servants to bring down a bed, and to have a fire in the room adjoining their master's; and I then reported to Admiral Farington the very serious state of things. About six o'clock next morning a rap came to our door. It was the sexton, to say that Dr. Farington had died in the night, and was found dead in his bed. I roused the Admiral, and he went down to the Rectory, and soon afterwards sent for me. He informed me that there were two other nephews, who must be sent for. This I did; and the Admiral then said to me, "I

shall make you take possession of everything till the will is found." I told him I had already locked up the study, and I proceeded to lock every room, except the kitchen and the servants' bedroom. In two days the nephews arrived at the Rectory. Admiral Farington explained to them that he had made me take possession of everything till a will could be found. They expressed themselves ready to commence the search; and I handed them the keys and was about to retire when they all requested me to remain as a witness of what they did and of any discoveries they might make. In Dr. Farington's clothes there were found only one little key and a few shillings. He always sat in his study, at a little table near the fire. In the drawer of this table we found a knife and fork, a silver spoon, and a key. Round the study, and arranged in parallel lines throughout the room, with narrow passages leading to the fireplace, were bookcases with drawers beneath. The arrangement was like that of a college library, except that instead of the shelves of books being carried down to the floor, there were drawers which formed the lower part of each book-case. All the drawers were locked, and we consulted old Sarah as to where the keys could be. She told us that in one of the lumber-rooms upstairs there was a clothes-basket full of keys. These were with some difficulty brought down, and we began to try them; but so lengthy did this process threaten to be that we agreed to send for the blacksmith, who informed us that "the gentleman was very particular, and whenever he went away from home, he had new locks fitted on to all his drawers and cupboards. The keys in the basket were all old ones, and of no use at all. The proper keys were no doubt locked up somewhere." The nephews decided to lose no more time, and the blacksmith was told to use his tools and open all the drawers by force. As each drawer was opened, we found it full of the Rector's letters, which had accumulated through a long course of years, and all of which he had kept. We emptied drawer after drawer till at last we were up to our knees in letters. The bottom drawers were very heavy; they appeared to be crammed with manuscript sermons, and we left them open on the floor, walking over them with irreverent carelessness. At the end of the third day's search we had found nothing. We then came to the conclusion that without a doubt the will had been left where the plate-chest was. Alas! we could not find the plate-chest. Advertisements were then put into the papers offering a reward. We made enquiry at the Bank, but found that nothing had been

deposited there, and indeed for some time past Dr. Farington had kept no banking account. We sent for the police, and we had the boards of the floor taken up. The nephews knew that there must be very valuable plate; for an old lady had died, leaving him all her silver, and he had had besides much of his own. On the fourth day Admiral Farington found a pencil memorandum on the back of an old Admiralty letter with the date, "September 12th, 1812," "Form of a will." On opening it he found written in pencil on the back of the letter—"I, Robert Farington, give to my nephew, William Farington, all the property of which I shall be possessed at the time of my death, and hope that he will take care of his sister Mary." This was signed "Robert Farington," the surname having one *F* only—a style which the Doctor had more recently discarded, having adopted the spelling of Farington with double *F*. We therefore went to the registers of the church to see if we could find any similar signature about that time. We found that on the very date, September 12th, 1812, Dr. Farington had taken a wedding, and had signed the register with one *f* in his surname. Admiral Farington went into the kitchen and asked old Sarah for some milk, by pouring which over the pencil writing he rendered it indelible. He then showed it to the other two nephews, saying, "It is all mine up to this time;" and he told them they might search as much as they liked, for he was quite satisfied. We were now near the end of the week, and we had found nothing of the Doctor's money or plate beyond the £130 in the pocket-book. It was, however, time that we buried the old man, and we asked Sarah whether she had ever heard Dr. Farington express a wish as to his burial. She said she had once heard him say that his relatives were buried at Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, and that he should like to be buried there. Arrangements were accordingly made for the funeral; but the other two nephews, in disgust at finding themselves entirely dispossessed, would not remain to go down to Broxbourne. The Admiral told them that if anything further should be discovered he would let them know, and they returned to the North. I was asked to bury my old Rector; and I accompanied the Admiral and his son. Shortly afterwards the Admiral proved the will, Verrall and I swearing to the identity of the handwriting and to the authenticity of the signature; and he then took formal possession of the Rectory, and sent for his wife and younger son. One of the Rector's brothers had been a great artist, and among the pictures in the Rectory were many choice productions from his pencil. The Admiral himself

was no mean painter, and he was most anxious to make a good selection from the Rector's pictures, while he determined that all the rest which the house contained, with the exception of a few pieces of the best furniture, should be sold. On the evening of Mrs. Farington's arrival they invited me to dine; and as the Rector was supposed to have a first-rate cellar of wine, which he had brought from Brasenose, the Admiral gave the keys to his son William, and told him to bring a couple of bottles, one of port and one of sherry. The dinner was a very plain one—merely a roast leg of mutton. We had just commenced when the Admiral said to his son, "Glass of wine, William;" and the young man proceeded to draw the cork. Suddenly there was such a crash in the court-yard adjoining the library that every one present was startled and alarmed; and we went out to discover what had happened. We found that some old bottle-racks containing about fifty dozen empty bottles had all at once given way, and that the bottles had fallen with a tremendous force on the pavement of the courtyard, and were lying smashed in all directions. On learning the cause of the startling crash, the Admiral turned as white as a ghost, left the table, and did not again make his appearance during dinner. He explained afterwards that not being yet fully established as the owner of the property while there remained even the chance of finding another will, he looked upon the shock as a judgment for his presuming to open a bottle of wine which might belong to another.

Messrs. Longmans, the well-known booksellers and publishers, were appointed to pack up the books and to remove them to their saleroom. There were thousands of volumes. But an extraordinary discovery impeded the progress of the removal of the library. Mr. Edmund Farington was looking over a book of pictures when a five pound note fell from between the leaves. On turning the book over, another note of £10 was discovered. This led to the supposition that Dr. Farington had hid his money in his books; and accordingly orders were given that every book must be carefully examined and not taken away by Messrs. Longmans until a stamp had been put upon it to show that it had been searched. This examination of the books of the library yielded a large amount. Another discovery made at this time was equally satisfactory to Admiral Farington. The heavy drawers full of sermons were in the way of the men removing the books, and it was found necessary to empty them, and put them away. What was our

surprise on finding that the sermons merely covered and concealed the old gentleman's plate! The plate-chest, so carefully carried away from the rectory each time Dr. Farington had left home, was all a myth. The plate had been hidden for security under the old sermons; and the money, in dread of Lord John Russell's ruining the country, had been secreted in bank-notes between the leaves of the books!

There was a sale. Admiral Farington took away the best of the furniture and pictures, and all the rest went under the hammer. The Admiral made me a present of a book, which his uncle had greatly valued, and in which the following was written:—

"Woodvale,
"Sept., 1842.

"Mr. Quekett is requested to accept this as a memorial of the sense entertained by all of us of the warm and friendly aid he gave the author's seventh son, Robert—the late Rector of St. George's—for many years, when the advance and decline of life and bodily infirmity no longer permitted him to perform the sacred duties of his sacred station."

Thinking it a very poor present, I put it away amongst the rest of my books; and it was never observed again till being placed in my library at Warrington, when it was found to be a volume of sermons preached by Dr. Farington's father in Warrington Church, and published at Warrington by William Eyres in the year 1769. It seemed strange, indeed, that I should become a successor of my old Rector's father in the Rectory of Warrington, and that this book, unvalued by me when given, should form a link with a hundred years before in my new sphere of work.

The Large Numbers I Baptized in Two Days.

In June, 1837, an absurd rumour got abroad through the passing of the new Registration Acts that all baptisms which were not administered and registered before the end of the month would be charged at the rate of seven and sixpence, because of the attendance of the Registrar and Superintendent.

On June 28th—Wednesday—after Morning Prayers, the church began to fill with a number of people, and we were preparing to take the usual baptisms. But the rush and hubbub grew every moment, and Verrall, the clerk, said to the sexton, "Just go out and see what this uproar is." The cause was soon ascertained.

People were flocking in crowds to have their children baptized; and the noise and confusion were appalling. At a quarter before twelve the baptisms commenced. We could only take forty at a time, as this was the largest number the baptistry would hold. Usually the Parish Clerk stood on one side, and made an entry into what we called the "Rough Book," as the baptisms proceeded. The relays continued coming, until at last all were baptized. The Clerk and I then adjourned to the vestry for the registration of the names in the Parish Register. There we forbade the entrance of all but one person connected with each baptism, who could give the necessary particulars. But though this reduced the number very greatly, the bad behaviour and insubordination were such that we found it necessary to send for police. In due time we registered that day 153 baptisms. On Friday, June 30, the same scene occurred again, only with much larger numbers. We were, however, in a better position to deal with them, as we had made better plans and arrangements. As each forty baptisms were concluded, one of each party was sent at once to the vestry for the registration, and the rest were dismissed; so that instead of the increase of disorder and confusion there was a gradual clearance of the church. On this day 224 baptisms were actually registered. Thus in the two days, 377 baptisms were registered, each party paying a fee of one shilling. The real number of baptisms was, however, greatly in excess of this, for when the "Rough Book" was added up it was found that there were from fifty to sixty baptisms of which the sponsors did not put in an appearance for registration. It may, therefore, be concluded that from four to five hundred children were baptized in the two days.

Wishing to obtain a correct statement of these baptisms, I wrote to the present Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, and received from him the following letter :—

Rectory,
St. George's-in-the-East, E.,
January 29, 1876.

My Dear Sir,

I have found not only the regular entries, but the "Rough Book." On June 28, 1837, there

Were baptized.....153
And on June 30.....224

Total 377

But I have not laid hands on the book which contains memoranda.

There were two or three cupboards or drawers in the vestry which the sexton said he had never known to be open.

Having no keys, and failing to get the locks picked, they were forced yesterday, but we got nothing beyond heaps of old bread, &c., tickets and marriage licenses.

If I come across the memorandum book you refer to I will let you know.

I hope you will visit us when you come to London, and preach at the Parish Church. Your memory is very sweet here, I can assure you.

Yours very faithfully,
HARRY JONES.

P.S.—Please do not fix on the morning of April the 30th, or June 18th, on which days to preach here. But I sincerely hope that your old friends and those who have learned to respect your name and work will see you in our pulpit, and that Mrs. Jones and myself may have the pleasure of welcoming you at the Rectory.

How I became Incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East.

I had built Christ Church, and had been presented to it; but as it had no endowment I had not felt that I ought to give up the certainty of my curacy and lectureship for it as an uncertainty; and Brasenose College would do nothing towards an endowment. The Bishop of London had twice urged me to take it, but on each occasion I had firmly declined. At length he wrote to me the third time, and I went to see his lordship about it at London House. He begged me to make a trial of it, and kindly said that he felt assured that the pew rents of Christ Church would far exceed my present income, as people would be sure to follow me up there from St. George's. I suggested to the bishop a plan by which Christ Church might for the present be worked, which was that I should have a good curate working with me, and that he and I should divide the services between us, I taking the morning and afternoon at St. George's, and he the evening; and he taking the morning at Christ Church and I the evening. The plan seemed to please the bishop, especially as I felt sure the rents of pews and the fees at

A STATISTICAL RETURN OF THE DISTRICT OF CHRIST CHURCH, IN THE PARISH OF SAINT GEORGE IN THE EAST, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

MADE BY THE REV. W. QUEKETT, M.A., INCUMBENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, A.D. 1847.

The District comprises the North-Eastern portion of the parish, and is bounded on the West by Cannon Street Road, including the houses on the East side thereof; on the North by the boundary of the parish, running down the Commercial Road and the Hamlet of Mile End, Old Town; on the East by Vinegar Lane and the Hamlet of Ratcliff; and on the South by St. George's Place, the New Road, Sun Tavern Fields, in the Parish of St. Paul, Shadwell; including the houses on the North Side of St. George's Place and the New Road.

NAMES OF 77 STREETS AND COURTS.	Number of Houses in each Street or Court.	Average Number of Families in each House.	Number of Rooms in each House.	Number of Rooms in each Street.	Number of Poor Families in each Street.	Average Value of Rental per Annum.	Annual Rental of each Street, as Taken from Collector's Book.	Average Size of the Rooms in each Street. Height.	Length.	Width.	Average Rental of each Room per Week.	Number of Shops in each Street.	Number of Public Houses.	Number of Beer Shops.	DRAINAGE, SEWERAGE, AND WATER.	REMARKS ON EACH STREET.
						£ s.	£	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	s. d.					
Albion Place	16	1	2	32	16	3 0	48	7 6	10 0	9 4	1 6				Bad Sewerage	Inhabited chiefly by Costermongers, and Labourers in the Docks, and Slop Workers.
Ann Street	44	4	4	176	176	6 10	286	7 3	9 4	8 7	1 9	4			Indifferent	All Labourers and Sailors.
Anthony Street	48	3	4	192	144	6 10	312	6 11	9 10	8 9	1 10	12		2	Bad	Little Tradesmen, Labouring Men, and Lodging Houses.
Buross Street	47	3	4 to 6	230	141	10 0	470	7 2	10 0	9 7	2 0	1			Good	Chiefly persons employed in the Docks and on the River.
Barnet Street	8	2	4	32	16	4 10	36	7 5	10 2	9 10	1 9				Good	All very poor.
Browning's Court	4	4	4	16	16	3 3	12 12	6 5	8 7	8 4	1 6				Very Bad	All very poor.
Cannon Street Road (East Side)	60	2	6 to 8	420	...	20 0	1200	8 6	10 9	10 0		32		1	Very Good	The principal street in the district.
Catherine Street and Court	68	3	4 to 6	340	150	10 0	696	9 0	7 6	8 6	2 0	6			Middling	Lodging Houses, Tradesmen, Labourers, & Warehousemen.
Chapel Street	65	3	4	260	195	6 15	427	7 6	10 9	10 0	1 10	7	2		Middling	Very poor, and badly off.
Charles Street	44	4	4 to 6	220	176	11 12	511	7 8	10 0	9 5	1 10	33	1	2	Middling	Contains a few decent people, but the most are poor, & Sailors.
Church Road	62	2	4 to 6	310	124	8 12	536	8 0	9 7	8 10	1 10	27	2	2	Very Bad	Little Tradesmen, and Lodging Houses.
Crown Court	7	4	4	28	28	3 0	21	7 6	9 6	9 4	1 3				Very Bad	Very poor.
Chapman Place	11	2	4	44	22	5 10	60	7 3	9 3	8 4	1 10				Bad	Occupied by labouring Men.
Chapman Street (Lower)	89	3	4 to 6	356	267	10 0	890	7 4	9 10	8 9	1 9	17	1		Good	Lodging Houses, & Men connected with the Docks & River.
Chapman Street (Upper)	86	3	4	344	258	6 10	566	7 6	10 0	9 5	1 9	8	1	1	Bad	A few private Houses, others occupied by Labourers and their families.
Coburg Court	4	3	4	16	12	3 0	12	6 6	7 9	8 0	1 3				Bad	A wretched place.
Commercial Road (South Side)	93	2	8	744	...	25 10	2374	8 1	11 3	12 2		47	1	3	Bad Drainage; lower rooms under water after violent storms	The most respectable part of the District, but many Lodging Houses for Captains of Ships.
From Cannon Street Road to Lucas St.																
Cornwall Street (Upper)	61	3	4 to 6	300	183	6 0	366	8 6	10 0	9 0	1 9	4	1		Bad	Mostly Sailors and Dock Labourers.
Cornwall Street (Lower)	67	3	4	268	201	6 0	402	8 6	10 0	9 0	1 9	4		1	Bad	Abundance of poor persons renting single rooms.
Cross Street	29	2	4	116	58	7 0	203	6 11	9 9	8 5	1 9	17		2	Bad	A few little Shops, Lodging Houses, and Labourers.
Cross Court	6	4	4	24	24	3 0	18	7 0	8 6	8 6	1 6				Bad	All poor.
Dean Street	24	2	6	144	48	15 0	360	7 5	8 6	7 7	3 6	3	1	1	Good	Clerks in the Docks, and Warehousemen in the City.
Devonshire Street	60	4	4	240	240	4 0	240	8 0	8 4	8 2	1 9	3			Good	In this Street, and Star Street which adjoins, there are living in 123 Houses, 1,476 persons, including 300 children, and half of them are without shoes and stockings.
Duke Street	38	4	4	140	140	6 0	228	7 3	9 0	8 7	1 9	8	1	1	Good	Coal Whippers, Costermongers, and Dock Labourers.
Fenton Street	29	3	5 to 6	150	87	8 0	232	8 2	10 0	9 6	2 0	1	1		Good	Chiefly Lodging Houses.
Fenton Street (Lower)	13	2	4	52	26	6 0	78	7 6	9 7	7 10	1 10	2	1		Good	The same, and Sailors and their families.
Friendly Place	5	1	2	10	5	3 0	15	7 2	8 11	8 8	1 3				Good	Very poor.
Hungerford Street	41	4	4	164	164	5 0	205	7 2	9 1	8 9	1 9				No Drainage; always Fever	Misery and vice in every part.
Jane Street and Court	74	3	6	444	222	8 0	592	8 6	10 0	9 3	2 3	8	1		Good	Porters, Journeymen, and Mates of Ships.
John Street, Charles Street	76	3	4	304	228	6 0	456	8 6	9 9	9 4	1 10	6			Bad	All poor, depending on daily labour. [reside.
John Street (Lower)	33	2	6	198	...	14 0	462	7 8	8 7	7 9	3 6	1			Good	In this street many Clerks from the City, and Warehousemen
John Street (Upper)	25	2	6	150	...	14 0	360	7 6	8 7	7 9	3 6	1			Bad	The same; but many Lodgings for Mates & Captains of Ships.
Johnson Street, Sun Tavern Fields	68	2	4	272	136	8 10	582	7 0	9 3	8 7	2 0	3	1		Bad	Very poor neighbourhood, all Labourers.
Joseph Street, Sun Tavern Fields	38	2	4	152	76	7 0	266	7 3	9 9	8 6	1 9	1			Bad	The same.
John Street, Sun Tavern Fields	13	3	4 to 6	61	39	7 0	91	8 0	10 0	9 6	2 0				Bad	Labouring people, depending on the river and shipping.
Joseph Street, Cannon Street Road	16	4	4	24	24	5 0	80	6 10	9 6	8 11	1 9	3			Good	All very poor.
Kinder Street	46	2	4	184	92	5 0	230	7 0	10 0	9 3	1 9	1			Good	Porters, Sailors, and Dock Labourers.
King David Fort	16	3	4 to 6	80	48	7 0	112	7 6	9 11	8 7	2 0	4			Good	Tradesmen's Servants, Sailors, and Sugar House Labourers.
Jones Row	6	2	2	12	12	3 0	18	8 0	9 10	9 5	1 8				Bad	All poor Labourers.
King's Arms Gardens	38	2	3 to 4	133	76	3 0	114	7 0	10 0	9 8	1 3		1		Very Bad; always Fever	A wretched place, miserable huts and destitute inmates.
Little Ann Street	8	4	4	32	32	4 0	32	7 6	9 11	8 7	1 9	1			Bad	Labourers, Sailors, and their families.
Little Turner Street	29	4	4 to 6	140	116	5 0	145	7 8	9 2	8 3	1 9	2	1		Good	All deriving a livelihood from daily labour.
Lucas Street	113	2	6	678	...	16 0	1803	8 2	12 3	9 10	3 0		1	1	Indifferent	The chief abode of Dissenters, Mates and Captains of Ships. Begged this street once from door to door and got 18s. 6d.
Martha Street	82	3	4	328	246	6 0	492	7 6	9 7	9 5	1 10	4	1		Middling	A poor population, all depending on labour.
Mary Street and Place	30	4	4	120	120	4 0	120	7 3	8 4	8 2	1 10	2			Bad	Mostly the abode of Sailors and their families.
Mercers Place	6	2	2 to 3	15	12	4 0	24	8 0	10 0	9 10	1 6				Bad	Labourers depending on Gas Works.
New Road (North Side)	79	3	4 to 6	156	79	9 0	711	8 1	10 8	9 5	2 3	34		1	Indifferent	A few good Tradesmen; mostly very indifferent.
Philip Street and Kirby Place	49	3	4	198	147	9 5	455	7 7	9 8	8 4	1 9	1		1	Good	Labourers with very large families.
Richard Street	71	3	4 to 6	350	142	9 0	639	8 6	10 0	9 10	2 6	5		1	Indifferent	Better kind of Sailors, and men employed in Warehouses.
St George's Place	20	2	8	160	...	15 0	300	8 10	8 7	7 4	3 0				Good	A few respectable persons and Lodging Houses.
Salter Street	10	3	4	40	30	4 0	40	7 10	10 0	8 11	1 9	1			Bad	Very indifferent inmates.
Smith's Place	10	3	4	40	30	4 0	40	6 8	9 8	8 10	1 6				Bad	All very poor.
Short Street	3	2	4	12	6	7 0	21	8 0	10 0	9 10	1 10				Bad	Labourers employed by Gas Company.
Spencer Street	81	3	4	324	243	7 10	435	7 2	8 11	8 4	1 10	3			Bad	Mostly Sailors, Labourers, and Sugar Refiners.
Sun Court	21	1½	2	42	31	4 0	84	6 10	9 10	8 4	1 4	1			Bad, little water	Coal Whippers and low Irish.
Sun Tavern Fields	33	3	4 to 5	144	99	12 0	396	7 3	10 0	9 11	1 9				Bad Sewer	A wretched neighbourhood.
Ditto Gurney Place	5	2	4	20	10	4 0	20	7 5	9 10	8 10	1 10				Bad	Decent labourers.
Ship Place	3	2	2	6	6	4 0	12	6 9	9 9	8 7	1 6				Bad	Dock labourers and their families.
Star Street	63	4	4	252	252	5 0	315	8 5	9 6	9 6	1 9	4			Good	Densely inhabited by the poor of the lowest order; a large family in every room.
Star Court	8	2	4	32	16	4 0	32	7 0	9 0	8 6	1 4				Good	Irish Labourers and Dockmen.
Sutton Street	29	2	4 to 6	130	58	15 0	435	7 9	8 9	7 11	4 0	2			Indifferent	A few respectacle inhabitants and Lodging Houses.
Tarling Street	39	3	4	356	267	7 10	445	7 10	9 5	9 5	1 10	8		1	Bad	All Labourers, and Sailors, and their families.
Union Street and Union Passage	24	3	4	96	72	4 0	96	8 0	10 2	9 3	1 8	4		1	Good	Hawkers of Vegetables, Fishmongers, and Costermongers.
Upper John Street	21	3	6	126	63	4 0	84	7 6	9 10	9 4	1 10				Good	Very poor, chiefly Dock Labourers.
Vinegar Lane	42	4	4	168	168	4 0	168	8 4	9 7	8 6	1 9	2	1		Very Bad	Till lately the most disgraceful part of the district.
Otherwise Hardinge Street.																
Virginia Court	3	3	4	12	9	3 0	9	6 7	9 4	8 5	1 6				Middling	All very poor.
Walburgh Street	42	3	4 to 6	220	126	5 10	240	8 1	9 9	9 5	2 0	4			No Sewer	Mostly occupied by people engaged in Slop work.
Watney Street	45	2	6	270	...	12 0	540	8 6	14 0	10 0		2	1		Good	Inhabited by persons of small Income, with a few respectable inhabitants, retired Tradesmen.
White's Gardens	6	2	4	24	12	3 0	18	8 2	9 6	9 6	1 9				Bad	All Labouring people.
White Horse Place	12	4	4 to 6	60	48	3 0	36	7 10	10 0	9 7	1 10				Bad	Sailors, Watermen, and Lodging Houses.
York Place	6	3	4	24	18	4 0	24	7 4	9 11	8 6	1 9				Good	Poor, but decent Labourers.
	2618			11935	6328		22378					344	21	22		

THE VARIOUS TRADES OF THE DISTRICT.	
Bakers	17
Bird Fanciers	2
Blacksmiths	4
Booksellers and Newsvendors	4
Bonnet Makers	7
Brokers	14
Bricklayers and Masons	3
Boot and Shoe Makers	19
Butchers	15
Builder	1
Carpenters	5
Chandler's shops	25
Chemists and Druggists	3
Cheesemongers	14
Clothiers and Outfitters	2
Clog and Chair Makers	2
Coach Builder	1
Comb Maker	1
Coffee Shops	2
Confectioners	4
Copper Smiths	2
Cook Shops	2
Coopers	2
Drapers	4
Dyer	1
Earthenware Shop	1
Fishmongers	2
Gas Fitter	1
Ginger Beer Shops	3
Green Grocers	36
Grocers	25
Haberdashers	5
Hair Dressers	9
Mathematical Instrument Maker	1
Milk Shops	9
Oilmen	8
Painters and Glaziers	5
Paper Hangers	2
Pawnbroker	1
Picture Frame Maker	1
Printers	2
Rag Merchants	4
Rope Maker	1
Saw Maker	1
Stationers	4
Stay and Dress Maker	1
Surgeons and Apothecaries	7
Tailors	6
Tallow Chandler	1
Timber Merchant	1
Tinmen	8
Tobacconists	9
Toy Shops	10
Trimming Sellers	10
Turners	2
Umbrella Maker	1
Undertakers	5
Upholsterers	2
Watch Maker	1
Wheelwright	1
Wood and Coal Sheds	6

TOTAL.	
Area of District 63 Acres	
Streets and Courts	77
Population of District	17,124
(15,502 are poor.)	
Houses—Total	2,618
(Which may be thus classed,)	
Shops of every degree	344
Public Houses	21
Beer Shops	22
Respectable Houses	164
Poor People's Houses	1,802
Middling Houses	246
Uninhabited Houses	19
Annual Rental	£22,378
Average Rated Value of each House	£8 10s.

:o:

CHURCHES.

One.

CHRIST CHURCH.

Accommodation 1,600
Free 700

Built in the Year 1841.

Clergymen—Two.
Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., Incumbent; and Curate.
Scripture Readers—Two.
District Visitors—Fourteen.

:o:

SCHOOLS.

Built by the Rev. W. Quekett. Containing 550 Children. Built, 1842.

National—Boys, Master and Assistant.
National—Girls, Mistress and Assistant.
Infant School, Mistress.
Sunday School, 25 Teachers.

:o:

Societies and Clubs.

Instituted, 1842.

Pence Savings Bank, 2,000 Members.
Dorcasian Society.
Blanket & Rug Loan Society.
Lending Library for the District.
Reading Room & Library for the Labouring Classes.

Trinity Chapel.

Accommodation 700
Children 50

Dissenting Places of Worship,

And SCHOOLS within the District.

Beulah (Baptist) Chapel.
Accommodation for 600 persons. Children, 150.

Ranters' Meeting House,
Sutton Street.
Accommodation for 120 persons. Children, 100.

Christian Methodist Meeting House,
Church Road.
Accommodation for 50 persons. Children, 30.

Methodist New Connexion.
Watney Street.
Accommodation for 50 persons. Children, 30.

Roman Catholic Schools.
Now Building—March, 1847.

Births and Deaths
In the District,
In the Year ending March, 1847.

BIRTHS.		DEATHS.	
Males	352	Males	216
Females	351	Females	235
	703		451

Average Age of each person at the time of Death being 37 years.

Ratepayers in the District, 1,125.

Number qualified to Vote for the Election of Guardians, 1847, 929.

☞ It is proposed to provide additional Church Accommodation for this District, by the erection of another Church capable of containing 1,000 persons; and likewise three additional Schools, for 200 Boys, 200 Girls, and 200 Infants: and as the District is unable to provide the necessary funds (as will be perceived from the above Statistical return), the abundance of other Parishes may here be advantageously applied. Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received.—Address, Rev. W. QUEKETT, M.A., 51, Wellclose Square, St, George in the East, London.

Christ Church would give to my helper at least £120 per annum. His lordship promised to help me to find a suitable curate, and I left him rejoiced to have found at last some solution of this Christ Church difficulty. As I passed through the ante-room I found some twenty clergymen waiting for audiences. On arriving at home I was told there was a gentleman waiting for me. I went into the room and found a young clergyman whom I had seen at the bishop's. He had been sent by his lordship to see me immediately, as being a man likely to suit. For some time he had been out at the Cape, but had been obliged to give up his work there, owing to the persecution of the Boers. I asked him to help on the following Sunday, and we then entered into an engagement. All this took place before Dr. Farington's death ; and the whole of the arrangements were working very smoothly when in July Dr. Farington died. The question then arose as to who was to have the living of St. George's. I wrote announcing the Rector's death to the Bursar of Brasenose, and I received from him a very polite letter asking me to go on as we were, for that until October Oxford was empty, and there could be no election. When October came, the Senior Fellow declined the living, and it was offered to all the others in rotation, so that the time went on until within three weeks of the presentation lapsing to the bishop. But just in time to save the presentation, the College appointed the Rev. Henry Burgess Whittaker Churton, one of the Junior Fellows, and I inducted him into the living. Mr. Churton was at that time a candidate for the preachership at the Charterhouse, and had it not been for the pressure put upon him by the College, who did not wish to give the bishop a chance of presentation, he would have refused the living. On Mr. Churton's reading himself in I turned over to him £300, the amount of the fees at St. George's for the six months. All he gave me in return was the empty cash box! In three or four weeks more he was appointed to the Charterhouse, and resigned St. George's. And then began the same round of things over again. Each Fellow in turn refused the living till it came to the turn of Bryan King. I inducted Bryan King, who said to me, "You must carry on the living, I am going to be married, and shall be for some months away on the Continent." I therefore went on with Mr. Saunders, my assistant curate, for nearly twelve months, and then Bryan King came back. I was soon formally inducted into my living of Christ Church, where I worked till appointed to Warrington in 1854.

Baths and Wash-houses for the Poor.

I felt from the first coming to London the need of establishing proper bathing accommodation for the working people. In their own homes there was little convenience, and it was most important, for sanitary reasons, as well as for their personal comfort, that they should not neglect the necessary duty of bathing. Moreover, much discomfort was caused in the homes of the working people by the washing having to be done with cramped accommodation, and in the midst of large families of children; and the cost of the washing was much in excess of what it needed to be if a large and properly-fitted establishment could be erected for the use of numbers of women washing at one time. A poor woman's washing at home occupies parts of three days; in an establishment such as I contemplated it could all be done in half a day.

I took an active part in getting the Act passed by which the ratepayers of any district might borrow upon the security of the rates sufficient sums to establish public baths and wash-houses for the labouring people. Mr. William Cotton, director of the Bank of England, took the leading part in this matter.

Very shortly after the passing of the Act, I issued the following circular to the people of St. George's-in-the-East; the result of which was ultimately the building of baths and wash-houses near that parish. The example was followed by every vestry in the Metropolis; and there are now few provincial towns which are not supplied with proper bathing and washing accommodation for their working people.

"ST. GEORGE-IN-THE-EAST.

"BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

"To the Inhabitants of the Parish.

"I beg to call your attention to the Act of Parliament lately passed, for enabling parishes to establish baths and wash-houses for the use of the labouring poor and other classes.

"The Government are authorised to advance the money at 4 per cent. interest, and to extend the loan over a period of twenty years.

"The management to be invested in commissioners, chosen by the vestry from the ratepayers of the parish.

"The first cheap baths and wash-houses for the poor were established at Liverpool by the Corporation, in the year 1842;

there are 18 baths and 28 washtubs, which now yield a profit over the working expenses of about 3½ per cent. on the outlay of £2,300. The receipts were last year £450; the working expenses £370; profit £80. And others are now in the course of erection.

"That the poor in London will take advantage of these places is sufficiently evidenced by the small establishment at Glass House Yard, near the entrance of the London Docks, where, in its first year, it was used by 27,662 bathers, 35,480 washers, and 4,522 ironers, and the working expenses less than 1½d. for each person. At George Street, Euston Square, is another establishment, opened August 3rd, 1846; it contains 60 washing tubs and 40 baths; from that day to September 27th there have been 25,357 bathers and 2,132 washers and ironers; the receipts to the present time are ample; and the number of applicants daily increasing.

"There is every reason to believe that baths and wash-houses, established under the Act, with proper management, will not only afford great benefit, tending to promote the social, moral, and religious improvement of the inhabitants of populous districts, but will, in a few years, yield a surplus to go in aid of the rates.

"Extract from the circular, issued by the Committee for providing baths and wash-houses for the labouring classes, in Goulstone Square, Whitechapel:—

"'There are very few labouring men in London who can get for themselves, or their wives and children, a thorough good wash, in warm, or even in cold water, without a great deal of trouble. There are very few of them who are not obliged to have their clothes washed, and dried, and ironed in their own rooms.

"'The baths and wash-houses are meant to help them in keeping themselves and their families *cleaner and more comfortable* than they now can be. Some large buildings are to be fitted up for this purpose. There are to be *separate entrances* to the men's and women's baths, and to the wash-houses, which will be under one roof.

"'The baths are to be *very cheap*. In one building there are to be many small rooms, each of them large enough for a person to undress, and bathe, and dress in. Each of these rooms is to have in it a bath, a seat, and a looking glass. The bath is to be 6 feet long, and about 2 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. This bath is to be filled with either hot or cold water as the bather pleases. The lowest price is to be *one penny* if the water is cold, and *twopence* if it is hot. Every bather is to have about 80 gallons of clean

water. As soon as the water has been used, it is to be run off into a drain, so that *the same water cannot be used twice.* There are to be some larger baths, where a woman may wash all her children under ten years old, and she will only have to pay one penny or twopence, as if she bathed by herself. There are to be shower baths and vapour baths, likewise very cheap. There are to be some sixpenny baths also. The difference between the two sorts is to be in the fitting up of the rooms. The bath itself is to be the same in each case. A clean towel is to be found for *every bather.*

"'The good of these baths will be *very great.* A clean skin is not only very pleasant, but helps to keep people in good health. When people who work hard get a thorough good wash all over, the comfort of it is *very great indeed.* They are set up again for their work in a way that *surprises them* if they have not been used to it. The Bishop of London said, at the public meeting at the Mansion House, last October, that when he went to see about the baths and wash-house at Liverpool he heard of a labouring man who said, when he came out of a warm bath one Saturday night, "*Why, I feel as if I could do another week's work, now I have been in the bath.*"

"'There are many diseases which are brought on by having a dirty skin, but which are put down to other causes. A good wash every now and then does better than physic, for it helps to stop sickness; and everybody knows that "*prevention is better than cure.*" A comfortable warm bath will not cost more than a pint of porter.

"'The charges at the wash-houses are also to be *very small.* There are to be a couple of tubs for every woman who may wish to wash her family's clothes and other things there. She will first wash her things in one tub. Then they will be boiled, by means of steam, in the other tub. Then she will rinse them out in cold water, in the first tub. She is to have about 100 gallons of water for all this, which is a *very* handsome allowance. Her tubs are to be close together; and there is to be a wooden partition on each side of her, *so as to keep her comfortable to herself, and prevent her neighbours overlooking her.* When she has washed all her things, she may either take them home, or she may take them into another room, and put them on a clothes horse, which is all to herself, *so that her things cannot get mixed with any other woman's things.* The horse will then be pushed into a hot closet, through which there is to be a draught of hot air. In *about half an hour* all her things will be

well dried and aired. Then the clothes horse will be pulled out, and she will take her things off it. She may then iron them at the ironing tables, which are to be provided with blankets and hot irons. Any woman who can wash at home, but cannot do her drying and ironing there, may bring her things to be dried and ironed at the wash-house; but she will be charged the same as if she used the tubs also.

"'For all this, she will only have to pay *one penny*, if she does not stay more than one hour at the tubs, and two hours more at the drying closet and in the ironing room. If she stays two hours at the tubs, and three hours more in the drying closet and in the ironing room, she will have to pay *threepence*. If she stays longer she will have to pay more. She will have to pay just the same whether she uses the drying closet and ironing room or not; because she will have to pay according to the time she uses the tubs. No objection will be made to two women agreeing to do each other's washing. They may take turns for one to wash for both, while the other minds all the children at home.

"'The comforts of these wash-houses will be very great. There will be no need for any labouring woman, who can go to the wash-houses, to wash, or dry, or iron her family's things at home. If she is *quick at her work*, and does *not waste her time*, she may, by paying *one penny* or *twopence*, save herself *all* the trouble of fetching water for washing, and of boiling it, and of carrying it away; and *all* the mess of washing and drying in her room; and *all* the expense of water, and coals, and irons. Besides this, her family will be saved *all* the trouble and unhealthiness of a damp room; and she will be able to keep her room *much more comfortable*, and *much wholesomer*, than she can at present. She will have to find her own soap, &c. There are to be no mangles at the wash-houses, because many industrious persons make their living by keeping mangles.

"'With the baths and wash-houses together, labouring men and their families may keep themselves much cleaner and more comfortable than they now can be, and *for less money than their washing at home now costs them.* The plan has been tried with *great success* at Liverpool. They will save in time, and money and labour, and trouble; and it is hoped that they will find the truth of the old proverb, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."'

"In order to take the matter into consideration, for the establishment of baths and wash-houses for this parish, a requisition

pursuant to the Act was signed by 102 respectable inhabitants and sent to the churchwardens.

"The churchwardens having fixed Thursday, the 8th of October next, 1846, at six o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of the meeting, I cannot but hope that every ratepayer, who values such a boon to his poorer neighbours, will come forward and give his vote, if he really wish to effect any great improvement in their moral and physical condition; when he considers that 30,000 out of 42,000 are poor, it should be no subject of expense that should keep him away; suppose the sum required be three or four thousand pounds, and to bring no profit, it would only add one half of a farthing to a rate, or one halfpenny once a year to his rental, for a limited period; and this little sum be eventually the means of giving two hundred thousand annual benefits to the poor of the parish—be the means of reducing pauperism—adding many domestic comforts to thousands of homes—and, finally, I believe, bringing an annual profit, and a reduction of the rates.

"Believe me to remain, with every good wish, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM QUEKETT,

"Incumbent of Christ Church, Saint George's-in-the-East."

A Day's Grayling Fishing.

I was staying at Lady Wenlock's at Camwell Park, near Tamworth, with the Honourable James Stuart Wortley and Mrs. Stuart Wortley. We had many rides in the locality, as Mrs. Stuart Wortley was a first-rate horse-woman.

Hearing there were grayling to be caught in the waters of the estate, I had a day's fishing, and caught a large number of this beautiful fish, so much admired by Izaak Walton. Grayling belongs to the family of the *salmonidæ;* and is now hatched in the same manner as salmon artificially at the Dumfries fishing hatcheries, where the young fish, one year old, are sold at £5 per thousand. This artificial hatching is most advantageous to gentlemen wishing to stock their ponds and streams.

The Hair of Three Remarkable Men.

From Camwell Park I went on to Amington Hall, near Tamworth, to stay with Mrs. Sidney Herbert's relatives. The two houses are not very far distant.

I always travelled with my microscope; and at Amington Hall

we spent an evening in looking at some of the objects I had brought. Amongst other things I exhibited some hairs of the Duke of Wellington, and some of Napoleon Bonaparte. The company being much interested in these, Mrs. Acourt said that she could help me to the hair of another great man. Lord Nelson had been her godfather, and he had given her as a present a brooch containing a lock of his own hair. She sent her maid up to her room, and got the brooch, which opened at the back; and from it she took a few hairs, which I at once placed under the microscope. Lord Nelson wore powder; and we could distinctly see the little granules of the powder adhering to the hairs. The hair of Lord Nelson was added to the hair of Wellington and Bonaparte amongst my curiosities; and thus I came to possess as specimens the hair of three of the most distinguished warriors that the world has ever known.

Appointment to the Living of Warrington.

I went out one day to visit a man in the workhouse who had been a regular attendant at my church. He had failed in health, and become so poor that he had been obliged to seek a home in the workhouse, and he was now so seriously ill that he was thought to be in a dying state, and wished particularly to see me. It was about the middle of the day when I received the message, and notwithstanding the wind and rain, which were very violent, I went off to see him. In order to avoid the storm I made my way through numbers of back streets, and at length, as the rain poured down with greater violence, I took refuge under an archway. I had not been there long when a gentleman ran in also for shelter. He was worse prepared for the inclement weather than I was, for he had neither overcoat nor umbrella. I could not forbear making the remark to him, as I saw him wipe his dripping garments, "You have come out on rather a rough day, sir, without coat or umbrella."

"I have, indeed; and that is not the worst of it, for I have come on a fool's errand. I have been sent to find a clergyman and deliver to him a letter directed to St. George's-in-the-East; and they tell me he doesn't live here now, nor could they tell me which way to get to him, except that I should come through some of these back streets."

I replied that I knew all the principal people and clergy about the neighbourhood, and asked if he would tell me the clergyman's name.

He showed me a letter addressed to "The Reverend William Quekett, St. George's-in-the-East."

"I am that individual," I replied.

He then told me the letter was from Lord Aberdeen, who must have an answer at once, as his Lordship was sent for by the Queen, and was to leave London by the three o'clock train.

I told the messenger that I must ask him to accompany me to my house, where I could write a reply to Lord Aberdeen; and we walked back through the rain. Leaving him by the drawing-room fire, I went into my study and read the following letter:—

Downing Street, June 16th, 1854.

DEAR SIR,

Having had the means of ascertaining the nature and extent of the duties in which you are engaged, I wish to express the sense I entertain of your highly meritorious exertions. With this view, as the living of Warrington has become vacant by the appointment of Mr. Powys to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, I shall be very happy to recommend you to the Crown as his successor.

I have the honour to be,
Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
ABERDEEN.

Revd. W. Quekett.

I wrote a short note to the Prime Minister, saying that I would call next day at the Foreign Office, and as the messenger had only a very few minutes to spare, I sent for a cab to take him back to Downing Street.

I afterwards learned that the Lilford family, to whom the advowson of the Rectory of Warrington belonged, had much desired that this living should be kept in the family, and that Lord Aberdeen should present to any other of their livings instead of Warrington. To this arrangement Lord Aberdeen would not consent. The Queen was then applied to by Lord Lilford, who hoped to influence Her Majesty in favour of his plan. This led to the Queen's sending for Lord Aberdeen, who, conjecturing what might be the purport of the summons to Windsor, despatched a messenger to me from Downing Street in haste. What he had conjectured he found to be true at his audience with the Queen. She referred to the Rectory of Warrington; and when Lord Aberdeen told Her Majesty that it was given away, she replied, "That settles it."

Presented to the Queen.

On my being appointed to the living at Warrington on the presentation of the Crown, I was requested to attend the first levée at St. James's Palace to "kiss hands." I was dressed in full robes, cassock, gown, hood, black silk stockings, low shoes and silver buckles. My name was sent in, and in due time the lord-in waiting read out my name, "The Reverend William Quekett, rector of Warrington," and added, "To kiss hands." So I went up, knelt down, received the Queen's little hand upon my own, kissed it, and afterwards backed out with such dignity and expedition as a cassock and gown would allow. At the same levée a son of Lord Aberdeen also "kissed hands," he having had also a living given to him by the Crown.

Letter from the Bishop of Carlisle.

The Bishop of Carlisle, whom I frequently met while in London, evidently retained a kindly remembrance of my work there, as is proved by the following letter, which I received from him unexpectedly a few years ago.

"Rose Castle, Carlisle,
February 2nd, 1876.

DEAR MR. QUEKETT,

The Rev. Albert Warren has referred me to you as one who knows him and his work. I want a clergyman for Barrow Island.

* * * * * * * * * *

I am much pleased to be brought thus into correspondence with you. I trust you are well, though I should suppose scarcely capable of the colossal efforts of which you were guilty in older days when I used to meet you at St. George's-in-the-East.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
H. CARLISLE.

Extracts from "An East End Chronicle."

By the Rev. R. H. Hadden, B.A., Curate of St. George's-in-the-East. (Published by Hatchards, Piccadilly, 1880.)

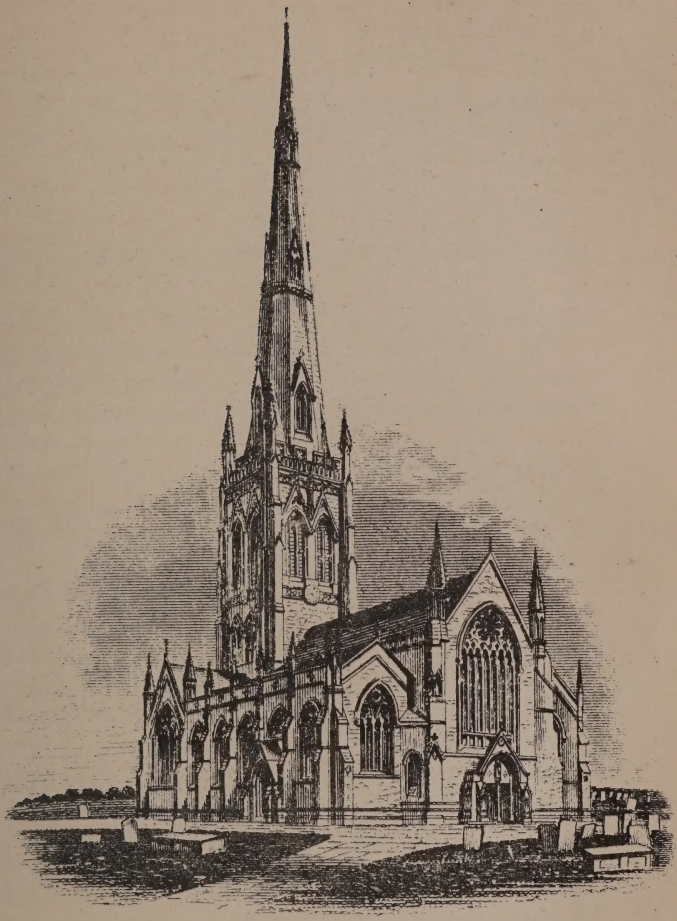
"Sixty years ago St. George's was at the zenith of its prosperity. It was not then, as now it may fairly be called, an almost entirely poor parish. The London Docks had it all their own way, and a large proportion of the imports which came to the Thames was discharged within their boundaries. Many wealthy merchants and traders resided in the parish; and on Sunday morning one might have seen a line of carriages drawn up outside the church gates, waiting to take their owners home from service. Houses, each of which now gives a dwelling to three or four separate families, were then the town residences of the parochial merchant princes, Well-close Square being pre-eminently the most fashionable quarter, as containing the house of the Danish Ambassador.

* * * *

"I have now reached within a few years of the end of the minute books of the old government of the parish. Almost the last record of the parish vestry announces that the Rev. William Quekett, the lecturer of the Parish Church, had, 'to the deep regret of the parish, resigned the office which he had held for twenty years.' Mr. Quekett was, on the presentation of the Prime Minister of the day, Lord Aberdeen, appointed to the Rectory of Warrington, in Lancashire, a position which he still holds.

* * * *

"The office of lecturer is one which two centuries ago was considered to be a necessity for most London parish churches. It had its origin in a time when preaching was very prominently a feature of the religious life of the Church of England. The lecturer was generally elected by the parishioners, and, as in the case of St. George's, remunerated by their voluntary gifts."



WARRINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

MY LIFE AT WARRINGTON.

Preliminary Arrangements for Coming to Warrington.

Immediately after my appointment to Warrington, the following paragraphs appeared in the *Warrington Guardian* :—

"The Rector of Warrington will leave the town in three weeks. Another paragraph intimates his successor, who, from what we can learn, is a 'model parson.'"

"Our New Rector.—The Earl of Aberdeen has given the valuable Rectory of Warrington, vacant by the preferment of the Hon. and Rev. H. Powys to the see of Sodor and Man, to the Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Watney Street, St. George's-in-the-East, London."

The Bishop-Elect came to London to see me, and I met him by appointment at the house of Colonel Wilson Patten, Hill Street, Berkeley Square. He told me much about his own relations with Warrington, and explained to me the arrangements he should like to make with me as his successor. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of the Bishop's proposals. Sufficient is it to say that there needed time on my part to consider them, and I also felt that a journey to Warrington would be necessary before I could give a final answer. In all that Mr. Powys proposed I tried to act with the strictest rectitude; and if, after consideration, I felt unable to acquiesce in all that he set before me, I am sure he must have acknowledged the justice of my taking another course.

First Impressions of Warrington.

In accordance with the arrangements to be made with the late Rector, I paid a visit to Warrington in the month of July. I had never been in the town before, and, indeed, I was a stranger in the

neighbourhood. The station at Bank Quay was at that time a miserably small place, not pretending to afford any comfort, scarce even shelter, to travellers, and yet having much traffic, partly because of the mills and manufactories, and still more because of its being on the main line to the North. Everything struck me on my entrance into the town as singularly depressing. The narrow, unpaved streets, the thatched houses, the absence of any fine buildings, the singular dress of the women coming from their work, all formed striking contrasts even to poor East London. Church Street, though wider than many others, looked as if the Corporation had forgotten it in the matter of paving and cleansing. I made my way to the Rectory, where I found Mrs. Powys, and was allowed to look over the house, the church, &c. Then I went back through the town. Nobody took any notice of me, and I felt like a stranger in a strange land, instead of the rector-designate of this very large and populous parish. This first visit to Warrington was altogether depressing, and I felt at the time that I would gladly have recalled my acceptance of the Earl of Aberdeen's offer. Perhaps the saying of one of our greatest Missionary Bishops—"In we are; on we must"—best expresses the kind of desperate courage with which I fought against these shadows of doubt and depression; and in going forward in the midst of what seemed unpromising surroundings, I found, as everybody who does this must find by God's help, both consolation and blessing.

Testimonial from my Parishioners at Christ Church.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Warrington Guardian* of Saturday, July 22nd, 1854:—

"Testimonial to the New Rector.—The Earl of Aberdeen having appointed the Rev. William Quekett, M.A. (Incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East), Rector of Warrington, a numerous meeting of his friends was holden on Monday evening last at the Schools, in Johnston Street, to witness the presentation by the Senior Churchwarden (Mr. Henry Baddeley) of a candelabrum of silver, valued at a hundred guineas, and bearing the following inscription, viz., 'Presented to the Rev. William Quekett, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, by many of the congregation and parishioners, as a memorial of the sincere attachment to those to whom he had endeared him-

self, through a faithful ministry of 24 years, upon his preferment to the Rectory of Warrington, July, 1854.' The rev. gentleman most feelingly returned thanks after the presentation, for the additional mark of respect and regard which had been evinced towards him on vacating the sphere of usefulness in which he had laboured for nearly a quarter of a century."

I may mention that this presentation of silver was accompanied by that of a complete new set of robes from the ladies of the congregation.

Appointment of Organist at the Parish Church, Warrington.

Not long after my visit to Warrington, Mr. Powys wrote to me to say that Miss Groom, who had acted as honorary organist at the Warrington Parish Church for some years, had resigned; and that it would be necessary to appoint another organist at a regular salary. He recommended to me a young man, a saddler, at Tunbridge Wells, a protégé of a friend of his own. I felt that it would be very unwise to appoint this person without seeing him and learning something of his qualifications. I therefore sent for him to come and see me in London; and I asked the organist of Christ Church to hear him play, and to give me his opinion of him. My organist's report was so unsatisfactory that I felt obliged to tell Mr. Powys I could not give his friend the appointment. In the midst of my difficulty about finding an organist, there came a petition from the churchwardens and sidesmen and the principal seat-holders of the Parish Church, asking me to appoint Mr. Eaude, who had been the organist of St. Paul's Church. Mr. Eaude's testimonials were most satisfactory, and I had pleasure in complying with the wishes of the churchwardens and others. In so doing I secured the services of one who was not only efficient in his profession, but was a sincere and true-hearted friend to me for five and twenty years, till the day of his death.

Consecration of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

My predecessor in the Rectory of Warrington, the Hon. and Rev. Horace Powys, was consecrated Bishop of Sodor and Man on the 28th of July. By his consecration the Rectory of Warrington became void until my induction. On the first Thursday in August

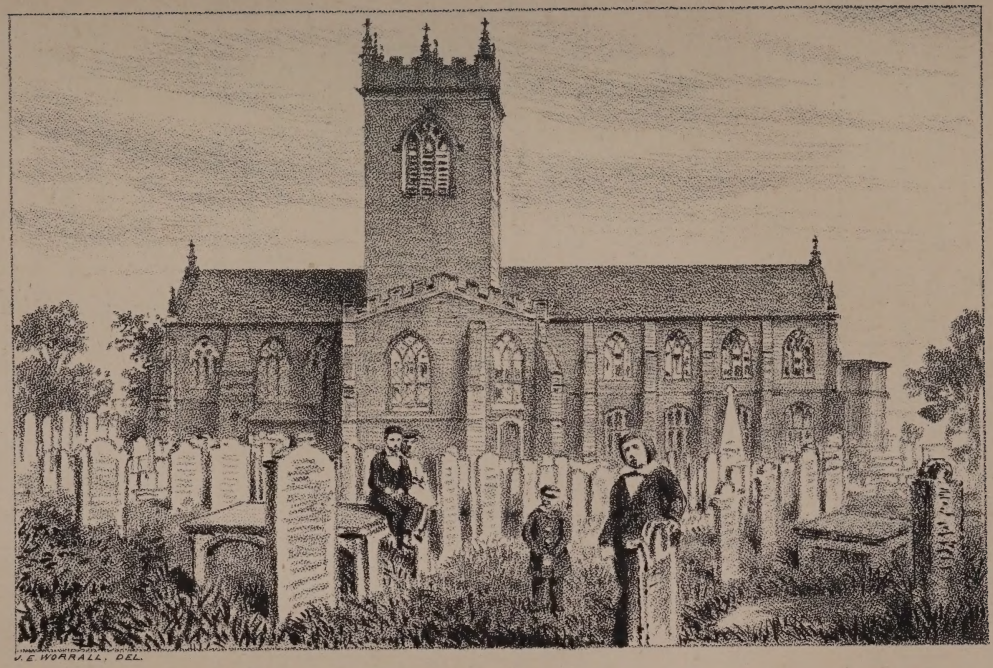
Bishop Powys presided at the meeting of the Clergy Institutions at Warrington, and on the following Sunday he preached his farewell sermon to his late flock.

The time was now fast approaching when I must enter upon my new sphere of duty, and these last days in London were full of cares of many kinds, as I was most anxious to leave the whole of the parochial machinery at Christ Church in a satisfactory condition for my successor. There was also the painful duty of saying "farewell" to my old friends and parishioners, and I was much affected by the manifest sorrow of those amongst whom I had worked, and especially of the poor, when the actual separation came.

Induction to the Living of Warrington.

The appointment to a benefice by the Crown implies a considerable outlay on the part of the new incumbent. For taking possession of the Rectory of Warrington under the "Great Seal" I paid £87, to me a large sum, before receiving anything from the benefice.

I made my official entry into Warrington in September, 1854, bringing with me the documents necessary for my induction under the "Great Seal" in a tin box, and having letters addressed to the Rev. Mr. Lowe, the Incumbent of St. Paul's, who was to perform the ceremony of inducting me into the living. On the day appointed my papers were read in the presence of the churchwardens and others. The door of the church was opened and the key was given to me. I was told to lock everyone out and to walk round the whole of the church. I was then to go up into the belfry and ring the bell. After my solitary perambulation round the church, I began to climb the steps leading up into the tower. These steps had been worn for two hundred years by the clogs of the bell-ringers, and the holes in them were in some cases six inches deep. I could not step exactly in the same way the ringers had been in the habit of doing, and when I had got about half way up I fell, damaging my hat, bruising my arm by its going a long distance into a crack in the tower, and splitting my trousers across the knee. A sorry figure I must have looked when I presented myself to Mr. Lowe and the churchwardens after the accomplishment of all my legal duties. These gentlemen had been wondering where I had got to, and had begun to regard me as lost; for if the time taken in ascending the



WARRINGTON OLD PARISH CHURCH—BEFORE RESTORATION.

(NORTH SIDE.)

(From a photograph by the Rev. Wm. Quekett.)

tower had been considerable I felt obliged not to hasten my descent. I told them what had befallen me, and turning to one of the churchwardens, I said, jokingly, "Now, Mr. Churchwarden, I appeal to you for a new pair of trousers out of the Church Rate." The whole party laughed, and the churchwardens said they were very sorry for me, but there was no Church Rate. I bound up my trousers at the knee with my handkerchief, and in this condition, with a damaged hat, a bruised arm, and a bandaged leg, I walked up the town to the Lion Hotel, where I was staying.

"Reading Myself In."

On the following Sunday, September 10th, I "read myself in." Large numbers came to the church to see the new Rector. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the want of decent fittings in the old Parish Church. I had to read the Thirty-nine Articles as well as the ordinary service of the day; and when I was conducted by the clerk to my place at the prayer-desk, I found an old box on which I was to stand, the lid of which was very shaky; and before me nothing but a small wooden pillar, with a board on it to serve as a desk. I had never felt so uncomfortable in ministering in church before; and I suppose the wretchedness of my position must have been remarked by others; for on going into the vestry after service, the clerk presented me with a cheque sent by a gentleman who sat in the south gallery, signed, but not filled in. I was told to put in any amount I liked, and to have a new reading-desk made at once for use in the church. This gentleman's name was Norris; and his gift—the first I received in Warrington—considerably cheered me, and I thanked God and took courage.

Vacating another Benefice.

On my taking Priest's Orders, my friend Uttermare, without having named the matter to me previously, placed in my hands the presentation to a small sinecure Rectory—that of Gose Bradon, in Somersetshire—which was in his gift. This little piece of preferment, humble as it was, and affording only the small income of £25 a year, I valued as a mark of the thoughtfulness and kind feeling which my friend always showed. By my induction to Warrington I vacated this benefice, which is now held conjointly with two others.

My First Public Appearance in the Town.

After commencing work at the Parish Church I was never out of one pulpit or another on Sunday. The neighbouring clergy were anxious to secure my help in preaching for schools and other local objects; and thus I was soon acquainted with the churches and clergy of the district. But I was not brought much into contact with the laity until Tuesday, the 24th of October, when a dinner was given to Peter Rylands, Esq., then Mayor of the borough. On this occasion Colonel Wilson-Patten was in the chair, and the chief men in Warrington in social and political life were present.

After dinner, and the usual toasts of the Queen and Royal Family, the Chairman said he had next the pleasure of proposing the health of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese. He said that the toast was generally received with the respect it deserved both in this county and throughout England, and he would have passed it by without any particular remark but for the presence, for the first time, of the new Rector of Warrington. . . . . Looking to the duties of any rector in this parish, he believed they had secured a gentleman competent to discharge them. They had heard of him before his coming. Charles Dickens had told them in his *Household Words* of the good deeds elsewhere performed by the Rev. W. Quekett, now Rector of Warrington, and, from what they had seen since he came amongst them, they would agree with him that nothing he could say would increase or do justice to their feelings at seeing so worthy a successor to the late Rector of Warrington. He did not pretend to know the secrets of his friend on the left, but he was not one likely to go to sleep; and if he were supported by the laity the great improvements of the late Rector, and those peculiar to the new Rector, would be successfully carried on.

After such a kindly introduction it is needless to say that I was very warmly received when I stood up to respond to the toast. I told them that when I first entered into public life I was unknown and without much influence to help me on. I had, however, worked myself into a higher position, and I assured them that the efforts I had used before I should continue to use. Nothing, I was sure, contributed more to the pleasure and influence of the clergy than to live in the hearts of the people. I told them I wished to know every one of my parishioners, high and low, rich

and poor ; and that I hoped they would assist me, one and all, in carrying out the many plans I had formed for the good of the parish. I thanked them heartily for the compliment paid to me on that occasion, and said I hoped we should often have the pleasure of meeting together.

My First Lecture in Warrington.

THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF A POST LETTER, FROM A RAG TO INDIA.

A Lecture delivered in the Music Hall, Warrington, by request of the Members of the Church Institute, Nov. 6, 1854.

By the Rev. W. QUEKETT, M.A., Rector of Warrington.

Reprinted from the "Warrington Guardian."

On Monday evening last, Nov. 6th, the Rev. W. Quekett, Rector of Warrington, delivered the first of a series of lectures under the auspices of the Church Institute—which seems to have more life in it since we reported its yearly meeting some time ago. The lecture was given in the Music Hall, which presented an animated appearance, being graced by the presence of a large number of the ladies of the town. Amongst the audience we observed John Wilson-Patten, Esq., M.P., the Mayor-elect, Henry White, Esq., the ex-Mayor, Peter Rylands, Esq., Joseph Perrin, Esq., and several clergymen, including the Rev. Mr. Bostock, secretary to the Institute, the Rev. P. P. Carpenter, &c.

On the front of the organ in the Hall were hung various drawings illustrative of the growth and manufacture of cotton into paper.

At eight o'clock the Rev. Mr. Bostock came to the front of the platform and said—Ladies and gentlemen, it is not needful for me to introduce the Rector, who is to address you to-night; he is known to us all, and known only for good. (Cheers.)

The Rector then came forward, and addressed the meeting for fifty-five minutes, in an easy extemporaneous manner, frequently illustrating his remarks by a reference to drawings hung before the organ or held in his hands. The substance of his remarks, which were "On the History and Progress of a Letter from a Rag to India," was as follows :—

He appeared before them perhaps in a novel character, but he was anxious to promote in any way the interests of his parishioners,

and when he was informed that the Church Institute was about to begin its winter session, he recommended that a course of lectures would be a fit commencement. He was at once met with the reply —"And you'll give the first." (A Voice: "Of course.") He could not well refuse, having given this recommendation, and in fulfilment of his promise he had chosen a subject which entered into the daily life of each of them, and everything connected with its history might be instructive and entertaining. A subject requiring experiments and difficult of comprehension might have been chosen, but he trusted the simple one of a letter and its history would be interesting to them on that occasion. He held in his hand a letter about to take its departure to India; before it went let them learn everything connected with its history, and the arrangements for its safe delivery to his friends in India—thousands of miles away. He examined his letter and found it was made of paper. What was *paper?* Paper was made from rags of various sorts, but chiefly cotton ones, which had served their original purposes. What, then, was *cotton?* It was a word derived from *Kutun*, a name given by the Arabs to that substance. It was a filamentous matter produced by the surface of the seeds of various species of gossypium. It consisted (as he showed from a specimen) of vegetable hairs of considerable length, springing from the surface of the seed-coat and filling up the cavity of the seed-vessel in which the seeds were. These hairs were long weak tubes, formed from cells which had grown together, and which when immersed in water and examined under the microscope looked like flat narrow transparent ribbons, presenting at short intervals a spiral twist, which made cotton goods less soft than linen. These hairs could not be called hairs in the proper acceptation of the term; common hairs could not be beaten together. He would have been glad if by the aid of a microscope he could have shown them a hair he had in his possession from the head of Napoleon Bonaparte, and one from the Duke of Wellington, and one from Lord Nelson. He detailed how he had come into possession of these hairs, and resumed his subject, stating the impossibility of hair mixing together as cotton did. He then showed a dried specimen of the common herbaceous cotton plant, and read an extract from a letter by Mr. Marsh, the Town Clerk, on the growth of cotton at Orford Hall, by Mr. Blackburne. He then resumed. The cotton tree was an annual, and grew to the height of eighteen or twenty inches; the flower was yellow, with a purple centre, and the seed vessel about the size of a walnut.

When the pods were ripe they burst, and the fleecy cotton was exposed, which the natives went and gathered ere the sun had time to injure it. The appearance of a field of ripe cotton was said to have a close resemblance to a field covered with new fallen snow. The separation of the cotton from the seeds used to be done by hand labour, but an ingenious American invented a machine which tore the fibre from the seed by means of rollers with teeth, through which the fibre was taken and the seed kept back. The seeds were afterwards pressed to produce oil. The chief cotton-growing countries were America, Asia Minor, India, and Egypt. The quantities imported into this country had varied from four millions of pounds in 1764 to nearly nine hundred thousand millions of pounds in 1854. The Egyptians, he believed, were not acquainted with the cotton plant. He produced two mummy cloths—one belonging to the Egyptians and the other to the Peruvians—the former was of linen, while the latter was of cotton. In India, on the other hand, cotton was of high antiquity and much used. It was only in the 17th century its use was first introduced into England, and, as he had shown, the consumption was now immense, and the value of it in a manufactured state was so great that above all used for home consumption, forty millions pounds sterling in value was annually exported. The chief places for the manufacture of cotton goods were Manchester and the surrounding towns in England, and Glasgow in Scotland. The rev. lecturer then described a visit, three years ago, to Mr. Price's large cotton factory in Liverpool, which had since been burned to the ground. It was a factory of the most complete kind. There were 1,000 hands engaged; a clergyman, schools, and schoolmasters, a dispensary, and a reading room, were provided for their instruction and aid—in fact, it was a little parish arranged on the best principles. There he saw—to him a new sight—girls working without shoes or stockings, and surrounded and covered with cotton. It was not needful, however, to tell his present audience the particulars. Cotton in bales of 3 cwt. each, packed by the aid of hydraulic machines, was taken to a bunker or bin, and the different qualities mixed to equalise them by being put in layers like a haystack, and then torn down by a rake from top to bottom, which, if properly done, mixed the different qualities well. The *scutcher* was the first machine through which the cotton was put. Its use was to open the locks of cotton and separate its fibres, while, at the same time, it separated from it any sand or seeds it might

contain. The scutcher consisted of feeding rollers made of wood, and placed at a short distance from each other, through which the cotton was made to pass slowly, and then struck by a set of beaters made to revolve at a very rapid rate. The carding engine was then used to disentangle the fibres and lay them parallel to each other. It was composed of a horizontal cylinder covered with narrow fillet cards, studded with wires. Over the cylinder was a concave frame, the interior surface of which was lined with cards, and the form of which corresponded to that of the cylinder. When the cylinder was made to revolve the cards on it and on the framework against each other, by this means the fibres of cotton were disentangled and properly arranged. By means of Arkwright's wonderful spinning frame, it was then spun into thread and yarn, so fine that 238 miles in length in some cases had been spun in Manchester from one pound of cotton, as shown at the great Exhibition of 1851. The material as it came from the loom was white, with the exception of Nankin cotton, which was yellow. At the print works, by mechanical means, it was made to any colour or pattern. Calicoes and muslins intended for printing were first of all freed from their fibrous down, by the action of the singeing machine, which consisted either of a semi-cylinder of iron or copper, laid horizontally and kept at a bright red heat by a furnace, or by a range of gas-jet flames over which the cloth was drawn in steady and continuous motion. The next step was to bleach it. After that, the printing of the various colours and patterns took place. That was usually done by the hand until within the past few years, when printing by cylinder machines was introduced. They consisted of hollow cylinders about 3 feet long, and 3 or 4 inches in diameter, having their surface engraved, not by hand-graving, but by the mechanical pressure of a steel roller from 1 to 2 inches in diameter, which transferred the figures engraved on it to the relatively softer copper. The engraved cylinders were mounted upon a strong iron shaft having a toothed wheel at the end, which moved as many other shafts as there were colours, and also another roller having the calico upon it which was to be printed. When the cotton goods were worn out they were sold to the rag shops, where they are sorted into different kinds and sold to the paper makers. The rag shops had generally over the door a black doll, from a woman having on one occasion sold with a heap of rags a black child, which, when the owner of the shop discovered, he hung out the black child to find out the delinquent. They next came to consider

paper. To enumerate all the advantages which the invention of paper had afforded mankind could not be done in such a lecture as the present. Its uses were unquestionable; and the important services it had yielded to all countries where it had been employed were not to be calculated. It might be asserted, indeed, of this country, that its grandeur and commercial dignity had been greatly exalted by the invention of paper. Without it science and art could not have progressed, geography and navigation must have been incorrectly understood, and the present age must have found the world neither more civilised nor wiser than it was many centuries ago. In early times the materials used for writing upon were chiefly such as only required some little mechanical fashioning to fit them for that purpose. Characters were engraved upon flat stones, baked bricks, such as those recovered from the ruins of Babylon, and now shown in the British Museum. In ancient times, when writing was not yet discovered, very simple means were taken to preserve the remembrance of important events. Trees were planted, and heaps of stones were erected. The Ten Commandments were engraved on stone, and Job mentioned rocks as the material in his day, or lead written upon with an iron pen. Then boards covered with wax were also used, and it was in allusion to that, that they were told John the Baptist's father, Zacharias, called for a "writing-table." A pointed instrument, called a "style" was used, and from that came the phrase, a good or bad "style of writing." Skins and intestines of animals were at one time used for writing upon, as the former now were for important documents. Leaves were also employed, hence the word *folio* from *folium*, a leaf. The bark of trees was also used; hence *liber*, a book, a library. Others were called *volumen*, or *volume*, from being made to roll up. The Saxons used the bark of birch-trees, hence the word *book* or *boc*. In the same way, the word *paper* came from *papyrus*, a plant which grew on the Nile. All had given way, however, to paper made from many fibrous materials, first reduced to pulp. The Chinese paper had been supposed to be made from silk; but such was not the case. It was made from the inner bark of the bamboo, a useful genus of grass. Rice paper, as it was called, was not made from rice straw. It was the pith of a plant cut by the natives with a sharp instrument and pressed flat. Straw had also been tried, and he would show them a book, kindly lent to him by Mr. Marsh, printed from straw paper in 1800. The *Times* lately had offered a reward of £1,000 to the first discoverer of a material to make paper

as cheap and of as good quality as from rags. Straw paper was now pretty extensively used, and some newspapers were printed upon it.* Nothing, however, as yet, had been found so fit for the purpose as linen, hempen, or cotton rags—especially linen ones. It was the cotton-made paper which caused a steel pen to spurt and blot so soon. The paper used by the Bank of England contained no cotton. The fibre used was a secret. The finest fibre was obtained from the pine-apple plant. Every bank note had three selvidges, being only cut in one part. In all the processes of paper-making, the first business was to sort the rags and cut them into small pieces. This was done by women, each of whom was provided with a large knife to cut the rags. Threads and seams were carefully put by themselves, as, if ground with the rest, they would form specks. The rags when cut were thrown into five or six different compartments of a large chest, according to their qualities. Only the finest linen rags were used for the best writing paper, but cotton as well as linen rags were used for printing paper. Hempen rags were used for coarse paper, and old cordage and tarred ropes for brown wrapping paper. The rags were then washed in hot water or in a fulling mill, or subjected for some hours to the action of steam. Formerly they were half-rotted to prepare them for being more easily torn, or beaten into pulp. The colour of the rags was now destroyed by a careful use of chlorine, instead of by the old plan of exposing them in the open air. Some supposed the paper now made, on account of the use of chlorine, would not last near so long as that on the old principle did, and that the ink would fade. It could only be ascertained, however, on the plan that the old woman suggested, to know if ravens lived a hundred years—buying one in order to see. (Laughter.) The rags, after being washed, were subjected to the action of the revolving cylinder, the surface of which was furnished with a number of sharp teeth or cutters, which were so placed as to act against other cutters fixed beneath the cylinder. The rags were kept immersed in water, and subjected to the action of the cutters for several hours, till they were minutely divided and reduced to a thin pulp. He would now as briefly as possible detail how paper was made by hand as he had seen it done, and done it, at the works at Cheddar, Somerset.

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* The *Guardian* was printed on straw paper for several months previous to October last. Bradshaw's Guides, and various other publications, are printed upon it also. It makes excellent writing paper.—Ed.

The stuff was put into a large vat, and kept under a proper temperature, either by a stove or steam pipe, and the fibrous matter held in suspension by stirring. The paper was then made by means of a *mould* and *deckle*. The mould was a shallow square frame, covered with wire cloths, and a little larger than the sheet intended to be made upon it. The wire cloth was now generally woven in a loom, like cloth, and made no marks upon the paper. The old-fashioned wire cloth consisted of a number of parallel wires stretched across the frame, very close together, and crossed at right angles by stronger wires about an inch apart. These thicker wires made the wire or water marks on the paper, the *pulp* being there thinner than on the rest of the sheet. The deckle was a very thin frame of wood, which fitted close upon the mould, and limited the size of the sheet. The dipper or vatman inclined the mould a little towards himself, dipped it into the vat with the deckle upon it, and lifted it up again horizontally. He then shook it to distribute the pulp equally, and the water drained through the wires. The art was in taking it up so as not to have thick and thin edges. A workman, called a *coucher*, then took the sheet of paper, deposited it upon a piece of woollen-cloth, and returned the mould to the dipper, who, in the meantime, had made another sheet, and was ready to hand it to the coucher. Thus the workmen proceeded, until they had made a pile, called a *post*, consisting of six or eight quires—all of it was then put into a vat-press, with the felt and the superfluous water forced out. Afterwards, the paper alone was pressed, and then hung up to dry. Writing paper was dipped five or six sheets at a time into a tub of size, made from skins and other animal substances. Printing paper was sized while in the pulp. Blotting paper was not sized, hence its powers of absorption. Ingenuity had done much for paper-making, and machinery could now do in two minutes what a man would have taken a day to do before. Twenty-five square feet a minute, or 15,000 square feet in ten hours, could now be turned out by one machine, in sheets miles in length, if required. The reverend gentleman then described one of Fourdrinier's machines for paper-making, showing its construction from a drawing. From a large vat the pulp flowed upon a wire frame or sifter, which moved rapidly up and down so as to force the fine filaments of pulp through the wire whilst it retained any knots or lumps. The pulp then flowed over a ledge in a regular and even stream, and was received upon an endless web of wire gauze, which presented a

surface of five or six feet long. The wire-webs moved forward with a motion so regulated as to determine the thickness of the paper; at the same time a lateral motion was given to the wire-web, which assisted to spread the pulp evenly. The pulp, solidified as it advanced, was pressed by a roller covered with felt, and then taken by an endless web of felt which formed an inclined plane. A pair of rollers afterwards seized it, pressed it, and handed it over to another web of felt, which in turn handed it over to other rollers, which conducted it over the polished surface of a large cylinder, heated by steam. From that it passed to another, larger and hotter, and then to a third, hotter still; after which, it came out dry, smooth, and ready for cutting into sheets. In some machines a partial vacuum was produced under the endless wire-web by means of air-pumps. This was done to exclude the moisture. Water-marks of various kinds were used to distinguish paper. That on the paper used by Caxton and other early printers was an ox head and a star; a crown was also used, hence "crown," "double-crown," &c.; a head with a fools' cap and bells was also used, and from that came the name "foolscap" to be applied to a certain size of paper. So was it with "post" paper which formerly had for its water-mark a postman with his horn. Now the maker's name and date was the chief mark used. Here he would correct an opinion held by some, that the date of the water-mark on paper was conclusive evidence in the case of forgery by ante-dating documents. Such was not the case, as paper makers did not always make the paper the year that the water-mark said. The lecturer then said that having now written his letter upon paper made as described, with ink from gall-nuts, copperas, and gum arabic, he would affix "Queen's heads" to it, and say a few words about them. Queen's heads were made of the value of a shilling each, which was the postage if his letter for India were to go *viâ* ship to India, but 1s. 10d. if *viâ* Marseilles and through France. How were they made? Mr. Wyon, the famous engraver, succeeded in obtaining an excellent likeness of the Queen on a steel matrix, which became the mother of a numerous family by its reproduction on copper plates. The matrix was used to stamp the impression on a steel cylinder, which was rolled by means of a powerful press over the copper plate, which received an impression sufficient to print the sheet containing 240 heads. No two heads were alike in the letters on each corner, in the same sheet, so as to prevent forgery. When the impression was made on the copper plates, an

engraver came and put distinct letters upon every head. Without these a forgery would not be discovered, and it would not pay a forger to make them. The rev. lecturer then described the branch post-offices, the registering of letters, the cutting of the stamps in the sheets, for the patent of which £4,000 was lately paid, and then proceeded to describe the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, which he was enabled to examine by an order from Lord Canning. The scene towards six o'clock in the afternoon at the outside, he described as very exciting and ludicrous. Hundreds of persons crowding to it with single letters or bundles—a crowd gathering round the window as the hand pointed to the hour—news-carts and news-boys driving and running to empty their burdens, and a general breathless firing off of bundles of newspapers into the window, and at the head of the office clerk, as the hammer struck six. The successful deliverers of their parcels then formed into a circle, cheering those who were in time, and greeting also with ironical cheers some panting man or boy just too late, the inexorable clerk having closed the shutter, being already breast high among newspapers. After seeing this, he went inside and saw men with brooms sweeping them into baskets, which were conveyed, by the aid of a steam engine, on the backs of men up what was called Jacob's ladder, to the top of the building, and down came the men again. (Laughter.) He then went to see the sorting of letters in a room twice as large as the hall they were met in that night. The number of letters to assort daily was about 300,000, besides newspapers. The first process was to "face" them, or to turn them all with their Queen's heads one way, and throw out the letters which had no heads, or not enough, the men's fingers being so sensitive that nine times out of ten they could tell them by the feel. They were next dated and numbered with a stamp which was altered every day by the chief manager. The Queen's heads were then obliterated at the rate of 300 a minute per man; no machinery having yet been able to meet the difficulties of size and shape in letters. Persons in putting stamps upon letters should as far as possible put on those of the highest value, as a shilling stamp was just as easily obliterated as a penny one, and of course twelve penny ones were twelve times the trouble of a shilling one. The sorters divided the letters into divisions corresponding with the chief railways, putting all Warrington letters into the London and North-Western bag, and so on. Badly written directions caused much trouble, and letters with such

were put aside for "the blind men" to read, and it was really wonderful to see how they deciphered directions one would think quite unintelligible. He had one put into his hands which read Mary Bruts, Stanes, Oxton, by putting spaces between the words, and supplying the capitals; but being in one line, and no divisions, it puzzled the ordinary sorters. There was another class of officers whose duty it was to try from the sounds of the letters to gather the meaning of the directions, and nine times out of ten they were right. They should be thankful to Lord Palmerston, who had, in a circular lately issued, urged upon schools the need of teaching legible writing. His lordship must have been through the General Post Office. His (the lecturer's) name was rather peculiar, still letters found him with very indefinite directions. A lady in France found from the newspapers that he had a school under a railway arch, and thinking him, no doubt, an extraordinary individual, wrote a letter requesting him to discover the residence of a gentleman she had met at the baths of ——. It was directed thus—

"Monsieur—Le Reverend Docteure Quekette, proprietaire de 3 arches, de l'un des viaducs du railway de Blackwood, Londre, Angleterre."

The letter found him, and he was enabled to fulfil the lady's commission. Another letter he had from Australia was still more extraordinary. It was written by a convict who had obtained a ticket-of-leave, and wished his children to rejoin him, whom he had left in England when transported ten or twelve years before. It was necessary that the clergyman in the parish where they were, should sign a certificate, and so the convict wrote a letter—

"To the Dr. Coquet, London."

perhaps, never having seen the spelling of his (the lecturer's) name, or even known it correctly. The letter was handed over all the beats in London, and at length found him, after being opened at the dead letter office. He found the two children, then grown up, and they went out to their father through it. (Cheers.) Wonderful things were daily sent per the post, such as pictures, knives, slippers, &c., and on one occasion a poll-parrot in a tin box. One old gentleman had his black draught and blue pills sent twice a week per post. (Laughter.) He would not stay to recount the inland despatch by the various mail trains, with post-offices attached

to them, where letters were assorted on the way, or, description of the way they picked up bags on the road without stopping the train. He would return to his Indian letter, which, being a foreign one, was sent through a tunnel into the foreign department of the office. There the foreign letters were tied in bundles, to keep them from injury by rubbing against each other during their transit across the Desert. They were then put in wooden boxes if to go by ship, and iron ones if overland. Overland letters should not be sealed with wax. It was apt to soften, and the letters stuck together, the offending one suffering most. Twice a month letters were despatched to India by way of Marseilles. The route was by rail to Dover, by steamer to Calais, by rail to Paris, thence to Marseilles by rail also; from Marseilles to Malta by steamer, where the Indian mail which left Southampton four days before was met; united, the mails were then taken on to Alexandria, from thence they go to Cairo by Mahmoud's canal, and by camels and carriages to Suez, where the mail steamer was waiting to convey passengers and letters to all parts of India. Having now brought my letter (said the rev. lecturer) to the Indian shores, I must leave the post-master there to despatch it, as directed, to my friend, and I must leave him to enjoy its contents, of course, containing all the late news from old England, which cannot fail to be interesting in these warlike times, as will also be the account of my new residence amongst the inhabitants of Warrington. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wilson-Patten, M.P., rose and moved a vote of thanks to the Rector for his interesting lecture, from which they had derived amusement and instruction. (Cheers.)

Speech at a Meeting of the School of Art, on November 13th, 1854.

In taking an active part in the encouragement and assistance of various institutions of the town, I was frequently led to speak of incidents in my experience of which I have not given any detailed account in these pages. Thus, at a meeting of the School of Art, on November 13th, I told two stories of young men, both of which are worthy of record. I extract from the *Warrington Guardian* the following report of my speech:—

"The Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., Rector of Warrington, rose, and, amid very hearty plaudits, addressed the assembly. He said he

had been called upon to second the resolution, which he did most cordially, the more from seeing that the School of Art was open to *all* classes. He was an advocate for that, as his experience among the poor had taught him that anything introduced among them in the way of art had an influence in raising their minds. When visiting the poor, if he observed a bird in a cage, or a flower in a window, he was not without hope of raising them. Those trifles proved that something besides selfishness was lodged in their bosoms, which, if only assisted, would produce good fruits. Poor people were often afraid to make a trial to rise; if they were only made to attempt it, half the work would be done. It was from these beginnings that great results flowed; and seeing the results of the attempts in Warrington, he certainly had great hope. He could show them from that picture (pointing to an oil painting of Henry VIII. signing the death-warrant of Anne Boleyn) what could be done under great difficulties. That painting was done by a boy in a cellar, where daylight never entered; he did it holding his brush in one hand and a candle in the other. He told a gentleman of him, who said the lad only wanted education to shine in the profession of a painter. That gentleman provided the youth with £100 a year to travel in other lands and see the grand scenes of nature which he had never seen before. Another case he could tell them was of a young man who worked part of his time as a dock labourer, and the other part filled up in his cellar at a turning-lathe. One day visiting the neighbourhood of the man he heard the sound of a turning-lathe, and, having a mechanical ear, he went into the cellar and found the man busy at work. He found that he was a pretty good mechanic, that he made magic lantern slides and other ingenious things. He lent the man books, which he eagerly read and improved his mind. A friend of his at King's College, being in want of a man to keep his mechanical apparatus in order, asked him if he knew anyone who would do for such a post. He said he did, and took his friend to see him. The man was out, but obtaining the key at a neighbour's, they went in and saw his workshop. All the man's library was the *Penny Mechanic*. He asked him, on seeing him afterwards, if he would go and assist Professor Moseley. 'What!' he said; 'Is it Professor Moseley, the author of ————?' 'Yes.' 'Then I'll go and serve him for nothing for the pleasure I have had out of his book.' He then asked him if he had bought the book, for it was a very expensive one. 'No,' he said, 'but I stand for half-an-hour a day at a

bookstall, reading it; and in time I'll get through it.' Now (continued the speaker) that man is making the electric telegraph through the country with thirty men under him, and no doubt will rise higher still. He then referred to the annual subscription, only 10s. 6d. a year—2d. a week; who would not give that to be a member? Science was making rapid strides in the North of England, and there was no manufacture which would not be advanced by a knowledge of drawing being spread. Men at the loom could now come and pick up the crumbs, and if they did so they would better their condition. After the able explanations made by their president, he would now conclude, wishing them every success."

Help from the Press.

I have had at all times to acknowledge the great courtesy of the representatives of the Press in Warrington, for their kindness in bringing before the public and helping forward by their comments any schemes I have thought it wise to put forth for the good of the people. Especially in this connection must I express my great indebtedness and deep gratitude to the late editor of the *Warrington Guardian*, Dr. Alexander Mackie, whose name will ever be remembered in Warrington as a promoter of industry, and a leader of our working people in all that is good and for their true interest.

The following paragraph occurring in a letter from "Junius Jovial" to the editor, was printed in the *Guardian* of December 9, 1854:—

"Talking about our new Rector, I may tell you that he is intensely anxious for an Industrial School in Warrington, where 50 ragged and friendless urchins may be clothed, housed, educated, and taught some trade. I believe he only wants some £150 to enable him to commence the matter. Is there no Warrington Worthy who will send his reverence a *carte blanche* for this purpose? If any one do, we dare guarantee him a place in the third edition of 'Warrington Worthies.'"

Plum Puddings sent from Warrington to the Troops in the Crimea.

I append an extract from the *Warrington Independent*, of Saturday, December 16, 1854, and one from the *Guardian* of the following week:—

"The committee of ladies, assisted by the kind-hearted President, the Rector, formed for the purpose of 'doing what Warrington could' in the way of making plum-puddings for our brave soldiers in the East, has been most assiduous. On Monday last no less a quantity than 3cwt. 2qrs. 3lbs. of this much-liked article was forwarded from the Committee Room to the Metropolitan agent, to be sent to the authorities in the Crimea. A large quantity of shirts, stockings, &c., were also despatched. Without boasting, Warrington has shown a *warm* heart to alleviate the *cold* and privation felt by our soldiers at war."

"The Rector of Warrington informs us that he has received an acknowledgment of the safe arrival in London of the plum puddings, which are now on their way to Balaklava. The gentlemen in charge, if found at all consistent with the regulations, are to see to the puddings being disposed of amongst Warrington soldiers, of whom there are a goodly number in the Crimea."

My First Christmas in Warrington.

Perhaps there is no other season which brings melancholy intermingled with joy as Christmastide does. The cause of this is that Christmas has always been a time of home gatherings and social festivities; and that while in our younger days the home circle is unbroken, or so little broken that in our exuberant spirits we scarce notice the gap, in later years we are keenly conscious of many separations. A first Christmas in a new home, in a new neighbourhood, where it is impossible to feel otherwise as yet than a stranger, must of necessity bring sad thoughts; and my first Christmas in Warrington, hopeful as all before me seemed, and hearty as were all the people around me, was yet somewhat depressing. I had left a large and earnest congregation, many tried and true helpers, and the loved faces of many of my own kindred and friends. In Warrington I could not but feel that change and separation are sorrowful things. And yet the follow-

ing extract from the *Guardian* will show that not only within the Parish Church did we all strive to realise the joy of the festival, but also in the partaking of Christmas cheer in our social gatherings.

"The Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, entertained the members of the choir, and the male teachers of the Old Church Sunday School, with an excellent dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and, as a beverage, a choice of ale or water, in the dining room at The Mount, on Christmas Day. The Rector added greatly to the enjoyment of the guests by telling them, in his usual happy manner, the story of King Alfred being lost in the Forest. The choir gave the anthem, 'O, thou that tellest,' and the Christmas hymn, in excellent style."

My Brother, Professor Quekett's Lecture on "Pearls."

On the first of January, 1855, my brother, Professor Quekett, who was staying with me at the time, gave a lecture on "Pearls" in the Music Hall, Warrington, on behalf of the Church Institute.

The following report is taken from the *Warrington Guardian*:—

On Monday evening last (New Year's Day) a lecture was delivered in the Music Hall by Professor Quekett, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, on "The Structure and Formation of Pearls."

The notice of the lecture was exceedingly short, and we were surprised to find the audience so extremely good—a very large proportion being the local gentry. The ladies mustered in considerable numbers to learn how their darling pearls were manufactured. The lecturer had numerous diagrams hung round the platform, to which he kept constantly referring, and which, therefore, renders the task of reporting his exceedingly interesting remarks very difficult.

At eight o'clock the Rev. Mr. Bostock, the secretary of the institution, introduced the lecturer to the audience with a few remarks about the weather.

Professor Quekett then addressed the audience in an easy colloquial style for an hour and a half, and was listened to with breathless silence—all his remarks being delivered in language which seemed, although the subject was a very scientific one, to be understood by the least intelligent of his audience. This we consider the perfection of public lecturing.

He said the subject of his lecture had been suggested by his brother, the Rector, and he trusted to make it interesting and instructive, especially to the female portion of his audience.

Many of the lower orders of plants and animals were made up of vesicles termed cells; some of these never altered their shape through the whole period of their development. Red snow was produced by their aid. It consisted of bladders or cells in which a red fluid was secreted, which gave the red colour, and, being carried by wind to different parts, and resting on the snow, gave it a red look. These fungi existed in millions, and it was entirely through them that what was called red snow was produced. He had some in his possession from Cornwallis Island, brought home by Captain Penny, and it was even now in a living state. Passing to higher plants, they might take the potato, which consisted of a mass of cells containing grains of starch; when the potato was boiled the cells were ruptured, and the starchy matter forming the nutriment of this vegetable escaped. The lecturer then described the secretion of lime and silica in plants, and pointed out the formation of woody tissue in trees, pine apple, plants, &c., which was made up simply of elongated cells. All large trees owed their strength to those cells, as in them the woody matter was secreted. In the onion the cell contents were the oxalate of lime, and in the bark of the apple the cells showed a crystalization. The lecturer then showed the contents of cells, and pointed out the fluid matter in the geranium and other plants, and the needle-shaped crystals in a hyacinth if cut across. He next reviewed the history of the oyster (Pinna) in its formation, and then described the appearance and cause, or supposed cause, of the formation of pearls in them. He showed a beautiful mother of pearl shell, and a mussel in which English pearls were developed. A pearl he stated to be a small concretion formed with the hard envelope of a shell-fish, generally contained in the shell, but sometimes found in the thickest and most fleshy parts of the oyster. The existence of the pearl was supposed to be owing to some accidental deposit, or the exudation of shelly substance, to defend itself from parasites, which lived upon the outside of its shell, and gradually penetrated into it. The pearl was originally small, but was increased by successive layers of new matter. The substance called Mother of Pearl was the inner layer of a large shell, termed the pearl oyster, and from it was made the host of numerous flat articles called pearl. The brilliant hues of pearls depended on the nature of the lining of the shell. Those

developed on the shells were not round, but flat or irregular, and were of no value; those developed in the soft part of the shell were the valuable pearls. The lecturer then pointed out how the brilliant hues which, when first discovered, were supposed to be the result of innumerable furrows upon the surface which shed a brilliant reflection of colours according to the way the light fell upon it, but which were now ascertained to be produced by the plications of the animal basis of the shell. The lecturer then detailed the method adopted by the Chinese to produce artificial pearls. Foreign bodies, such as globular pieces of Mother of Pearl, were forced into the oyster and became in time thickly-coated upon one side with pearly matter. They were only useful, however, where they could have one half of them hid from view. Sometimes strange substances, such as flints, pieces of metals, and eggs of fish, were coated; one pearl had come under his notice which was evidently part of a steel knife covered with pearl. The lecturer then alluded to the value of British pearl fisheries, and to the enormous value of some pearls. He concluded by showing a piece of what is commonly called tortoise-shell, from the marine tortoise or turtle, which was several inches thick, caused, he believed, by the matter the animal had extravasted to defend itself from an injury on its shell, probably from a musket ball.

At the conclusion the lecturer was heartily cheered; and, on the motion of the Mayor, a vote of thanks was awarded to him.

We may add that our Museum furnished some of the numerous specimens handed round the room, and that the lecturer paid a high tribute to Dr. Carpenter, the brother of our respected fellow-townsman, the Rev. P. P. Carpenter.

Honesty of the Poor of Warrington.

During the winter of 1854-5, there was much severe weather, and I felt it my duty to provide for the better covering of the beds of some of the poor. I therefore got 62 blankets and 62 quilts which I lent to the poorer families in the parish. I was told at the time that I should never see any of them again. Like all clergymen who have worked amongst the poor I have known what it is to be "taken in;" and I have learnt, I hope, the lesson that our well-doing must not cease because of the evil-doing of others. Still, I must own to feeling troubled by the bad forecast respecting

the blankets and quilts. My satisfaction may therefore be estimated when in the summer I was able to announce that not one of the articles lent was missing; all had been returned with the sincere gratitude of those to whom they had been supplied. Such a report would have been creditable to the poor of any town; and I was glad to think that the poor of my own parish afforded this proof of honesty.

Laying the Foundation Stone of the New Museum and the New Market.

In the autumn of 1855 were commenced two public buildings of great importance to the town of Warrington. As I have always been ready to help forward any good work in the town, I was glad to be present and to take part in the ceremonies of laying the foundation stones of the new museum and the new market. At the dinner given on the latter occasion, I spoke of the desirability of improving the dwellings of the poor, and put forward a scheme for building model cottages after the pattern of those projected by the Prince Consort. My mind was very full of this scheme; and I hoped that the gentlemen of Warrington would take the matter up, and would form a company for the building of such dwellings. The wretched houses of many of the poor in Warrington are to this day a crying disgrace; and I feel sure that much money must be spent sooner or later in the improvement of badly drained, badly ventilated tenements unfit for human habitation. Many of the courts and even streets in the heart of Warrington ought to be entirely swept away.

A Holiday in Scotland.

KILLING MY FIRST SALMON.

A friend of ours, Mr. Graham, of Lyndock, invited Mrs. Quekett and myself to stay with him and his sisters at his shooting place at Redgorton, in Perthshire. As I had never killed a salmon or shot a grouse, I was to have the pleasure of both these sports during my visit. Being naturally ambitious of acquitting myself with honours, I went into Colman Street before I left London, for a thorough outfit for salmon-fishing, purchasing a good rod and line, a reel, a fishing-basket, and flies. At dinner, after our arrival, our host at once broached the subject of fishing. He had the right of fishing

on one side of the Tay, and Lord Mansfield on the other; and they fished on alternate days. He had made arrangements, he said, for his gamekeeper and two of Lord Mansfield's keepers, who knew the river well, to accompany me and take me to all the best spots for fishing. The carriage was to be ready to convey myself and my traps early, and would be waiting about four miles down the river to bring me back at five o'clock in the afternoon. Next morning, accordingly, I found the carriage waiting, into which the footman brought my luncheon of chicken, tongue, and ham, and a bottle of sherry, while a good basketful of provisions was handed up for the gamekeepers. On reaching the river-side, I saw that a boat, in which were three fishermen, was in readiness to take me to the best salmon grounds. The footman went home in the carriage, and I, rigged out in full fishing attire, and sporting my brand-new tackle, approached the boat. The men, on seeing me, began to laugh; but they asked me to come into the boat. I thought that my going in the boat was only to be conveyed to some more likely place for catching, and fully expected that before long I should be put out on the bank, thence to throw my flies and play my fish; and in imagination I enjoyed all the pleasurable sensations which I believed successful salmon-anglers to experience. What was my dismay when I discovered that my three advisers intended to fish out of the boat. "Out of the boat!" I exclaimed, "how in the name of goodness shall I be able to whip the stream out of the boat?" They burst out into laughter; they laughed at my rod; they were merciless in their disdain. "We thought you would be bringing down some of those fine London things," they said, "but we have provided tackle ourselves;" and they produced three fine salmon rods and lines, which one of them proceeded to let out, while the other two gently rowed the boat so that it glided noiselessly from side to side of the beautiful broad river. Each line was wound round a stone placed on one of the seats of the boat; and while one was let out directly behind the stern, the other two were fastened to rods placed at the sides, so that there could never, in any of the turnings and windings we made, be any interlacing of the lines. If any of the stones on the seat before me were pulled up violently, I might be sure that the salmon was hooked. They would then land me, and I should have the sport of playing it from the bank, they coming to my assistance with the landing-net when I drew the fish sufficiently within reach. As much as 100 yards of line was let out; and we steadily pursued

our trolling until one o'clock. But not a single bite did we have, much to the surprise and disappointment of the men. In vain we changed our ground and moved quietly and anxiously awaiting the signal. The men began to lose all heart and patience, they had caught several the day before, and they could only explain the unusual ill-luck by saying—"There must be something wrong." We got out and had our lunch. The men drank "better luck" in their glasses of beer, and we started again with renewed hopes and better spirits. But, alas! the afternoon passed as the morning had done; and when the carriage came at five o'clock we had nothing to chronicle but entire failure. As we drove in, Mr. Graham came to meet me. "Where's the fish?" he asked; and he had, it appeared, a good reason for asking, as he had calculated upon having some of it for dinner. The coachman shook his head, and I told Mr. Graham we had taken nothing. He was as much perplexed as the fishermen had been; and like them he thought there must have been something wrong. The stable-boy, who over-heard the conversation, ventured to give us the reason for our failure. He said he did not think when we started that we should catch anything, for early in the morning, as he went to bring in one of the horses from the field he had seen a raft going down the river. This explained everything. The raft, which disturbed the stones at the bottom of the river in all the shallower places, had frightened the salmon, so that no sport could be had till they had recovered their equanimity. Our host said very cheerily—"Never mind, you will have better luck next time." I am glad to say that his words proved true, for instead of the tedious trolling with no result, I caught seven very fine salmon, the largest of which, 16½ lbs., I sent down to Warrington, to my Curate, the Rev. W. Hamilton, to be placed on the table at a supper given to the members of the Church Choir. I was afterwards told that the Rector's salmon was much appreciated, and his good health and that of Mrs. Quekett were drunk with much enthusiasm.

Model Cottages.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

That my appeal to the gentlemen of Warrington for the erection of better dwelling-houses for the working-people was not without some fruit is shown by the following extract from the *Warrington Guardian* of June 21st, 1856:—

The foundation stone of these buildings, which are situated nearly opposite to the Messrs. Rylands's works, in Church Street, was laid yesterday afternoon.

The procession of Church Schools was conducted to the site, and the Rector in a short address said, that he had thought that a fitting opportunity for attending the ceremony of laying the foundation of the buildings about to be erected, which were to be called "Model Cottages," because they were on the plan of those recommended by Prince Albert, and shown at the great Exhibition of 1851. They had originated with himself, assisted by a number of gentlemen who had liberally come forward to take shares in the undertaking. The intention was to provide at a moderate rent a cottage for the working man, combining convenience, ventilation, &c., so as to secure greater comfort to the occupant than was at present to be had, and it was hoped that these buildings, when completed, would act as a stimulus to builders and others to erect cottages of an improved character, compared with those now in existence. Mrs. Quekett, being a shareholder, and feeling a deep interest in the scheme, had undertaken to lay the foundation stone.

Mrs. Quekett, amidst cheers, proceeded to do so, and assisted by Mr. Hepherd, handled the trowel and plummet to the admiration of the audience. A small bottle containing some of the current coins of the realm was deposited underneath the stone, and after three cheers for the Queen, and three cheers for Mrs. Quekett, the assembly dispersed.

The cottages are four in number, and are to be erected by Mr. W. Hesketh, for the sum of £370, which has been raised in shares of £1 each.

Rejoicings on the Return of Peace.

The long and sanguinary Crimean struggle, which every Englishman had watched with feelings of intense though melancholy interest, came to a close in the spring of 1856. Warrington had lost many of her sons, and the announcement of peace was received with true relief and gladness. Glorious as were our victories, we English, unlike the French, care little for such glory compared with the blessings of peace and prosperity. A meeting was held on Tuesday, the 6th of May, to arrange for public rejoicings in the town. These took place on the appointed day. A service of thanksgiving was held at the Parish Church, which the Mayor

and Corporation and various societies attended. The day was observed as a holiday; and there were illuminations throughout the borough, and a grand ball in the evening.

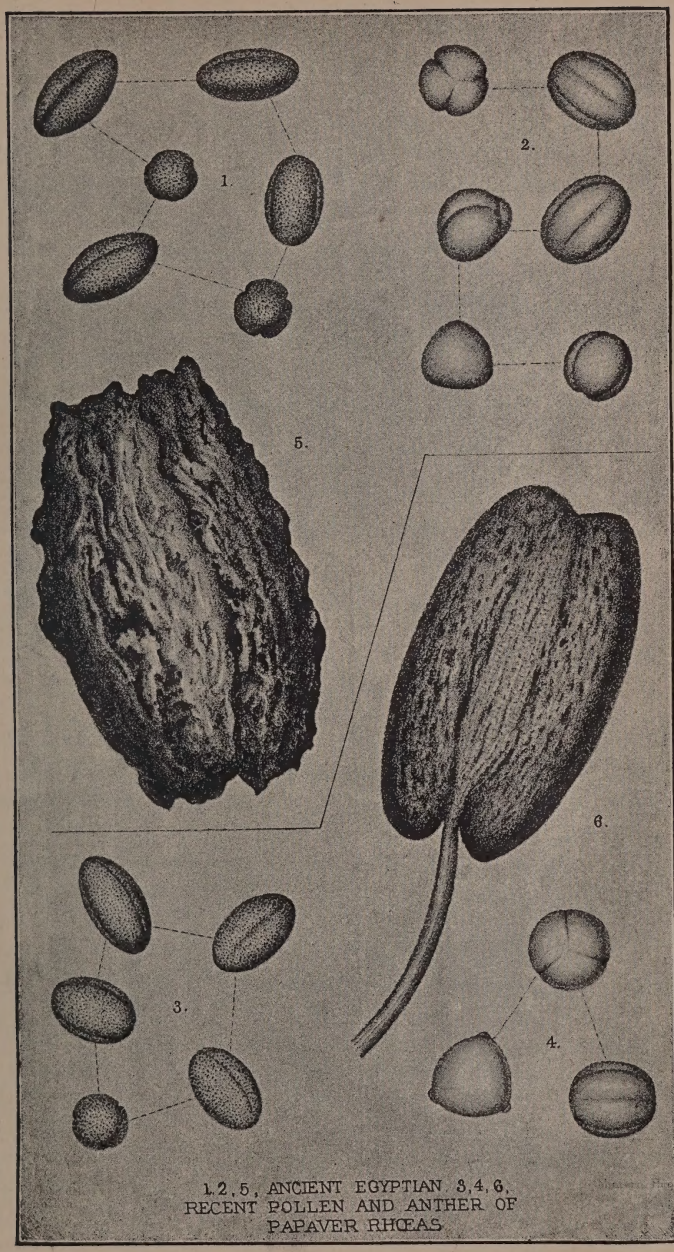
On some Pollen from Funereal Garlands found in an Egyptian Tomb, *circa* B.C. 1000.

By Charles Frederick White, F.L.S.

I insert the following from the pen of a relative of mine, to show that the custom of placing wreaths and garlands on the coffins and graves of the dead was practised 3,000 years ago, and is of no modern origin. Also, I think it is of wonderful interest to know that the pollen-grains of these ancient flowers still contain life.

"These drawings of the pollen of *Papaver Rhœas* I have been enabled to make by the kindness of Sir Joseph Hooker, who procured for me a few anthers from the funereal garlands from the coffin of the Princess Nzi Khonson, of the XXI. Dynasty, about B.C. 1000, from Egypt, of which several were lately exhibited here by Mr. Dyer. And on the same sheet I have added copies of previous drawings from recent gatherings of the plant. The former are generally slightly larger, and somewhat more tapering towards the ends; the anthers also are larger. These latter are hard and brittle, and of a blackish-red colour, as though charred. Perhaps there is no family in which the size of the pollen-grain varies more than in that of the Papaveraceæ, nor in which the proportionate number of aborted or malformed grains is greater. And this character appears to belong to the ancient as well as to the modern. Still the grains of normal size and shape are not only larger, but more regular in their markings—certainly cleaner and brighter in colour than some that I have endeavoured to preserve on slides for the microscope, collected only a few years ago.

"The point, however, to which I desire especially to call attention is the readiness with which these minute objects (presumably deprived of all moisture for so long a period) absorb water and expand into that subspherical shape so usual with pollen of single form, with the peculiarity that the Egyptian assume the *three-lobed* shape common to many pollens, the furrows becoming deeper than when dry, instead of, as generally happens, being nearly obliterated when placed in water.



POLLEN FROM FUNEREAL GARLANDS,

Found in an Egyptian Tomb. Circa B.C. 1000.

"No indication of the appearance of the pollen-tubes can be detected, excepting that in several grains I observed at one of the three points at which they would be produced a small bubble of air. I may mention that the characters of the spiral tissue of the inner lining of the anther can be, when in water, sufficiently made out."

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Fig. 1. Pollen-grains of the Poppy (*Papaver Rhœas*) from the coffin of the Egyptian Princess Nzi Khonson, XXI. Dynasty, B.C. 1000. ×500.

2. Some of the same, immersed in water. ×500.

3. The recent pollen-grains of *P. Rhœas*. ×500.

4. Some recent pollen-grains immersed in water. ×500.

5. An anther of the Poppy from the coffin (B.C. 1000) above mentioned. ×50.

6. An anther from a Poppy grown in 1883. ×50.

New Cemetery.

All the existing burying grounds within the borough were closed by an order of Her Majesty in Council on the 31st August, 1856. It became necessary, therefore, that steps should be taken by the Corporation to provide a cemetery in a convenient locality, not far from the town. The present site was fixed upon after protracted investigation; and the ground was enclosed, drained, and entrance lodges built with as little delay as possible. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the chapel for the use of members of the Church of England took place in the presence of a large number of spectators on Thursday, July 31st, 1856. The Mayor (Joseph Chrimes, Esq.), Gilbert Greenall, Esq., M.P., and other leading men of the borough walked in procession from the Council Chamber to the cemetery. Alderman Peter Rylands gave a statement of the circumstances which brought us together, and called upon the Mayor to lay the stone. This was done with a very appropriate speech, and I offered up prayer.

The consecration of the Church of England portion of the cemetery took place on Thursday, March 26th, 1857, by Dr.

Graham, the Bishop of Chester. At eleven o'clock we had Divine service at the Parish Church, after which the Bishop, clergy, the Mayor, and chief officials of the town walked to the cemetery. The first proceedings took place in the new chapel erected for the Church of England burials. The Mayor presented to the Bishop the petition for consecration, and it was read by Mr. Parry, the Bishop's secretary. The deed of consecration was read in an impressive manner by the Bishop, after which the Bishop and clergy and a few other gentlemen walked along the boundary lines of the Church of England portion of ground, and on returning to the chapel the Bishop offered up prayer. The service over, the deed of consecration was signed in duplicate; and I then had the pleasure of entertaining the Bishop, the Mayor, and other gentlemen at luncheon.

Coming-of-Age of the eldest Son of Lord Winmarleigh, then Colonel Wilson-Patten.

I feel that in any record of my life the name of my good friend, Colonel Wilson-Patten, now Lord Winmarleigh, must take a prominent place. Living at Bank Hall, he was a constant attendant with his family at the Parish Church; and I can thankfully say there was no work of benevolence or religious endeavour in which Lord Winmarleigh did not show warm interest. The Misses Wilson-Patten were teachers in the Sunday Schools, and my right hand helpers in the work of the Penny Bank. It is impossible to over-estimate the power of an example such as that set by Lord Winmarleigh and his family in Warrington; and I am assured that the fruits of it are seen amongst our working people to this day.

There could be no wonder that when that proud moment for a father's heart—the coming-of-age of an eldest son—arrived for my good friend, there should be a general desire on the part of the people of Warrington to show their sincere regard for both the father and his family. This desire Lord Winmarleigh met by affording every hospitality and enjoyment which Bank Hall could offer. The rejoicings on Monday, February 9, 1857, were very hearty. The town was gaily decorated; a salute of 21 guns was fired early in the morning at Bank Hall; the bells of the Parish Church rang their merriest music; and at half-past two a procession, including the Mayor and Corporation, the leading gentlemen of the town, the Fourth Royal Lancashire Militia, and

the various schools of the town, walked from the Council Chamber to Bank Hall to do honour to the occasion. At Bank Hall I met the leading gentry of the district; and when all were assembled the sight was not one easily to be forgotten. The Mayor presented an address to Colonel Wilson-Patten, and one to Mr. Eustace John Wilson-Patten; both full of expressions of kindly feeling and sincere regard; and to each address a response was given worthy of the good hearts of father and son. There was afterwards a grand dinner at the Lion Hotel, and, in responding to the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," I did what I could to express to our host the sense of high esteem in which I held him as a friend and as a benefactor to the town and neighbourhood.

Public Baths.

On my coming to Warrington I felt that better bath accommodation was a crying want in the town. There were only very small baths in Church Street, with the establishment of which my predecessor had much to do. The question had never been taken up by the Corporation; and as in time the Church Street Baths were closed from want of funds, it became evident that some steps must be taken to secure to the working people proper bathing accommodation.

When the matter was brought before the borough authorities in 1857, they declined to give it any attention on the ground that the town was already over-rated by the cost of the new cemetery. This drew forth a very sharp leading article in the *Guardian* on the 25th April, the severity of which was, however, somewhat mitigated by the following short paragraph:—

"The Church Street Baths.—Yesterday after our article on the question of baths for Warrington was in type, we learned from the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, that he had rented the Church Street Baths, and intended opening them to the public, despairing of the Town Council moving in the matter. While we highly value the public spirit which Mr. Quekett shows, we cannot but regret that it should have been necessary to take the step which he has felt it his duty to take, as the cry of 'vested interests' will now be raised by all the opponents of proper public baths."

In a leading article on Saturday, June 6, on "Public Baths," the *Guardian* again called attention to this matter.

"Baths—thanks to the Rector of Warrington—are once more open to the public. The Town Council would not move, and the town would not move in the matter, but Mr. Quekett has.

"Our old objections to the Corporation purchasing them, owing to their smallness and out-of-the-way position, still remain, but they may answer for baths for those in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parish Church, and lead or shame the town into something better."

It was from this action of mine, and from such stirring appeals from one whose pen never allowed a good project to sleep, that in due time proper provision was made by the borough authorities. New baths were built and opened in Legh Street; and though there is urgent need of their extension, they do express a sense of the obligation of the representatives of the people to attend to this important matter.

Trip to London.

The following is a leading article of the *Guardian*, May 23rd, 1857 :—

"The Rev. W. Quekett, Rector of Warrington, might justly be called 'the go-a-head rector.' Although not three years in Warrington, and although cold-shouldered by many who ought to have acted otherwise, he has succeeded in erecting model cottages, establishing free schools, re-opening public baths, establishing an extraordinary successful penny bank, and arranging for a trip of 500 of his parishioners to London. Pretty fair work for the first three years!

"The London trip is to take place about the end of next month, as will be seen from our advertising columns, and we doubt not but it will be productive of the very best effects, by rubbing away the rust of local notions in those to whom Warrington has hitherto been all the world. Numbers of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in the town are to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the sights of London under Mr. Quekett's guidance."

Excursion Project to the Crystal Palace and Back.

In the summer of 1856, I conceived a project which would, I felt sure, give great delight to many of the working-people of the town, and would also, by bringing me into contact with them both during the period of preparation and at the time of its accomplishment, give me opportunities of becoming better acquainted with large numbers of my flock. I proposed that in the following summer, 1857, a large excursion party of working people, who should have laid by, during the twelve months, sufficient to cover all their expenses, should go up to London, and remain for three days, seeing the principal objects of interest, and, above all, the Crystal Palace. I held a preliminary meeting on Monday, July 7th, 1856, in the National Schools in Church Street, at which I laid before a large audience of the working classes the main features of my scheme. The project was warmly received; and a regular weekly subscription from each intending member was to be banked with me. Lectures were given during the following winter on the various courts of the Crystal Palace and on other interesting matters; and the success of the plan may be seen in the following papers:—

EXCURSION TO LONDON

AND

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Monday, June 22nd, 1857, under the superintendence of the Rector of Warrington, whose object in getting up the excursion is for the express purpose of making himself better acquainted with his parishioners,

A special train will leave Warrington at 5.15 on Monday morning, June 22nd, and will reach Fenchurch Street, in the City of London, at 11.45, without changing carriages. After a short walk of ten minutes over London Bridge, to the Crystal Palace Railway, another train will be in readiness to convey the party into the Palace.

The party will return to Warrington by special train from Euston Square Station, on the Wednesday evening following, at a quarter-past 6 o'clock precisely.

Fare by railway, and admission into the Crystal Palace, and back to London Bridge Station, and afterwards to Warrington by Special Train, in second-class carriages, 14s. each.

Persons wishing to remain longer in London must pay the usual excursion ticket fare of the railway, viz., 5s. more, but may accompany the party to the Crystal Palace, and back to London.

No luggage will be allowed, except carpet bags or parcels. A room will be provided at the Crystal Palace, where they may be deposited in safe keeping during the visit there.

As there are some vacancies, artizans, mechanics, and other inhabitants, wishing to accompany the party, must make *immediate application* to Mr. Leigh, at the National School, Church Street, and to give their names and addresses, as wanting tickets, for the sanction of the Rector, as the numbers are limited.

The proper railway tickets will be issued by the Rector, to those who have members' tickets, on Monday evening, the 1st of June, by which time all money due must be paid up, or other parties will be permitted to supply the places of the defaulters. No tickets to be transferred without permission of the Rector, and no money will be paid but to the parties who deposit.

Each second-class carriage will contain 30 persons, will be numbered, and under the charge of a captain chosen by the party.

The following will be the plan for seeing the sights of London, during the stay, under proper guides for the occasion, starting from various points as hereafter agreed on.

The first day, to view the wonders of the Crystal Palace and grounds, and on arrival therein, the whole party will partake of a substantial dinner, provided at the sole expense of Gilbert Greenall, Esq., M.P. for the Borough of Warrington, who will preside on the occasion, and will be accompanied by many of his friends.

On Tuesday morning to meet near St. Paul's Cathedral at 10; visit St. Paul's; walk a short distance to London Bridge; take a penny steamer up the river, passing under all the bridges to Westminster Bridge; see Houses of Lords and Commons; Westminster Hall; Westminster Abbey; cross the Park to Buckingham Palace, in time to see the Queen and Prince Albert, and the Court,

going to the Drawing Room at St. James's Palace; Hyde Park; Duke of Wellington's Statue; Piccadilly; Charing Cross; National Gallery; Royal College of Surgeons, where parties will be appointed to show and explain the Museum.

Wednesday morning to meet at Royal Exchange at 10 o'clock; Monument; Custom House; Tower of London, where to wait half-an-hour, to allow parties to see interior at 6d. each if desired; St. Katharine's Docks; London Docks; Thames Tunnel at 1d. each; take steamer at Tunnel Pier, for Blackwall at 3d., pass close to the "Great Eastern" steam ship, the largest ship in the world, 23,000 tons, and "Dreadnought" man-of-war, 120 guns; Greenwich Hospital; Blackwall Pier; take refreshments at the Blackwall Pier Hotel, in the large room, not exceeding 1s. each; visit "Indiamen" in the East India Docks, and return by railway or steam boat for 4d. to Fenchurch Street, or Hungerford Market in the Strand, by 3 o'clock, then to separate, to get carpet bags, &c., &c., and meet at Euston Square Station at a quarter to 6, to return to Warrington.

In connection with this Excursion, lectures will be delivered in in the Boys' National School, Church Street, at Eight o'clock, on the following evenings, viz:—

On Monday, the 18th instant, by the Rev. R. A. Mould, on the Alhambra Court; on Tuesday, June 9th, a lecture on the Egyptian Court; on Tuesday, June 16th, by the Rev. W. Hamilton, on the Pompeian Court.

EXCURSION TO LONDON.

List of places on the London and North-Western Railway, between Warrington and London, by the Trent Valley Route, with the circumstances for which they are notable.

HARTFORD.

Near this place is "Vale Royal Abbey," celebrated for its much prized breed of white cattle.

CREWE.

Large numbers of the L. & N.-W. Company's carriages are made, repaired, and stowed up here. The inhabitants of Crewe consist almost entirely of first-class mechanics. The town has risen rapidly. Crewe Hall, the seat of Lord Crewe, is in the neighbourhood.

WHITMORE.

Near this place is a cutting through the solid rock, two miles in length.

NORTON BRIDGE.

Swinnerton Hall, the seat of the Fitzherbert family. Before reaching Stafford, may be seen on the left hand Sandon Park, the seat of Lord Harrowby; Chartley Castle, belonging to Lord Ferrars; and Ingestrie Park, the residence of Lord Talbot.

STAFFORD.

Notorious for bribing at elections. The castle was held by the Royalists during the Great Rebellion, but the Parliamentary forces took it by storm. Boots and shoes are made in great numbers for exportation. At a municipal dinner in Stafford, Sheridan proposed as a toast—"May the manufactures of Stafford be *trodden on* by all the world."

COLWICH.

Commodore Anson, the circumnavigator of the world, is buried here. Also Sir W. Wolesley, who was drowned in his carriage during a flood, caused by the bursting of a mill dam, after a terrific thunderstorm. His coachman was saved by getting into an apple tree, till the water subsided.

RUGELEY.

The residence of Palmer, and the scene of the murder of Cook. Hazley Hall, the seat of the Hon. R. Curzon, is in the vicinity.

LICHFIELD.

Celebrated for its noble cathedral, which was repeatedly stormed during the Great Rebellion. The principal spire is 300 feet in height. The tombs of Garrick, Johnson, and Addison are in Lichfield. St. Chad's Church is celebrated for its antiquity.

TAMWORTH.

The London and North-Western Railway here passes under the Midland line. The late Sir Robert Peel resided here, and represented the borough in Parliament. The castle has been restored on the old model.

ATHERSTONE.

The park contains many noble oaks. The Ancient Roman road (Watling Street) was discovered here, three feet below the surface of the street.

NUNEATON.

Ribbon weaving, for Coventry. Coal mines and stone quarries.

BULKINGTON.

Ribbon weaving. Weston Hall in the neighbourhood.

STRETTON.

Newbold Park is near this place.

RUGBY.

[Train stops 10 minutes here.] Anciently called "Rokeby," is situated on the river Avon. The famous Rugby School was founded by Sherriff, a grocer of London. The efficiency and popularity of this institution was greatly increased by the judicious reforms of the late Rev. T. Arnold, of Oriel College, Oxford. Six lines of railway radiate from Rugby.

CRICK.

The Junction Canal here passes through a tunnel nearly a mile long.

WEEDON.

The barracks here are the most complete in Europe. The Roman Road passes through this, and the last mentioned place.

BLISWORTH.

Branch line to Peterborough, &c. Towcester, a very ancient town, in the neighbourhood. After Blisworth the line passes through a deep cutting through solid rock.

ROADE.

Passengers by the Parliamentary train were formerly caged up here two hours, on their way to London.

WOLVERTON.

A famous refreshment station, and depôt for carriages and locomotives. The town has increased 13 fold in 20 years. Olney, the residence of the poet Cowper, is near this station.

LINSLADE.

A *curved* tunnel here, 290 yards long. There was a famous well here, much resorted to by pilgrims. The cuttings in this district pass through beds of iron-stone.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

On the Ouse. Straw plaiting, and lace and silk weaving carried on here.

TRING.

Was a Roman station. Charles II. built a mansion here for Nell Gwynne. Silk throwing is carried on here. After this the line passes through the Duke of Bridgewater's park, at Ashbridge, and the Northchurch tunnel, 530 yards long. The Chiltern Hills may be seen from this part, on the left hand.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.

The birth-place of Cowper. Ruins of a castle built by the King of Mercia in the 7th century. The children of James I. were all nursed here. Many of the inhabitants engaged in straw plaiting.

LANGLEY.

Palace of Henry III. Tomb of Richard II.

WATFORD.

Manufacture of straw-plait, silk, and beer. Tunnel 1,725 yards long, cost £140,000, runs under Cashiobury Park, of pic-nic celebrity. Embankment 40 feet high, contains 1,000,000 cubic feet of earth.

BUSHEY.

The Park, which is now open to the public, belonged to the late Queen Dowager. The cuttings here exhibit the chalk rock.

HARROW.

Famous grammar school, founded by John Lyon, of Preston. Peel and Byron were scholars here.

KINGSBURY.

Goldsmith wrote his "Animated Nature" here. Brent embankment and viaduct.

WILLESDEN.

Jack Sheppard and his mother buried here. Tunnel under Kensal Green Cemetery, 347 yards long. Joseph Hume, the Parliamentary arithmetician and economist, and Thomas Hood, the poet, are buried in this cemetery. Tunnel under Primrose Hill, 845 yards long; eight millions of bricks were used in building this tunnel.

CHALK FARM.

Rendered notorious by the duels that formerly were fought there.

HAVERSTOCK.

An excellent orphan school here.

CAMDEN STATION.

Great railway depôt.

CAMDEN TOWN.

Scene of the late fire at Pickford's warehouses. New cattle market. Model Prison. Tower of old Hackney Church. Homerton Church. Bow Church. Limehouse Church. Regent's Canal docks. Stepney Church. Christ Church schools and churches.

FENCHURCH STREET STATION, LONDON.

* The arrival of the Excursionists at the Crystal Palace will be telegraphed to the *Guardian* Office, and posted on the window.

The Great Trip to London.

EXCURSION OF 450 OF THE PEOPLE OF WARRINGTON TO THE METROPOLIS AND BACK.

The following account of the great trip to London is taken from the *Warrington Guardian* of June 27th, 1857 :—

"The monstre cheap trip of the Rector of Warrington, the Rev. William Quekett, to the great city of London, took place on Monday last, and the excursionists returned home in perfect safety at 1.35 o'clock on Thursday morning. Every arrangement made proved to be judicious; and every part of the lengthy three days' programme was gone through with the most mathematical precision. The Rector of Warrington is no believer in the doctrine of Chance, and leaves nothing to the well-known chapter of accidents, as the details of this astonishing trip will show.

"We need not remind our usual readers that for upwards of twelve months several hundreds of the families of Warrington have been banking with the Rector, weekly, sums to pay for a trip to London. The Rector felt, as a stranger in the town, the necessity of coming into closer contact with his parishioners than the pulpit and the pew allowed. His penny bank secured his object with the juveniles; his official position did the same with the middle classes, bnt the want of a lever to operate upon the working classes for their good was a desideratum which only the mind of Charles Dickens' 'Model Curate' could have discovered and put into successful execution.

"He called together the working men and their wives; told them of the wonders of London—of the fairy scenes in the Crystal Palace, and of the glorious sights on the world-renowned Thames. He pointed out how by union the working men of Warrington, with their wives, friends, and families, with a little forethought and thrift, might be able to see the whole, and become possessed of an amount of information from actual observation which twenty years ago was only within the power of those to whom a fortnight and a ten pound note were of no serious moment.

"As is usual with novel ideas, numerous objections to it were discovered by those who had never slept a night from home, and whose knowledge of the British Empire was practically confined within the boundaries of Sankey Green and Lower Walton. But all difficulties were met by the practical mind of Mr. Quekett, and the working men of Warrington began to save money for the 'Rector's Trip.' That of itself was a great object attained. The habit became formed of putting by small sums, and not living from hand to mouth, and in addition the Rector came into weekly communication with his parishioners.

"While the people were laying by their coppers for the trip, and for those new clothes necessary for an 'out,' the Rector was carrying out arrangements for making the trip instructive, complete in all its parts, and, if possible, without one drawback to its pleasure.

"During the winter a course of lectures was delivered, as our readers know, by gentlemen of the highest position in Warrington, on the chief objects of interest in the Crystal Palace, and as examples, and a record for future years, we subjoin their names and the subjects of their lectures:—

"The Rector first gave an introductory one on the plan and

purposes of the excursion, and afterwards pointed out the objects of interest to be met with on the journey to the Metropolis.

"The next lecture comprised the building and the grounds, and the fossil remains, which were illustrated by drawings painted for the occasion.

"Mr, Marsh, on Assyrian Antiquities.

"Mr. Beamont, on the Mediæval Court.

"Rev. W. Quekett, on the Egyptian Court.

"Rev. R. A. Mould, on the Alhambra Court.

"Rev. W. Hamilton, on the Pompeian Court.

"Some of these lectures we have reported at length, and to others we have given only a brief notice, owing to the difficulties of reporting lectures where there is a constant reference to drawings. Time has passed on with its usual amount of changes. Some who began paying had not courage or ability to continue. But others filled their places, and, as we have stated before, the goodly number of 450 took their departure for the greatest city in the world on Monday last.

"To aid the Rector in the management of the party, captains had been appointed by him over each 30—the full complement of a railway carriage—and each captain or company wore a particular favour, rendering recognition very easy, and preventing undue crowding in any one carriage. To make the arrangements all the more complete, the Rector took the command-in-chief of all, and by the aid of a bugler—of whom more anon—he maintained the most perfect discipline—but in truth we saw not the slightest attempt by any one to disturb the general harmony. The following is a list of the captains:—Rev. W. Quekett, Rev. J. Whitley (who had 21 of his parishioners), Rev. W. Hamilton, Messrs. Thomas Toft, Grey, White (surgeon), Leigh, J. Green, Savage, Longden, Picton, Joseph Holland, and Hepherd, jun.

"In addition, the Rector had the company of Mrs. Quekett and her brother, Mr. Dodgson, the Misses Grœme, &c., Rev. R. Greenall and lady, Rev. Mr. Livingstone and party, Rev. Mr. Clarke, curate of Wargrave, who aided the Rev. J. Whitley, the incumbent; Mr. Beamont, Mr. Marsh, Dr. Kendrick, Dr. Robson, Mr. Sadler, &c., aid thus being at hand, if unfortunately it had been needed, to make wills, prescribe medicines, set broken bones, and administer the last consolations of religion. Councillors Hall, Edleston, and Haddock were also among the party.

THE START.

"On Monday morning, by 4.30 o'clock, the town was nearly all on the move. The bugler had sounded his horn in every street, and at 13 different places the captains met the companies which were to be under their control. Towards five o'clock these divisions marched in numerical order to the railway station, and took the carriages having numbers attached to them corresponding with their own. A band of music was on the spot, and by its strains, and by the attendance of a very large crowd, rendered the scene exceedingly lively. All the excursionists were respectably dressed, and a goodly number had wives with them. The morning was delightfully fine; the railway arrangement was perfection itself, thanks to Mr. Marcus and to the Warrington officials, and at 5.30, amid loud cheers, the train moved off at a rapid rate, nothing having happened to mar our departure on our long expected trip to London.

"We could not help, as we gazed on the number of our fellow-travellers, reflecting upon the amazing change steam and railways had made in our means of locomotion. Before the opening of the railway probably 450 persons from Warrington would not visit London in a generation—certainly not in a century of the same class. Townsmen are still living who can recount the stories of times when every traveller to London was a man to be gazed upon as we would now gaze upon a Ross, a Layard, or a Gordon Cumming. Three weeks was the time from Liverpool to London by sea, and three days and two nights by the road was considered travelling 'by express.' In those days wills were made before starting on the journey by those who had anything to leave worth the trouble; prayers were offered up publicly at church for the safe return of the adventurer; and his return was the occasion of a family rejoicing, and he took a place by general consent as the chief 'oracle' of the town, until an equally daring traveller returned with 'later intelligence.'

"And then, how vastly different the expense in money as well as in time! To have taken a party of the size of ours to London would have required some five-and-twenty stage coaches, requiring four fresh horses every ten miles. The cost of these would have been enormous, not to speak of the expense of breakfasts, dinners, and teas on the road, while the cost to the excursionists, including the train to and from Sydenham, and admission to the Crystal Palace and back, was only 14s. each. No doubt the amount was

considerably increased by the three days' expenses, and probably, including the outlay in the town for clothes, &c., previous to departure, the total expenditure may reach £600 or £800.

"While we are thus drawing comparisons between the past and the present, the train is whirling along at the rate of 33 miles an hour. By the labours of Mr. Grey, master of the National School, a sketch of the journey by rail had been prepared and was in the hands of every passenger, enabling them to know the interesting places on the journey. Hartford was pointed out as being near Vale Royal Abbey; Crewe as the chief carriage building station of the London and North-Western Railway; Colwich as the burying place of Commodore Anson; Rugeley as the residence of the notorious Palmer, and so on. At Wolverton, instead of Rugby, we stayed a few minutes for refreshments, and were refreshed, after a sort, with the most wretched "tea" that ever was brewed. By 11.30 we reached Camden Town Station, where the railway to Fenchurch Street branches off, and there we experienced a delay of half-an-hour. In going along that line, however, we were rewarded with a view of Islington cattle market, the Model Prison, Bow and Limehouse Churches, and Christ Church Schools and Church, the scene of the labours of our revered Rector, previous to coming to Warrington. At noon we reached the City of London. Forming a procession two a-breast, we walked along Fenchurch Street, over London Bridge, to the station of the Crystal Palace Railway. Our appearing in procession, and most of us with 'favours' and carpet bags, caused quite a sensation. Crowds stopped to quiz us. Some guessed that we were Oddfellows; others that we were teetotallers, but all good humouredly made way for us as country cousins.

"Half-an-hour's ride took us to the Crystal Palace, and by half-past one we had all climbed the long stairs and deposited our bags in the room provided, and afterwards reached the 'Warrington dining room.' At this time a message was sent to the *Guardian* Office to tell of our safe arrival. We must not forget to mention those who had so kindly come to bid us welcome. On the station were the four Misses Wilson-Patten, smiling most graciously to all the party; with them was our late much respected rector, the present Bishop of Sodor and Man. It did one's heart good to see how his face beamed as one after another he recognized his old parishioners. There, too, was Mr. Quekett, our Rector's son,

resident near London, whose hearty greeting much delighted us, and whose local knowledge of the mighty place was of immense importance to all—and to ourselves more especially. At the dinner table Colonel Patten and our worthy member of Parliament and host, Mr. Greenall and Mrs. Greenall, met us, as did also Sir Sibbald and Lady Scott, J. I. Blackburne, Esq., Rev.W. J. Beamont, and Mr. White, our ex-Mayor. Alderman P. Rylands had also expected to meet us at dinner, but was prevented by a City engagement from arriving until our repast was finished. At dinner there were fully 450, many being Mr. Quekett's old parishioners. The dinner, or cold collation, was of the most ample kind, and we need scarcely say that after our 200 miles ride ample justice was done to Mr. Greenall's hospitality, he bearing the whole expense, amounting, we believe, to £66 10s.

"AFTER DINNER,

Colonel Wilson-Patten rose and said: Friends and neighbours,—It gives me great pleasure to meet you this day. You have come a long distance, and more for seeing sights than hearing speeches, but before you proceed to your sight-seeing, let me propose the health of our host, Mr. Greenall. (Cheers.) And let us do so with three good Warrington cheers. (Loud cheers.)

"Mr. Greenall, on rising to respond, was loudly applauded. He said,—I shall not detain you with a long speech. I wish you most sincerely, and from the bottom of my heart, a hearty welcome. This is the most happy morning of the ten years I have spent in London. (Cheers.) It is so because I have never before been able to see so many Lancashire and Warrington faces. Let me again say that you have given me the greatest pleasure by accepting of my invitation. (Cheers.) Before sitting down I would propose one toast—the health of our friend Mr. Quekett. (Loud and lengthened applause.) May all the good he expects flow from this gathering. (Cheers.) May we all have to look back with pleasure upon our gathering to-day. (Cheers.)

"Rev. W. Quekett was enthusiastically cheered on rising to reply. He said,—I cannot but echo the hopes of Mr. Greenall. It is a proud day for Mr. Greenall, and it is the same for myself. When I came among you a stranger, I felt anxious to get you around me, and I proposed this trip with that object, and I am sure I shall not be disappointed. (Cheers.) I have had 400 of

you coming about me for upwards of 12 months, and I have learned your little histories during that time, which might otherwise have taken a lifetime. We are this day favoured with the presence of an individual (Mr. Charles) now known by means of the public Press all over the world. He went to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and by seeing the furniture in the Austrian department his busy brain was set to work, and the result was now seen in the carved bedstead at the Manchester Exhibition—a work which did honour to Warrington and to our country at large. (Cheers.) And he hoped there would be found others amongst the present party who would likewise endeavour to improve themselves from what they saw. He then urged upon them the necessity of obedience and good behaviour, and trusted they would none of them forfeit the good opinion he entertained for them, and that he should safely bring all back to Warrington delighted with the trip. Mr. Quekett then gave directions for seeing the contents of the Palace without confusion, intimating that Mr. Ward, Mr. Rippingham, Mr. White, Professor Quekett, with Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Beamont, Mr. Marsh, and others who had delivered lectures to us on the various courts would accompany us in our sight-seeing. He also informed us that he had secured 200 beds for those requiring them, in the City, and urged upon all the duty of showing to the world that the great experiment of moving large bodies of men to such places from a distance, was attended with none of the evils some persons anticipated. He then concluded by stating that while they had been enjoying themselves, hundreds had no doubt been reading the telegraphic message on the *Guardian* Office window, informing friends of our safe arrival at the Palace.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"It is not our object to detail all the sights the excursionists saw. Simple notices must be enough, and these will be amply sufficient to perpetuate a visit to places, most of which many like ourselves had seen on previous visits to London.

"We need scarcely remind our readers that the Sydenham Crystal Palace is the child of the great palace of 1851. Government refused to buy the noble building, or to allow it to remain in Hyde Park after it had served the purpose of its existence; but eight English gentlemen purchased it, and from it is partly formed that grand erection known as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, covering many

acres. The building consists of a basement floor set apart for machinery, and over it a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, and two wings. The entire length of the building, with the wings and railway colonnade, is 3,476 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile. The roof from end to end is covered with glass one-thirteenth of an inch thick, weighing 21 ounces per foot. As may be supposed, an enormous number of pillars are in the building—in fact, if laid end to end they would measure 16¼ miles. The glass for roof and sides measures 25 acres; the iron used weighs 9,641 tons. The 22 boilers for supplying hot water, to keep the building at the temperature of Madeira in the depth of winter, are capable of holding 11,000 gallons each, and with them are connected pipes upwards of 50 miles long. The water is raised from an artesian well 650 feet deep. Tanks in two lofty glass covered towers hold water for the use of the fountains to the extent of 1,576 tons when filled; the water is pumped up by engine power to the extent of 320 horses. To us, the building itself was the greatest wonder; next to that the gigantic tree from California—a tree 36 feet in diameter, and at least 200 feet high when growing on its native soil. The geological specimens of extinct animals are also of deep interest. We feel on looking upon them as if we were introduced into a new world.

"In concluding this imperfect notice we may subjoin a list of the courts in the order in which they are best seen. Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Alhambra, Assyrian, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Elizabethan, Italian, Stationery, Birmingham, Sheffield, &c., &c. To describe the contents of these courts would take days. Messrs. Beamont, Marsh, Hamilton, &c., however, did all that time would allow in the courts first named. We attempt not to describe the beauty of the fountains and the sweet sounds of the mighty organ. Mr. Quekett had arranged that both should play at the time we were there. Mr. Davison, the builder of the organ, had kindly come to the Palace, by the Rector's request, to preside at the noble instrument.

LEAVING THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

"At a quarter before seven, as arranged with the captains, the bugler throughout the building and grounds commenced sounding the note of preparation for getting bags and assembling together on the long walk in the palace grounds. Here the party in due time met all again, and being marshalled two and two as they arrived at

the Palace, marched off to the train ready to convey them back to London. On arrival at the station, the Rector, with the captains and other friends, went to the different parts of London where the beds had been provided, and saw each detachment safe to their lodgings, when we separated for the evening.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"In company with a number of others we found our way to the House of Commons, and, by the kindness of Mr. Greenall, in due time found ourselves listening to the wisdom of the Lower House of Parliament. The House being in Committee of Supply, the Speaker was not in the chair, and members enjoyed the right allowed on such occasions of speaking frequently on the same subject. Mr. Cross, the new member for Preston, and son-in-law of our respected neighbour Mr. Lyon, spoke three times on the decimal coinage question. These were his first speeches in the House, and he was listened to with marked attention. We augur for Mr. Cross a high position in the House, at no distant day. In the course of two hours an amazing amount of money was voted, and all the while a leading member of the Financial Reform Association was lying full length asleep in the members' gallery. Even the division failed to awake him. The House of Commons is but a small building, ill ventilated, and dimly lighted by numerous burners between the real ceiling and a false one of stained glass. The gallery for strangers only holds about 80; the Speaker's gallery in front of it about 50 more. Each member has only power to issue one ticket of admission for a given evening. He can, however, obtain tickets from other members—this Mr. Greenall did to the extent of 70 or 80. At the opposite end of the House, at the back of the Chair, is the reporters' gallery, and behind that the ladies' gallery, the ladies being screened from public view by a brass lattice work.

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

"Tuesday was a very hot day. Most of the excursionists met, according to programme, at St. Paul's at ten o'clock. After listening to the sweet singing of the choir, and to the reading of a chapter, and service being ended, we proceeded to view the venerable building. Here we saw a house erected to the worship of God, second only to St. Peter's in Rome. It measures 510 feet in length, and covers upwards of two acres of ground. The mighty dome over our heads

is 300 feet in circumference. Everything is vast. No wonder that it took 35 years of time, and a million and a-half of money to build it. Within its walls lie the bodies of Nelson and Wellington, and its own great architect—Wren. Around are monuments to the great military and naval men of the past generation. We must not leave without glancing at the organ with its 2,200 pipes, supported upon those beautiful columns of blue veined marble. We ascend to the library and see its curious floor of 2,300 pieces of oak, without nail or peg. Here is the first Book of Common Prayer that was printed. We ascend the geometrical stairs, which hang without any visible support, and see Wren's first model of the Cathedral. We rise higher, and see the great bell, ten feet in diameter, ten inches thick, and weighing nearly 12,000 pounds. We visit the whispering gallery, and hear at a distance of 130 feet the faintest whisper spoken. Upwards we rise to the great ball, and from it see London at a glance—London, the city which equals any other four capitals of Europe united. Descending we enter the crypt and see the massive pillars—forty feet square—which support the mighty fabric. There rest the bodies of the illustrious. There reigns the worm, monarch of all he surveys.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, &c.

"Leaving St. Paul's we walked to London Bridge, and took a steamer to Westminster Bridge. After landing, we proceeded in small parties to inspect the new Houses of Parliament, Mr. Greenall procuring admission for many into the House of Commons, which was not then sitting. The House of Lords was sitting in its judicial capacity, Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, and St. Leonards only were present —but these famed men were well worth a long journey to see. From thence we visited Westminster Hall, and entered all the law courts. In the Queen's Bench we found Lord Campbell presiding, and in the other courts eight of the other judges, who were named to us by polite officials. Westminster Abbey was our next stopping place, and here, by Mr. Beamont's help, we were enabled to see the most interesting sights in a short time. But many hours would be required to inspect even the tombs in this ancient edifice—tombs a thousand years old—tombs containing the Kings of England up to the time of George III. Our next visit was to the National Gallery, but time would only allow us to examine a few of the works of Murillo, Raphael, Titian, and Rembrandt, which are near the entrance.

"From this point we went to see the Queen pass to St. James's Palace, to hold a drawing-room. The crowd was very great, and one of the excursionists had his gold watch taken, but thief and watch were secured. The brilliancy of the weather made the sight a very gorgeous one. The splendid appearance of the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, and of our nobility, raised profound admiration in the minds of those who had never seen such a sight before. The ladies in their court dresses were fully criticised, and very generally admired.

"Her Majesty, who was heartily cheered, bowed gracefully to the crowd, as also did Prince Albert and the Princess Royal.

"The Queen wore a train of black silk, trimmed with ruches of crape and bunches of black flowers made in feathers; the body ornamented with diamonds. A diadem of diamonds and opals, with black feathers, formed her headdress. The Princess Royal wore a train of white glace silk, trimmed with crape and bugles. A wreath of white flowers formed her headdress. The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a train of black glace silk, trimmed with crape, bugles, and bunches of fruit, flowers and black grass. The body ornamented to match. Pearl necklace and earrings. Her headdress was composed of black feathers, a black tulle veil with jet, and a diamond tiara.

"At 3 o'clock by sound of bugle we were called together at the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. A crowd collected to see what was 'up'—wondering if a herald were about to proclaim war against the Chinese. But a peep at our wallets showed that we were excursionists. The College of Surgeons was the next place on our programme, where hundreds went, and were shown over the Museum by Professor Quekett, the Rector's brother; but we took the opportunity of visiting the House of Lords, where by Colonel Patten's kindness we were admitted to hear the debates. Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Cranworth, and the Bishop of Oxford were the chief speakers, the subject being the third reading of the Divorce Bill. What a wonderful man is old Harry! He spoke of legislation done half a century ago in which he was mixed up, struck the table, and one hand with another with all the freshness of youth, which his canary coloured waistcoat betokened. The Bishop of Oxford is a fine looking man, and an excellent speaker. We felt anxious to know how the daily papers treated such orators, and were astounded next day to see their speeches mutilated in most cases more than a half. Some very fine passages in Brougham's and Oxford's were

gone. What would the Corporation of Warrington say to be treated so by a *weekly* paper? The Lords are more gallant than the Commons. Several ladies were in the strangers' department, but no idea of concealment was entertained. Numbers of our party went later in the evening to the Surrey Gardens, where the oratorio of the 'Messiah' was performed, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Ruddersdorf, and Mr. Sims Reeves being the solo singers. The audience numbered 9,000. It is in that building that the famous Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher, preaches every Sunday.

WEDNESDAY.

"On Wednesday we met in front of the Royal Exchange, and were collected by sound of the bugle. Very few were wanting, and no difficulty was experienced in finding the meeting places, the Rector having given each a sketch of London, noting the chief places we were to visit. The bugler went into the Bank of England yard, adjoining the Exchange, and, as the story goes, blew so loud a blast that out came the clerks in a body to see if the building were on fire. The livery officials, however, put our bugler out very quickly.

"We proceeded from the Exchange to the Monument, built to commemorate the great fire of London. From thence we went through Billingsgate Market, on our way to the Custom House—here we experienced great fun and laughter. Some called us teetotallers, and asked us to drink; others thought we were Mormons; and others expressed a hope that we might not lose ourselves. Mr. Whitley and his party were honoured by being taken for Spurgeon and his scholars—one old woman maintaining that the reverend gentleman was very like his (Spurgeon's) portrait. An hour and a half were spent in inspecting the Tower. By the kindness of the chaplain—a friend of Mr. Whitley and Mr. Beamont—we saw the old chapel containing the bodies of the lords beheaded in 1746, and of several others of eminence. Mr. Deacon, the sexton, gave us an interesting description of many things associated with the chapel, and most kindly entertained a number of us in the absence of the chaplain. In the tower are the Crown jewels, a large quantity of ancient armoury; instruments of torture, such as thumb screws, collars, and the 'scavenger's daughter'—the latter an instrument for torturing many parts of the body at once.

"From the Tower we went on to the Thames Tunnel, passing through St Katharine's Docks, which cover 24 acres, and the

London Docks, which cover 34 acres, where we visited the wine cellars and the tobacco warehouse, covering 5 acres alone.

"The Thames Tunnel was an object of interest to all who could descend its 200 steps. It is 370 yards long, and cost £600,000, It passes right under the Thames to the other side, but is useless for business purposes, for want of a carriage entrance.

"We next took a steamer for Blackwall, and passing on our way the Great Eastern, a steamer now building, of 22,000 tons burden, or within 8,000 tons in burden of Noah's Ark. She is equal to six of our line of battle ships, and measures 680 feet in length. Further on we passed the Agamemnon, the famous flagship of Admiral Lyons. On our return the two great travellers of our party—father and son—went on board, and inspected the submarine cable, which is being coiled on board. After viewing Greenwich Hospital, and returning to London and getting carpet bags, in due time we reached Euston Square Station, found our train ready by the time fixed, and at 7 o'clock—leaving 41 of our number behind, to remain longer as agreed on, we started homewards amid the cheers of our friends. Nothing of note happened on the journey. By 1.35 we reached Warrington, where we were met by a crowd of friends, and after three cheers for the Rector, we sought our different homes.

"We cannot conclude this notice without expressing our admiration of the forethought of Mr. Quekett. Everything was found ready—even to a dinner at Blackwall; comfortable lodgings were provided for those who stood in need, and to the honour of all the excursionists, we must say that Mr. Quekett had not the slightest reason to regret the immense pains bestowed upon this great excursion trip.

"We have no doubt steps will be taken to show our esteem for him, and our thanks for his unwearied exertions, for, from first to last, he never left us for an hour.

"In the words of Cowper we may add—

> "Now let us sing long live the Queen,
> Our Rector long live he,
> And when he next does ride to town
> May we be there to see."

The Indian Mutiny.

The terrible news from India filled everyone with alarm and horror during the anxious months of 1857-8. In my own household I had a deep, grave interest in this sad fruit of misrule, for

Mrs. Quekett's brother, General Dodgson, C.B., was with Havelock at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and took part in the melancholy work of quelling the rebellion with exemplary bravery; while Mrs. Dodgson and her children were shut up in the Mint at Benares for safety during the outbreak of the rebellion. Mrs. Quekett's sister, Mrs. Fooks, and her two children were at Nagode at the commencement of the mutiny; and General Fooks was with the last regiment that mutinied, and was obliged, with other officers, to give up the command.

In Warrington, as in other towns, public notice was taken of the alarming state of our Eastern Empire, and a fast day—a day of humiliation and prayer—was appointed to be kept on Wednesday, October 7th, 1857. I was, unhappily, unable to be present, as illness had overtaken me, and I had been compelled to rest; but at the service in the Parish Church my curate, the Rev. W. Hamilton, preached an appropriate sermon, and special prayers were offered for the guidance and help of Almighty God.

A Holiday in Italy.

My health failed so seriously in the autumn of 1857 that my medical men advised me to winter abroad. I therefore left Warrington with Mrs. Quekett at the end of October, to make a short tour in Italy, and to spend the winter in Rome. It will be unnecessary for me to enter into minute descriptions of places and scenery, as handbooks of foreign travel now-a-days make even people who stay at home familiar with other lands, and travelling is so much more expeditious and cheap that there are few who do not visit Rome and Italy. But as the associations with this wintering in Italy are very pleasant, I shall crave the indulgence of my readers for a brief record of our doings and impressions in the land and city of the Cæsars.

We stayed for a short time in London, where I purchased a complete set of photographic apparatus. I had never tried to photograph; but the pleasure it was likely to afford during our stay in Italy, and the lasting records it would give of places, objects, and persons we should see, induced me to make myself acquainted with the processes of the art. I had only one lesson, which was sufficient to give me an insight into the whole matter; and by practice, I flatter myself that I became an adept in the mysteries of

VIEW OF ROME, FROM THE APPIAN WAY,
SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

(From a Photograph taken by the Rev. W. Quekett.)

photography. Before we left Rome I had secured really good stereoscopic views of the principal buildings ; and was able to bring away records of our stay which have afforded, to others as well as to myself, many hours of pleasure.

We crossed the " silver streak " by way of Dover and Calais. Driving into Paris, we were able to renew our acquaintance with many of the objects of interest we had seen on a previous visit. Mrs. Quekett's remembrances of Paris were more numerous and interesting than my own; for she had witnessed some of the terrible barricade warfare and street fighting, which was the outcome of the revolution that overthrew Louis Philippe. We did not make any lengthened stay in Paris, as my enemy—the rheumatism—warned me to seek the warm and sunny south. We rested for a short time at Lyons, and then went forward to Marseilles. Here the weather was so warm and fine that we remained some days; and Mrs. Quekett's sketch-book received additions from the beautiful scenery which lies around this noted seaport. On the 5th of November we left Marseilles for Nice. The short voyage of 119 nautical miles would, I suppose, be considered a picturesque and very pleasant one by most travellers. The coast is in sight all along, with lovely hills and valleys in the landscape, and pretty villages and little towns nestling among the hills or basking on the beach, while the blue waters, glittering in the clear sunlight, dance all about the ship. The fortifications and harbour of Toulon look bold and interesting even in the distance. But I am, unfortunately, a bad sailor, and I lost the enjoyment which many of my fellow-mortals would have had. Nice was to be our abode for some time ; and I was eager to see it, and to verify the accounts of its beauty and salubrity which I had heard in England. We stayed at the Hotel d'Angleterre. My health began to improve, and I was soon able to enjoy the scenery, the cheerful life, and the freedom from work and anxiety. It was here that I first became a photographer, and the pleasure which excursions to the many lovely views and spots in this very paradise of Southern Europe afforded was greatly enhanced by the production of photographs. I found employment, too, in assisting in the services of the English Church ; and we spent many pleasant days in picnics. I especially remember picnics to Villafranca, where a year or two later was to be signed the peace which, favourable as it was to Italy, yet robbed her of territory ceded to her ally and deliverer, France, after victories over her enemy, Austria. The old castle of Villafranca is a fine mediæval structure, and the scenery

around is very beautiful. Another picnic we had on New Year's Day at Turbie, a little village beyond Villafranca. I remember going into a wood and gathering scarlet anemones, Neapolitan violets, and lilies of the valley. Fancy such a delicious nosegay on the first of January! Among those whom we joined on these occasions were many pleasant companions, and we found many sources of amusement.

The walks about Nice are very interesting. The Promenade des Anglais was a favourite resort of ours; and I loved the walks to Cimiés and St. Andrea. At Cimiés I photographed the monks.

We left Nice for Genoa on January 11th, driving through the fragrant orange groves along the old Cornice road, and admiring the exquisite scenery, so varied in character, and truly fine at every point. We had engaged four horses to take us to Pisa, and I must confess I never felt more at the mercy of anyone than I did under the autocratic rule of our charioteer. He arranged the times of our departure, of our rests on the way, and many other matters in which an Englishman likes to have a voice of his own. It was useless to remonstrate. Here we must start at 4 a.m., to reach some point before the heat came; there we must not stay lest we should not reach another point before nightfall. We spent the first night at Mentone. The chief reason for the selection of Mentone as a health resort in preference to Nice or Cannes is that it has a background of magnificent mountains, which form its shelter on every side but the south. The scenery is wilder than at Nice. Two villages, Gorbio and S. Agnese, lie high up on the mountains, forming picturesque additions to the views for the wanderer. At Mentone are citron and lemon groves, which are most fragrant. We had not seen these at Nice; and I suppose the sheltered position of Mentone rendered it more suitable for bringing these fruits to perfection.

We arrived at Genoa on Thursday, the 14th of January. All along the road we had been struck with the beauty of the valleys; and in the summer and autumn the gardens must be laden with fruit. We came by the shipbuilding suburb of Sestri, and very soon the tall lighthouse towered over our way, and we drove into the city. The prosperity of the place is at once apparent, though the streets are badly paved and very hilly, and there is little pretence to the sanitary arrangements found in English towns. The older parts of the town have heavy, old-fashioned buildings; but there is a display of architecture and grandeur about the houses of the

PISA—THE LEANING TOWER.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett.)

modern part. Most of the hotels are on the harbour, and thither, accordingly, we were taken. We remained in Genoa for three or four days, visiting the cathedral and other churches; several of the palaces, which are truly remarkable for their architecture. The principal streets are very gay, the goldsmiths displaying in their windows the finest specimens of their art. Goldsmiths seem to abound in the Italian towns. They are famed for very fine filigree work, which rivals that of the East. The harbour is full of craft of all nations and sizes. Genoa is to Italy what Liverpool is to England, the vast carrying centre. Here come most of the Swiss goods for shipping, while the manufacturing Lombards and corn and olive and wine-growing Italians know the value of this seaport. The Genoese boast much of their city being the birth-place of Christopher Columbus, though he was really born about 16 miles away, at Cogoletto. I was much amused to see ships and boats bearing the name "Cristofero Colombo," as if the Genoese had all the honours of his discoveries.

We left Genoa on the 18th of January for Pisa, reaching Sestri the first day, and Spezia the second. All along the road we felt as if travelling in a beautiful garden, and the views of the sea were magnificent. There are many small bays along the coast. From Sestri to Spezia the road ascends the Pass of Bracco, and at Velva is some 2,000 feet above the sea level. There we naturally felt some nervousness, for on the side of the road is a precipitous cliff, reaching in places quite to the margin of the sea. We felt that if our driver were to make a mistake, or our horses a plunge, we might be in a moment hurled into eternity. As we approached Spezia we could see the distant mountains of Carara, and had a lovely view of the bay lying yards below on our right. Spezia is an Italian bathing-place. The country around it is beautiful, and it is a pretty little town, having mostly villa houses, each surrounded with olives, vines, and other trees. At the time I write I believe that Spezia must be much altered, as it has become a naval station, and has a dockyard for the building of ironclads for the Italian navy. From Spezia to Pisa the road turns more inland. We reached Pisa on Thursday, January 21st. Pisa is a rather dull town, seeming to wear an air of decayed gentility. The dulness was, however, enlivened by the Carnival; and we also met here the Rev. Mr. Hamilton and his wife, who afforded us pleasant and agreeable society. The most noted object in Pisa is the Leaning Tower, of which I made several photographs. The Duomo, the

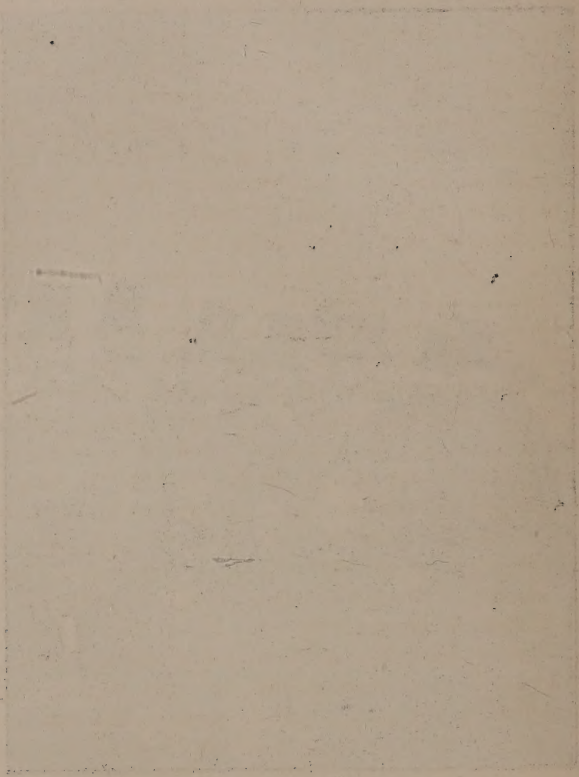
Baptistery, and the Campo Santo all stand on the same open green space as the Leaning Tower, and are all outside the town. In the Duomo is a pavement of the brightest magnificence, and there are beautiful pictures and carving; but the interior of the Baptistery is still more worthy of notice. It is circular in form, with a font in the centre enclosed by a marble screen of exquisite carving; and there is the noted pulpit by Nicolo Pisano, supported by columns resting upon animals, and sculptured with the most elaborate bas-relief. The exterior of the Duomo reminds one of pictures of Oriental mosques. The Baptistery is quite separate from it, and has its own cupola. It would be difficult to say of what style of architecture these buildings are; so great is the confusion of ornaments, and so mixed the variety of styles in window and arch and pillar, that the beholder feels himself bewildered. It is quite refreshing to turn to the Campo Santo, which forms one side of the area in which the Duomo is situated. The Gothic of the tabernacle above the entrance appears as new as if built within the present century. Within the cloisters is a greensward which covers the sacred earth brought from Mount Calvary about the period of the crusades, when Pisa was a flourishing city. The Campo Santo reveals the strange inconsistency of Pagan sarcophagi in the same consecrated precincts as Christian tombs.

The Carnival was very gay. Masks and fancy dresses were worn, and every sort of pleasantry was indulged in. It seemed to me an odd way of commemorating a religious festival. But we took its gaieties as we found them, and enjoyed ourselves. At Pisa I made many photographs, and amongst others one of the students at the University.

On Saturday, January 30, we left Pisa for Leghorn and Naples. We travelled by train to Leghorn; and here an accident occurred which has often afforded us much amusement in its remembrance. There was a gentleman in tbe train who lived at Leghorn; and when we arrived he unfortunately carried away all our wraps with his own luggage. We were distressed at not being able to find them; but by-and-by a porter, who knew the gentleman, explained to us what had happened, and we took a cab and drove up to his house. The door was open, and on our looking into the hall we saw our rugs and other articles lying there. Without more ado we carried them off to a boat which would convey us to the steamer for Naples then lying in the bay. Here another delay occurred. The boat was pushed off from the shore; but the men on shore would not let her

GROUP OF STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PISA.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett.)



go, holding her fast by a rope, till we should give them additional money. It was useless to reason with them; so I took out my knife and was about to cut the rope, when, seeing my determination, they let go, and we got safely away to the steamer. We reached Civita Vecchia next day (Sunday) at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Naples on the Monday morning at four o'clock.

It is impossible to give anything like a description of the beautiful scenery of Naples, or of the many things which a stranger would care to see there. For these a Murray's Handbook or Baedeker's Guide is invaluable; and I can only tell of such events and things and places as made a lasting impression upon me.

Mrs. Quekett and I spent a good part of our first day in Naples in looking for comfortable apartments, which we found at the Hotel Belle Vue. Here we were in the course of a day or two joined by Mrs. Brooks, an English lady whose acquaintance we had formed at Nice. She followed and attached herself to us of her own accord, evidently preferring our society to the solitariness of travelling alone. On Saturday, the 6th of February, I met at the door of the hotel the Rev. George Heron—a clerical neighbour of mine near Warrington. Our first Sunday in Naples was a very wet day, and I read the service at home. On the Monday I visited the Pompeiian collection in the museum with Mr. Heron; and on the Tuesday, Mrs. Quekett not being well since our arrival in Naples, I went with him to visit Virgil's Tomb. The sculpture from Pompeii shows great perfection in that art. The tomb of Virgil is interesting; it must at one time have been a conspicuous object from the old Roman road. I cannot profess to have become enthusiastically classical as I looked at the ivy-covered monument. The road to it through a vineyard is very pretty. Another day we went up to look at the cemetery. There is a somewhat strange arrangement as to burials. Round the sides of the cemetery, cut in the rock, are 365 graves, or, rather, large tombs. These are opened in turn on successive days; so that no one of them is used more than once a year. Into the grave opened on any day all the bodies to be buried are flung, and are at once covered with quicklime. The monks are the sextons, and to their care the dead are committed. While we were at Naples we saw a very grand military funeral. The Governor of Naples had died; and at his funeral the body, dressed in all his regimentals, was placed on a gun-carriage and taken round the town with 20,000 troops as an escort, to receive the adieux of the citizens. It was then left in the care of the monks for burial.

The saying of the "*addio*" to the bodies of the dead is a general custom at Naples. We saw the dead body of a merchant, dressed in his best clothes, and with white kid gloves upon his hands, placed in a sitting position on a chair at one of the windows of his house. Crowds of people assembled to bid him "good-bye" before burial.

Another curious institution in Naples, as in most Italian towns, is that of lotteries. The love of gambling is inherent in all classes of society, and even the beggars who can read nothing beyond the numbers on the lottery ticket invest in the lottery the very alms they ask. The numbers run from 1 to 90, and five of these are drawn every Saturday afternoon. Anyone who plays is allowed to make a combination of any five of the numbers from 1 to 90; and the usual plan is to play on the events of the day. I was told that 38, 84 was very lucky; but I am not able to vouch for the truth of the information by personal experience.

There are numbers of churches in Naples, and the cathedral is a fine Gothic building. A good deal of what to an English taste is tawdry adornment spoils most of the churches, while the number of candles lighted is almost beyond computation.

There are said to be fewer beggars in Naples than formerly. My experience was that there could hardly be a larger number, for the majority of the lower orders seemed to have taken up begging as a profession. Mrs. Quekett and her maid were one day surprised by shrieks of laughter from an adjoining room of the hotel; and on looking out of the window, they saw a crowd of beggars, to whom two gentlemen were throwing from one of the windows copper coins which they had previously heated on a shovel. The poor beggars were eager enough to seize the coins, and then as ready to drop them; and the fights for the "hot coppers" were the source of the gentlemen's amusement.

There appeared to be an unreasonable amount of suspicion on the part of the authorities with regard to foreigners and their pursuits. Twice when photographing I was marched off by the police from the spot I had chosen, and told to go away. I was obliged to obtain permission from the Governor to take a view of the Villa Reale; and before I could get water from the sea for a bath for Mrs. Quekett, who had far from good health during our stay in Naples, I was compelled to make application to the authorities, and to prove that I was not intending to manufacture salt!

On the 19th of February we made an excursion to Vesuvius,

visiting Herculaneum on the way. I was much interested with the ruins of Herculaneum, and with the lava stream which embedded it. There could have been but little loss of life when, in A.D. 79, it was over-run by the volcanic stream; since it is five miles from Vesuvius, and the inhabitants had plenty of time for warning and escape. We reached the Hermitage at 12 o'clock, and got up to the cone of the volcano by 3. The Government employ a sentinel to go with each party. We stood in a line and were counted; and he was obliged to return the same number to the officials on our descent. The labour of walking up the mountain is very great owing to the loose stones and cinders which slip backwards whenever the foot is put down; but the descent is easy enough, for at every footstep one slides seven or eight feet. It is dangerous to look through the crevices in the side of the mountain. The fire beneath can be distinctly seen; and the heat which comes up is very great. And yet the surface of the mountain was covered with snow, and the atmosphere was very chill. Where a solid standing can be found, the sound of beating the ground is like the noise of a drum. In time there is little doubt that much of the sides of the mountain must fall in, a prey to the restless fires beneath. On reaching the summit, we were allowed to look into the crater, holding our hats before our faces to prevent the heat from scorching us. Mrs. Quekett had been carried up in a chair by two men, and so had avoided the fatigue of climbing this almost perpendicular ascent—so precipitous that it is absolutely dangerous to look behind, except through one's legs as one climbs. We noticed that the lava at the bottom of the crater was molten, and as white as snow. We could see distinctly the part of the cone broken down by the stream of lava which had flowed to the destruction of Herculaneum. It was a curious thing that the very part of the cone over which we stooped to look into the crater was itself broken down three days afterwards. The view from the top of Vesuvius is very fine, and even for that alone the ascent is worth making. The only regret I had after this excursion was on account of my boots, which were worn out by the loose ashes. We walked back to the Hermitage over the waves of lava, which were like glass. The guides were a miserable set of fellows. The moment our guide made his appearance before the ascent, there was a regular fight; and it was not without difficulty that we were able to take off our own man from the dozen or so who wished to prevent him from what they thought was usurping their office. We got

safely back to Naples, and were glad of the dinner which awaited us. Next day Mrs. Quekett felt so much fatigued that I sought my amusement alone. A little photography and a walk to the Villa Reale gave a quiet change from the climbing and rough travelling of the day before.

We also visited Pompeii. This was destroyed by showers of ashes from the burning mountain, and the excavations have been much easier to accomplish and are much more complete than at Herculaneum. Trees and vineyards grow over the entombed houses, which the excavators find as perfect as on the day they were built. The ruins of Pompeii have afforded to the classical student much illustration, and to the world at large much archæological information. The interiors of the houses have furnished us with a clue to the habits of the Romans in the days of their greatest prosperity and luxury; and the tale is too often the melancholy one of the iniquity which precedes judgment. The tombs are of great magnificence. The whole of the ruined city is enclosed, and a considerable sum is charged for admission, so that the Government makes a large revenue from visitors. The most elegant objects of antiquity in the museum at Naples come from Pompeii; and the sculpture is beyond measure beautiful. I remember well in the museum a piece of sculpture, "Modesty and Sin," covered with a net, all carved in the marble; and another of a veiled Christ, which surpassed any works of this kind I have ever seen.

Every Sunday at Naples I did duty in the English church for the Rev. Mr. Pugh, who was away for a holiday.

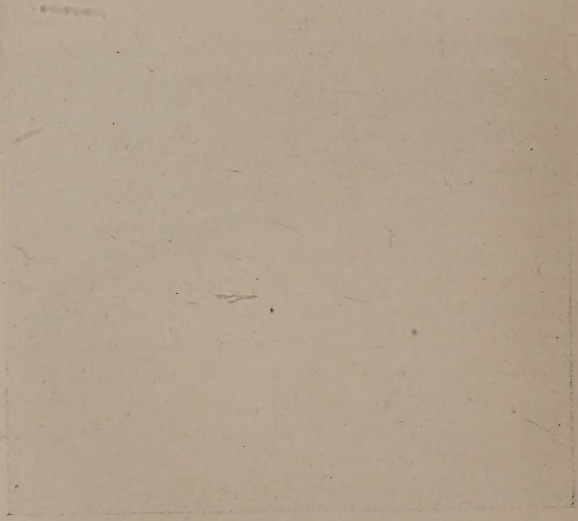
The coral manufactories are well worth a visit from all strangers at Naples. We saw the process of cutting the coral; and were delighted both with the beautiful work produced and with the skill of the workpeople.

We went also to inspect the ruins of an amphitheatre. The old Romans were as much attached to their games as the English are to sports. There is much sameness in the remains of the amphitheatres; the chief differences are in the size and ornamentation. We have read so much in the way of description, and seen so much in the way of sculpture and painting, respecting these ancient "games," that it requires very little effort of imagination when on the spot to fill the seats with breathless spectators, and the arena with gladiators or *retiarii*, or even with hungry wild beasts and trembling prisoners.

The Neapolitans are a light-hearted, happy people. Who, indeed,

POMPEII.—THE AMPHITHEATRE, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett.)



could be otherwise under this clear, bright sky, and amidst such animating surroundings? There are the sights and sounds of merry, happy life everywhere; and the people do not seem to take duty so hardly and labour so seriously as our countrymen do. But it would be a mistake to think that they are idle. Up by daybreak, resting only in the heat of the day, they work on uncomplainingly. Of course, I am not speaking of the *lazzaroni*—but of the true working people.

They are fond of animals. Their goats, driven out to pasture during the day, are collected at nightfall, and are milked in the streets. There is always a great noise of pigs in the early morning. On looking down the street you see a pig, with a rope round its body, tied up to every door; and when by-and-by the swineherd appears and blows his horn the pigs are loosed and follow him to the woods, where the acorns and other dainty morsels reward their foraging through the day. At night he collects them and brings them back. Every pig knows its own dwelling and makes its way to its stye, where a good supper awaits it.

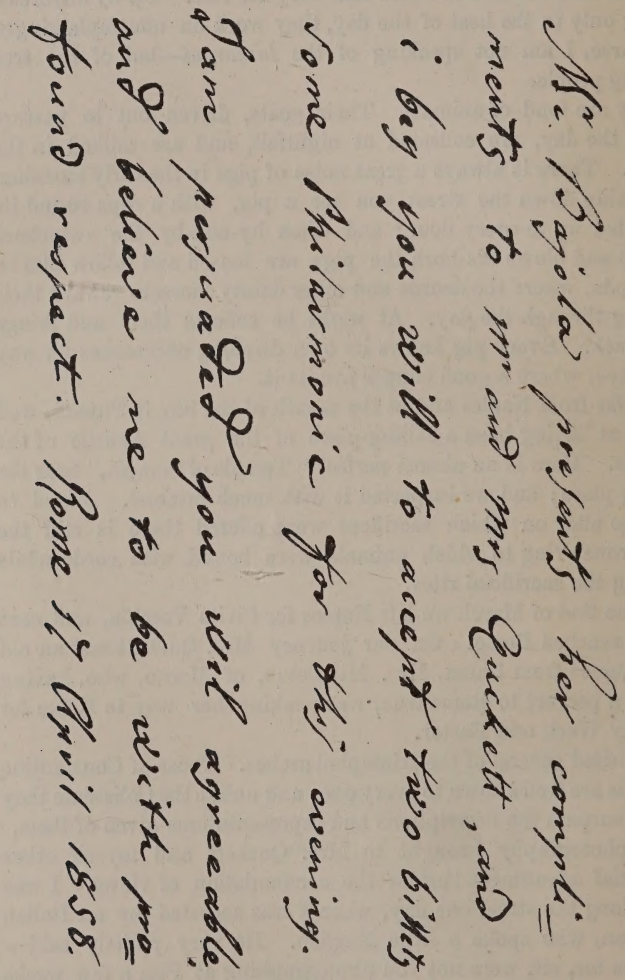
Not far from Naples and at the mouth of the bay is Puteoli, well known as having been a calling-place of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Here is an almost perfect "Temple of Serapis," near the landing-place; and we inspected it with much interest. Fixed to the large altar on which sacrifices were offered there is still the large bronze ring to which animals were bound with cords while awaiting the sacrificial rites.

On the 2nd of March we left Naples for Civita Vecchia, and next day we reached Rome. On our journey Mrs. Quekett met an old acquaintance from China, Mrs. Middleton, of Macao, who, having become a pervert to Romanism, was making her way to Rome for the Holy Week and Easter.

We visited several of the triumphal arches. Those of Constantine and Titus are well known to every one; and unlike the Colisseum they did not surpass the descriptions and representations given of them.

My photography brought to Mrs. Quekett and myself other substantial advantages besides the accumulation of views. I was going along the street one day, when I was accosted by an Italian gentleman, who spoke a little English. He very politely said—"Excuse me, sir, were not you photographing at Pisa a few weeks since?" I replied that I had taken a group of the students of the University. He said, laughing, "I am in that picture;" and begged a copy of it to show to his wife. Signor Bajola—for such was this

gentleman's name—was after this most polite in his attention to us, and obtained for us tickets for all the principal theatres and performances in Rome. I subjoin an exact fac-simile of one of his notes;


Mr. Pagiola presents his compliments to Mr and Mrs Crickett, and begs you will to accept two tickets some Philharmonic for this evening.

Name required you will agreeable and believe me to be with most found respect. Rome 17 April 1858

and I have pleasure in acknowledging the indebtedness we feel towards him for the pleasures he afforded us.

THE COLISSEUM, ROME.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett. Taken from a summer-house in the garden of the Palace of the Cæsars, the only place where the whole round of the building can be seen.)

It is often said that one goes from home to find one's friends. It was so with us. On Thursday, March 4th, we met with my brother Edward's brother-in-law, Mr. Frederick Hyde, who was a surgeon, and shortly afterwards we fell in with some friends, the Nicholsons, and dined with them. We engaged comfortable apartments in the Villa Felicia.

Walks through Rome are everywhere full of interest, and we spent our first few days in forming a general acquaintance with the city. One of the first great buildings of antiquity which we visited was the Pantheon. This is the monument of old Rome, which has been the best preserved amid the fluctuations of Government and the neglect of unsympathetic ages. Its architecture is magnificent, and has afforded models for much modern work. There can be little doubt that the first purpose of the Pantheon was to add to the accommodation of the baths which Agrippa had also constructed. It was added to by Septimus Severus and Caracalla, and became a temple. In the year 608 Pope Boniface IV. obtained permission from the Emperor Phocas to consecrate it as a Christian Church.

We had some wet days about this time, and on the Sunday I stayed at home and read the prayers for the day. In the evening, the rain passed off, and I went with Mr. Hyde for a walk in the park, where we saw preparations for a display of fireworks.

Of all the ancient buildings in Rome I was most interested in the Colisseum. It is indeed a magnificent ruin, the beauty of which no picture or photograph can fully delineate. I took several photographs of it; and the illustration given is from a photograph which I made from a spot which allowed the spectator to see the perfect round of the noble structure.

On Wednesday, the 16th of March, we were present at a grand review of the Papal troops. Perhaps, of all the soldiers in Europe, these of the Papal States are the most gaudily dressed, and are the least efficient. The French troops, up to the time of our visit, were the real custodians of the Papacy. Since then, all has been changed. Italy is free; Rome is an Italian city; and France has passed through such a reverse of fortune and such a change of rule, that her troops are withdrawn, and the Pope is a mere householder in the huge Vatican Palace.

We drove out to the Appian Way on the Thursday, and visited the Valley and Fountain of Egeria. The very many historical events connected with this road—at one time, perhaps, the greatest artery of communication with the capital of the world—filled our

drive with the deepest interest. There St. Paul travelled when he came the first time to be tried by Cæsar. By this road it is said that St. Peter tried to escape from the crucifixion which threatened him; and a church bearing the singular title of "Domine, qui vadis" perpetuates the legend of the Apostle's question to his master, who is said to have replied, "Venio Romam iterum crucifegi"—an answer which shamed the Apostle and wrought in him the determination to surrender himself. This road may also have been the way of the hurried journey of Ignatius to Rome to be thrown to the beasts by the order of Trajan. And here certainly four miles from Rome the philosopher Seneca was murdered by order of Nero. Tombs abound on the side of the road, and ruins of temples and mediæval churches show how famed was once this ancient "Appian Way."

On the Roman Feast of St. Gregory we went to St. Peter's, as we heard that the Pope was to officiate. Like many other visitors to St. Peter's, I am free to confess that the reality is far from rivalling the imaginative ideal one had formed; though every one must allow that it is a glorious temple and that, although disappointed, one is very greatly impressed by it. There is little doubt that a stranger does not all at once take in the vast proportions of St. Peter's; and that it requires time to realise its extent and greatness. The Pope was present at the High Mass and gave the benediction. A day or two afterwards we went to the top of the dome, and were then able to appreciate the vast size of this great church. The passers-by in the square below looked like pigmies, and we were astonished to find that the mosaics which from below appeared so fine and delicate were really works of large and coarse character, a fact which proved to us the great height of the dome.

We went to see the mosaic manufactory, and were much interested with the designs and representations. We also saw the art and sculpture galleries at the Capitol.

My collection of photographs grew rapidly; and comprised many of the works of art as well as the public buildings.

On Sunday, the 21st, after attending the English Church in the morning, we visited the Catacombs in the afternoon. So much has been written about the Catacombs that I need enter into no details. They are among the wonders of Rome, and are most interesting to a stranger. They were probably not at first places of interment, but were mere excavations, from which the Romans obtained the earth, made from pulverised ashes, which they used so largely in

ROME.—THE FORUM AND THE PANTHEON.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett.)

building. The whole district on the left bank of the Tiber to the exterior of the city is honeycombed underground by these excavations. The early Christians used them not merely as places of interment for their dead, but as meeting-places and as refuges from their persecutors.

On the 24th of March we visited several of the studios; and, hearing that the Queen of Spain would pay a State visit to the Pope in the afternoon, we took care to be at the Vatican in good time. The Pope was sumptuously arrayed, and the Queen looked young and pretty, and incapable of the deeds which made her name hated in her own country. The Pope bestowed dowries on fifty young women; an odd thing for a celibate to do, but, nevertheless, a good deed which would make his name beloved far more than any encyclical could do.

We were glad to have a little variety from our quiet and settled life in Rome by going to see a fox hunt in Campagna. A subscription pack of hounds is kept, many of the nobility and wealthier inhabitants showing much zest for this sport; and strangers are often allowed through an introduction to join in the chase. We were, however, mere spectators: but even as such we found amusement in watching the hounds and huntsmen galloping hither and thither in the broad plain. The other sports of the Romans are boar-shooting in the winter, and quail shooting from early in May. They also delight in quail fights, an exhibition which I myself once witnessed. I was going along a street when I noticed a number of men carrying something concealed under their cloaks; and they all entered the door of a house towards which I was walking. On coming to it I enquired what these men were carrying and what was going on in the house. I was told that it was a quail fight, and that the men who entered each carried a cage with his birds ready for the fray. I went in, and found that the quail fight is a most business-like proceeding. Every competitor pays a franc and receives a number, and lots are drawn as to which two shall present birds to fight together. I never saw such determined battles. The contest always lasts till one quail kills the other. The survivors battle in a second heat; and so on till the victor is left.

The 28th of March was Palm Sunday. We went to St. Peter's and saw the Pope in state, and the ceremony of the blessing of the palms. The Pope is carried into St. Peter's, and takes his place in the pontifical chapel. There he receives the homage of the Cardinals, and then consecrates the palms which he distributes first to the

Cardinals, then to the Archbishops and Bishops, the chief authorities of the State and foreign Ambassadors, the Canons of St. Peter's, and the heads of the different religious orders. He then gives them to such military officers and private persons as may wish to receive them. There is afterwards a procession in which the Pope is carried round the church, and those who have received the palms follow him. A High Mass is then performed, and the whole ceremony is very imposing.

I had noticed when at San Remo that all the palm trees were bound up with straw, and could in no way account for this singular custom. Here at the blessing of the palms I found the explanation. All the palms blessed by the Pope were white; and the bindings of the straw on the trees were to keep the light from them, so that they should present a white appearance at this festival.

VISIT TO THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

On Palm Sunday we quite accidentally made the acquaintance of an Italian gentleman, Signor Pignoti, who during the remainder of our stay made himself particularly agreeable to us. At the ceremony of the blessing of the palms and their distribution, Mrs. Quekett expressed a great desire to have a piece of palm; and Signor Pignoti, who stood near, politely offered to obtain some, and said, "Give me your address, and I will bring it to your private residence." Next day he called with the coveted prize, and after this he frequently came in the evenings, and helped to make our stay in Rome as pleasant as possible by drawing our attention to interesting places and things which we had not yet seen. Signor Pignoti was highly connected, and had admission to many of the principal houses in Rome.

He took us to see the Convent for the Deaf and Dumb, of which his aunt was the Lady Superior. We saw 20 adults in a class; and I was very greatly astonished to find that in communicating with them, their instructress and the Lady Superior used no finger language, as we do in England in conversing with deaf-mutes; but simply the same movements of the lips, mouth, and face generally as would be made in speaking aloud. I said to the Lady Superior that I wondered how they could understand; and that indeed I felt sceptical as to their taking in what she said. She replied that she would satisfy us by a simple proof. The instructress, therefore, told her pupils by the same method of communication that

Signor Pignoti was a relative of the Lady Superior, and that he had brought some English friends to see them. The English gentleman could scarcely believe that they understood what she was saying. Would one of them take a piece of chalk and write on the blackboard what she had just told them. One of them stepped forward and wrote in Italian every word the teacher had said. I was, therefore, perfectly convinced, and could not help feeling that the Italian method of teaching the deaf and dumb is both more expeditious and more rational than the English. The eyes of the pupils are keenly fixed on the face of the speaker, and they read the muscular action of the lips and face as readily as a hearer can understand the spoken words.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

On the Monday we visited the Temple of Vesta. It is a most elegant little circular building, and justly deserving of the admiration bestowed upon it. I was so much delighted with it that I resolved to photograph it next day.

The Jews in Rome lived by themselves in a quarter called the Ghetto. They were treated within the Papal States with a rigidity which almost every Christian country has discarded. None of them had shops or warehouses in the open parts of the city; and they carried on their avaricious trades of money-lending, banking, and jewellery in their own dirty quarter. We went to see the Ghetto, but its exterior proved so repulsive that we were glad to leave it unexplored.

On the Wednesday, the first day of Holy Week in the technical Roman sense, Rome was full. Strangers and pilgrims had been flocking in on the previous days, and the influx appeared never to cease. We heard the *Miserere* chanted at the Sixtine Chapel, and saw the candles extinguished and lit again as symbolical of Christ's death and resurrection. On the Thursday the Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests, who are chosen from every Catholic country. Twelve of these represent the twelve Apostles, and the thirteenth an Apostle or some other heavenly visitant who appeared to St. Gregory the Great when performing this same rite. We saw the Pope wait on the thirteen priests at a supper which is representative of our Lord's Last Supper. After they had eaten as much as they could of a sumptuous meal, the Pope gave each of them a bit of bread, and then poured wine and water into the cup of each. One of them was rude enough to say as the Holy Father offered the

water after giving the wine, "*Nona aqua.*" This feast concluded, the scramble for the remains is beyond measure disgusting. Men and women with baskets seize everything—bread, fruits, meat, jellies, wine, &c.—and throw all they can get into their baskets. I never saw such a rowdy scrimmage in all my life; and I could not but marvel how in the pretended solemnities of a religious commemoration such scandals could be tolerated. When all the viands were cleared away, and nothing but the flowers remained, a priest threw these among the people, and I caught several in my hat.

We also saw the washing of the high altar, and here again, as a gratuitous addition to the ceremony, we were shocked to see some of the acolyte boys drenching each other with the holy water.

On Good Friday we saw the relics—the nails of the Cross, the handkerchief of St. Veronica, with the impression of our Lord's face; the spear which pierced His side, &c. The Good Friday was a very wet day, and the pilgrims, who seemed never to cease pouring into the city, were drenched. They had their feet washed as part of the week's ceremonial, the men by some of the nobles, and the women by noble ladies of Rome. I shall never forget my meagre fare on this day. My supper consisted of three sprats, a salad, a little wine, and an apple. On the Saturday—Easter Eve—we visited the Churches of S. Maggiore and S. John Lateran. At the latter there was an ordination of young priests; and afterwards a public baptism of adults, who were converted from Judaism, Mahommedanism, or Heathenism. There was also the ceremony of the blessing of the candles; and the keeping of the Resurrection Feast began in the evening.

On Easter Day, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the firing of cannon from the Castle of S. Angelo announced that the great festival had begun. Immediately all the bells in the city began to chime; and the bells in the hotels, which had all been fastened up from Good Friday, were loosed, and began to clamour with a pertinacity which seemed to argue that they were making up for lost time.

I went and assisted at the early celebration of Holy Communion in the English Church, and afterwards made my way to St. Peter's. The great church was magnificently decorated, and illuminated with hundreds of candles; and the music of the greatest Mass of the whole year, at which the Pope himself officiates, is exceedingly beautiful. At the conclusion of the Mass, and after the Benediction, which the Pope gives from the balcony, a plenary indulgence is read in Latin, and copies of it are flung out among the people. At

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. Quekett.)

least 60,000 people were assembled to hear the Benediction; and the rush for copies of the indulgence is frightful. In the processions of this day the Pope, wearing his tiara, is carried on the shoulders of twelve Italian nobles. In the evening we went to see the illuminations at St. Peter's. Exactly at eight o'clock the whole of the immense basilica bursts out into silver light—the flame running along the jets which completely covered the building; and exactly at nine the whole of the illuminations assume a rich golden hue. It is a very grand sight, and one never to be forgotten.

On Easter Monday we went to see the fireworks on the Pincian Hill; and on Tuesday, while Mrs. Quekett went to the races in Campagna, I took several views of the Forum and of the city as a whole.

We drove out to Tivoli on one of the days of this week. This little town, celebrated by poets, and famous in its connection with immortal names, is 18 miles from Rome, in the midst of very fine scenery. Its beauties are dwelt upon by Horace, and I certainly think he has not exaggerated the charms of its position and surroundings, though I cannot say much for the modern town itself. I took a photograph of the garden of Sallust, which adjoins what is supposed to have been his villa, but of this there is no very certain evidence. To see Tivoli properly, and linger as a lover of classic lore over every monument of its greater days, one ought to stay there a week. This I had no mind to do, and I saw in Tivoli a sight which gladdened me more than the inspection of old tombs. It was a flight of swallows, making their way back to England from the other side of the Mediterranean. As this was only an early April day I was rejoiced to see my little friends earlier that I had ever done in my English Aprils, and I bade them a silent but hearty God-speed.

I visited the prisons in Rome, as I did also at Naples. They are horrible dungeons. There is but one light in the roof, and this is so arranged that a gaoler can always see and hear what is going on in the dungeons. I saw seven brigands in one prison. They were convicts for life. In Italy there was at the time of my visit no capital punishment; and the convicts were kept for the heavier and harder labour which the Government required, and which was thus performed at the cheapest possible rate.

I went also to see the Prison of St. Peter, and was shown what was said to be the impression of his head made in the stone wall.

AN ANCIENT MAUSOLEUM.

In one of our visits to Campagna we were accompanied by Dr. Hyde, who, as an entomologist, found there an opportunity of indulging his favourite pastime of securing "specimens." The butterflies were very numerous, and he caught several of the species known as the "Camberwell beauty." It is worthy of record that not one of these was quite perfect; all were defective in feathers or tail. This is caused by the wear and tear of their brief life; they are too delicate to endure the forces of wind and rain, and the rough contact with hard substances.

Whilst chasing butterflies we came upon some labourers, who were engaged to clear what they believed was an ancient tomb. They were busy cutting away the bushes and ferns and grass, and getting out the earth with which the steps leading into this tomb were covered. They told us that an archæologist was in the tomb and that he was making notes and observations in order to consult with a party of archæologists who would arrive about three o'clock. The orders given to the workmen were that no one was to go down until this party had visited it; and as we expressed a great desire to see the tomb, they said they would allow us to do so after the archæologists had gone away. We watched the arrival of three or four carriages, and saw the gentlemen light candles and descend the steps which the workmen had cleared. The tomb was opened, and they occupied a very considerable time in their inspection. After they had gone we went down under the guidance of the workmen, using the remains of the candles which the archæologists had left. We found that the building was a beautiful mausoleum belonging to some branch of the family of the Scipios. The ceiling was painted, and the paintings were in a good state of preservation. I noticed a peacock with all its gay plumage, and there were representations of all the birds well-known in Rome, especially nightingales and other singing birds. There were three magnificent sarcophagi. We examined all with very great interest, and could not help expressing our admiration of the wonderful preservation of this splendid monument of antiquity. The whole building had been covered with two feet of solid earth, which undoubtedly accounted for its retaining so perfectly the tints of the paintings, as it must have been quite air-tight. It was just off the great road from Rome to Tivoli.

After inspecting this mausoleum I went and photographed a shepherd near the great aqueduct. He had by his side two sheep,

which followed him about wherever he went. While I was photographing with the assistance of Dr. Hyde, Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Quekett sat in the carriage admiring the landscape. Behind us was the great aqueduct, 50 feet high, which conveyed water from Tivoli to Rome.

Campagna itself is, as everyone knows, very barren. There is nothing but meagre pasturage for sheep; and I could not help wondering why the Romans did not try to cultivate what I feel sure might be a rich and luxurious soil. Instead of polluting the Tiber, naturally muddy enough, by the sewage from Rome, this manure ought to be conveyed to Campagna, and there would ere long be such a change that this almost desert would blossom as the rose.

We drove out one day to the Villa Dorea at Albano, and were rewarded with a magnificent view over the Campagna.

As the expiration of my holiday drew near I was anxious to secure as many photographs as possible; and much of the later part of April was employed in the selection of objects and views, and in photographing.

We left Rome on the 11th of May, both much better in health, and having greatly enjoyed the refreshing change and rest in the Celestial City. We went to Civita Vecchia by carriage, and took places in the steamer "Vesuvius" for Marseilles. On board the vessel I remember there were 20,000 live quails.

We reached Marseilles at seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of May, and had breakfast at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I wished to obtain an advance of money; but as no banking house in Marseilles was named in my letters of credit, for the reason that we had originally intended to return by way of Venice, it was necessary that we should find someone to establish our identity before the bankers would make an advance. Just as the manager of the bank at which we applied was speaking to us, a gentleman came in, and the manager excused himself, asking us to take seats and wait a little, as he wished to speak to him. He addressed the newcomer as "Captain Black"; and Mrs. Quekett whispered that she felt sure she had previously seen this gentleman somewhere. This surmise was speedily converted to certainty, for we overheard the manager say—"Have you brought many passengers this time?" to which the Captain replied—"Yes, a good number, and amongst them some English people, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Talbot." As soon as Captain Black's interview with the manager was over,

Mrs. Quekett stepped forward, and asked him if he had not been first officer on board the steam-ship "Ripon" bound for Alexandria in the year 1849. He replied in the affirmative; and on Mrs. Quekett's calling to his mind her having gone out under the care of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Talbot in that ship as Mrs. Webster, he at once recognised her. We told him of our present difficulty, and he went to the manager, and gave the guarantee we needed.

This circumstance recalled to Mrs. Quekett's mind many interesting events connected with her life in the East.

We left Marseilles without delay, and made a short stay in Paris, where I was, unfortunately, laid up with a bad foot. My daughter was at school in Paris, and she came and dined with us. We had several drives in the beautiful suburbs, as I was unable to walk, and in one of our drives in the Bois de Boulogne we met the pretty young Empress and her little son. I cannot but think as I recall her bright happy face what a blessing it is that the future is veiled from each of us.

We returned to England by Boulogne and Folkestone; and though I had greatly enjoyed the clear air of Italy, I was not sorry to see once more the tall chimneys of smoky Warrington.

Some of Mrs. Quekett's Reminiscences.

I left England on the 20th of August, 1849, sailing from Southampton to Alexandria, to join my first husband, Mr. Webster, in China. I was under the care of the Honourable Gerald and Mrs. Talbot, who were going out to Ceylon, where Mr. Talbot was in the civil service. Mrs. Talbot had been a friend of mine from girlhood; and we had been at school together. Among the passengers were two officers of Her Majesty's navy, Captain William Thornton Bate and Lieutenant Pascoe, who were going to join H.M.S. "Royalist" at Hong Kong. Both of these gentlemen were very kind to me; and as I afterwards found to my great comfort, they were truly Christian men.

Nothing very remarkable happened on our voyage to Alexandria. We took the overland route through the desert to Suez. I shall never forget the fatigue and weariness of crossing the desert. The heat was very great; and there were six of us—all large people—packed into a small omnibus in which we jolted along all night. Never in my life did I feel so thankful that a journey was over as

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MRS. QUEKETT.

when we arrived at Suez; and my companions, shaken almost to pieces, were as strong as I in denunciation of this overland jolting. Passengers to the East in these favoured days, who quietly and quickly go down the Suez Canal, ought certainly to honour the name of M. de Lesseps for the comfort they enjoy in comparison with the many discomforts they escape.

Our fate was not a happy one in Suez. We were detained there for a whole week in a hotel, waiting for the steamer which was to carry us forward; and the heat, the miserable provisions, and the want of English comforts we endured through this tedious time of waiting, were very trying. At last, however, we embarked; but the heat was so great that we could find little pleasure on our voyage down the Red Sea. In the terrific heat, even the strongest and healthiest men among the passengers fainted from its effects; and Captain Bate and Lieutenant Pascoe behaved nobly, giving up their own cabin for our comfort by day, and looking after our wants with the most considerate care. Even we ladies took refuge on deck at night from the stifling heat of our berths; and the captain provided for our accommodation there, so that we were able to sleep all night undisturbed. We landed at Aden and slept there one night; and then made our way to the Point de Gaul, where my friends Mr. and Mrs. Talbot left me, committing me to the attention of Captain Bate. I went on to Singapore, and from there to Penang, where I was very kindly received by Mr. Lewis, the governor. On the passage from Penang to Hong Kong, a frightful typhoon arose; and all on board our vessel thought we should have perished. The captain had no rest for three nights and days; and the steamer seemed every few moments in danger of being swallowed up in the trough of the sea. The waves rose mountains high; and we were swept along, now on the crest of an enormous wave, and the next moment down in the very depths of the sea. In one of the awful lurches which the ship gave, Captain Bate was thrown out of his chair, and had his shoulder put out; and from this accident he suffered intense pain all the rest of the voyage.

During the whole of the latter part of the voyage I had remarked the peculiarly sympathetic way in which both Captain Bate and Lieutenant Pascoe had spoken to me and attended to my very slightest wants. Their conduct and attention to all the passengers, indeed, especially during the storm, were beyond all praise. But they spoke to me as if to prepare me for my coming trouble. They had heard of the death of Mr. Webster, either at Singapore or

Penang; and they were so attentive and kind to me, and spoke of the necessity of bearing trouble in a Christian spirit, that though at the time I did not understand what they meant, and perhaps in my buoyancy thought they were unnecessarily becoming prophets of evil, I afterwards in the experience of my trouble interpreted all they had said, and felt very grateful to them. I shall never forget how both bade me "farewell" when we landed at Hong Kong, saying, "May God bless you" with the most heartfelt kindness, and asking to be allowed to call upon me. Little did I think, as I looked out upon the boats crowded with English gentlemen, and expected to see my husband among them, that he was no more. I was received very kindly by Mr. William Scott, a friend of my husband's, and was taken by him to the house of Mr. Edger, of West Point. There I was told the awful news that I was a widow, my poor husband having died of fever at Shanghai, just as he was making preparations to come down and receive me at Hong Kong. By his forethought a large house had been prepared for me at Hong Kong, which I was destined never to occupy. I stayed at Mr. Edger's for a few weeks; and whilst there, Captain Bate and Lieutenant Pascoe visited me, and did all they could to comfort me. I afterwards went to the house of David Jardine, where one of his partners, Mr. Maclean, and Miss Maclean, were also residing. It was a magnificent house, and for seven weeks I was most kindly entertained, and cheered in the midst of my sorrow. While staying at West Point, I put up a monument in the Cemetery at Shanghai in memory of my husband. I also went on a visit to Canton; and at Macao, where I stayed for a short time, I was received by Mrs. Middleton, whom I afterwards met at Rome. The river at Canton is a sight well worth seeing. As I sailed up there were thousands of Chinese boats and vessels crossing and recrossing, so that for a couple of miles before landing the river seemed perfectly alive. An enormous population lives upon the river; and the brightness of the scene can better be estimated from witnessing it than from any effort of imagination.

In Canton I was received by Mr. and Mrs. Birley, who were most sympathetic and kind. I had not been in their house ten minutes when the Governor, Sir John Bowring, called. He had come out to China nine or ten months before, in the same steamer with my poor husband; and he was very full of sympathy. He kindly offered to take me to the gates of the city; but Mr. Birley said there was great risk in this, as no European was allowed near the gates, nor in any

of the Chinese quarters. I therefore thanked Sir John Bowring and declined.

In going about Canton I was carried in a palanquin, accompanied by two gentlemen, one on each side. I visited the English Church in Canton, and several of the shops. I saw the fans being made, and the embroidery worked, for both of which the Chinese are so famous. I bought several articles of Chinese manufacture, card-cases, &c. At that time English people were only allowed in the European part of the city; but now it is all open. From what I saw I thought Canton a very interesting place; and I must myself have been equally interesting to the Chinese natives, who came out of their houses, and crowded round my palanquin to get a glimpse of a young Englishwoman.

I went back to Hong Kong and stayed at East Point until my steamer was to leave for Colombo. On my return voyage, at Penang, the Governor sent a large hamper of mangosteens as a present to me. We had, however, so large a supply of them on board, that I did not need to touch the Governor's present. Two or three times a day I had them offered to me by parties on board the steamer; and while they are the most delicious of all fruits, having the flavour of the strawberry and the pine apple combined, they have the additional good quality of never doing one harm, however many are taken. Mangosteens are about the size of an orange, and when opened are as white as the white of a boiled egg. The fruit is in layers, like those of an orange, and one can easily peel these off for eating.

At Ceylon, I stayed for two days at Government House, with my friends the Honourable Gerald and Mrs. Talbot, while I waited for the steamer from Calcutta for Alexandria. I need not dwell upon the kindness of my old friends, nor of their warm regard for me in my trouble. The steamer brought down Lord and Lady Gough, Major Edwards, "the Hero of Moultan," Mrs. Brookes, whom I met years afterwards at Naples, and Lord Gough's daughters, the Honourable Mrs. Grant, and the Honourable Mrs. Haynes and her husband, with their children. They all spent the day at Government House, and in the course of conversation a remark was made about mangosteens, which none of the party had ever tasted. I said, "Oh, I have a hamper of them on board the steamer, and you are welcome to share them with me." The hamper was brought, and I found that the mangosteens had kept beautifully. All the party enjoyed them, agreeing with me that they were the most delicious of fruits. Mr. Talbot, at parting, gave me

into the care of Lord and Lady Gough; and I was most deeply indebted to them for their affectionate and sympathetic attention to me all through the voyage. From Penang I had brought some little love birds for my boy. They were, however, killed on the passage by red ants; as were also some averdavats which Miss Maclean had given me at Hong Kong. The latter were probably the victims of rats.

I may take this opportunity of saying that in my journeys through Egypt I have seen something of the great wonders of that ancient land. I saw in the distance the Great Pyramid; and at Alexandria, the now celebrated monolith—"Cleopatra's Needle"—lying in the sand. I also saw Pompey's Pillar, and was much interested in the ancient buildings of Alexandria. From the heights of Cairo we saw the Mausoleum built to expiate the murder of the Mamelukes. It is a grand structure of yellow marble. The view from the heights is very extensive. The muddy and—for many centuries—mysterious Nile was full of interest for us.

When we arrived at Southampton, my brother, then Captain Dodgson, came to meet me. I had the happiness to look forward to of seeing my only child, then a boy of four years of age.

I went to reside in London; where for five years and a half I found kind friends, and had the pleasure of bringing up my boy.

I heard of the sad death of Captain Bate, R.N., after my coming to Warrington. He was killed in action by the Chinese.

Presentation to the Rector.

(From the Warrington Guardian of July 3rd, 1858.)

On Monday evening last, a meeting of those who took part in the excursion to London, organised and carried out by our much esteemed Rector in the summer of last year, was held at the National Schoolroom, Church-street, for the purpose of presenting to him, as agreed upon by the committee of captains, a suitable testimonial as a token of their esteem and regard for him, and as a remembrance of the above event. The testimonial consisted of a dressing-case, in the form of a parallelogram, carved in English brown oak in the Renaissance style. The box is supported against each angle with shields, having fruits and flowers suspended upon them. The sides and top are also richly carved, and on the capping are carved the words—"Trip to London and Sydenham, 1857." The interior is lined with green, having glass fittings, with silver mountings, and

the panel on the lid contains the inscription, written in a masterly style by Mr. Joseph Davies.

There were present, besides the Rector and Mrs. Quekett, and a number of ladies, William Beamont, Esq. (who occupied the chair), the Rev. R. J. Livingstone, J. F. Marsh, Esq., Messrs. Wilson, C. White, I. Picton, G. Haddock, &c., &c.

Mr. Beamont said, as chairman of the committee, he had been requested to take the chair on that occasion, an occasion which, he was sure, was most interesting, because they were about to present to a gentleman, whom they were met that night to honour, a little tribute of remembrance of the affection and esteem which they entertained towards him. He considered that the fund which had given rise to that testimonial was certainly one which should not be forgotten. Nobody before had dreamed of inviting a number of the parishioners of Warrington to subscribe a very small sum of money for the purpose of procuring for themselves a treat—for enabling them to visit the metropolis, and to see all its wonders. He did not mean to dwell upon all the little incidents that occurred in the course of that journey which made it so very pleasant. They all recollected how the funds were nearly affected by a circumstance that occurred at the Bank of England—(laughter)—a circumstance in consequence of which the bank stock might almost be said to have fallen. Then there was another little incident which occurred at Euston station, when John Barleycorn, unwilling to be confined in the narrow hole in which he had been placed, took the opportunity of showing his independence by bursting his bars. (Laughter.) There were many other things he could mention, but there was one in particular which they would all recollect. They had the pleasure of seeing one of the greatest wonders of this age—the "Agamemnon," with half the Atlantic telegraph cable on board, which he hoped by this time was almost laid across the Atlantic. (Cheers.) He would not dwell further upon the subject, but would read the inscription upon the box, which was as follows:—"Presented to the Rev. William Quekett, Rector of Warrington, as a token which, though slight in pecuniary value, may serve to convey to him a pleasing recognition of the grateful feeling of upwards of 400 of his parishioners and neighbours, who, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of June, 1857, visited London and the Crystal Palace, in the enjoyment of an excursion projected, organised, and conducted by him, and effected with funds saved through his instigation, encouragement, and assistance."

With these few prefatory remarks, he would call upon Mr. Holland, a working-man, who accompanied the excursion party, to present to the Rector, in the name of the subscribers, that box which, though small in pecuniary value, represented their warm feeling towards him. (Cheers.)

Mr. Holland then in a few words presented the box, after which

The Rector rose to reply. He said he could hardly find words to express to them his thanks for their kindness on that occasion. That was the third time he believed that he had been called upon to receive at the hands of his parishioners and friends testimonials for duties which he had performed, and although the former ones might be of more pecuniary value, he valued the present one as much, and perhaps with greater feelings of affection than he did the previous ones. It was gratifying to him to think that it should have entered into the minds and hearts of any one of them to present him with some compliment for the little services he rendered on the occasion of the excursion to the Crystal Palace last summer, but he could assure them that what prompted him to organise that excursion was, more than anything else, a desire to draw around him men whom he was anxious to have nearer to him—men of the mechanic and artisan class, for whose social and intellectual improvement he felt most anxious. With this view he announced that he would receive weekly payments from the working men of Warrington towards enabling them to visit London. The scheme was highly successful, and they had their trip to London, from which all who joined it, he hoped, derived that pleasure which he himself derived; for nothing reached his ears, either directly or indirectly, which tended to mar in any way the object he had in view—(cheers)—and though he was in an unfortunate state of health, and underwent great suffering at that time, being obliged to carry his hand in a sling, in consequence of which for six days and nights he never closed his eyes in sleep, he was sure he could only look upon these sufferings as nothing to be compared with the pleasure he derived at the present time in receiving at their hands a testimonial and a compliment for the little services he rendered to them in connection with that excursion. He expressed a hope that the object he had in view in organising that trip might still be carried forward—that something might be done to bring them together in a still more friendly bond of union, and said that if he had been in Warrington during the past winter he would not have lost the opportunity of again doing something of the same kind. Since he had returned from his tour on the

Continent, where he had been compelled to go to recruit his health, he found that many improvements were contemplated in the town and that many were being carried out. Among the latter, he might mention the sewerage, which he hoped would be the means of improving the sanitary condition of the borough and of benefiting its inhabitants. He hoped by-and-by his friends Messrs. Rylands Brothers would be induced to consume their own smoke—(laughter) —and that the proper authorities would see the necessity of remedying those evils which at present made the vicinity of the rectory almost too unhealthy to live in—that the rectory might not continue to be a place so unhealthy as to make the rector almost unable to live amongst his parishioners. (Hear, hear.) The rev. gentleman then briefly alluded to the special services for the working classes, and the Church Street Baths, which he had taken for the benefit of the town, and of which he was in great hopes all would have taken advantage, as many had done. He could only say that the memorial they had presented to him that evening he should always look upon with the greatest pleasure, and he trusted he should leave it to his children's children as a token of the kind feeling and affection towards himself from the people of Warrington. He should value it as a spontaneous act, unknown to him when it was being executed, for he little thought that any little act and deed he was doing would eventually receive such a reward. He then said a few words to the workingmen on the necessity of prudent and industrious habits, urging them to become connected with some benefit club, and to deposit their savings in the bank, that when their labour was done, when they had reached that period of life at which they could no longer toil, they might sit down and enjoy the remainder of their lives without that drudgery which many had to endure who had made no provision for old age. As there was to be a Workingmen's Bazaar, he might say that he should feel pleasure in seeing anything that the workingmen could do, and nothing should be wanting on his part that would contribute to their social and intellectual advancement. He could not conclude without thanking, not only Mr. Holland, for being the medium of presenting him with that handsome testimonial, but the chairman, Mr. Beamont, for the many little kindnesses he had received at his hands, and the other ladies and gentlemen for their presence. He felt grateful to them all for having lent their names and their presence on that occasion, and he should ever look upon that testimonial with grateful recollection. He should ever value their gift, and he begged to say in conclusion

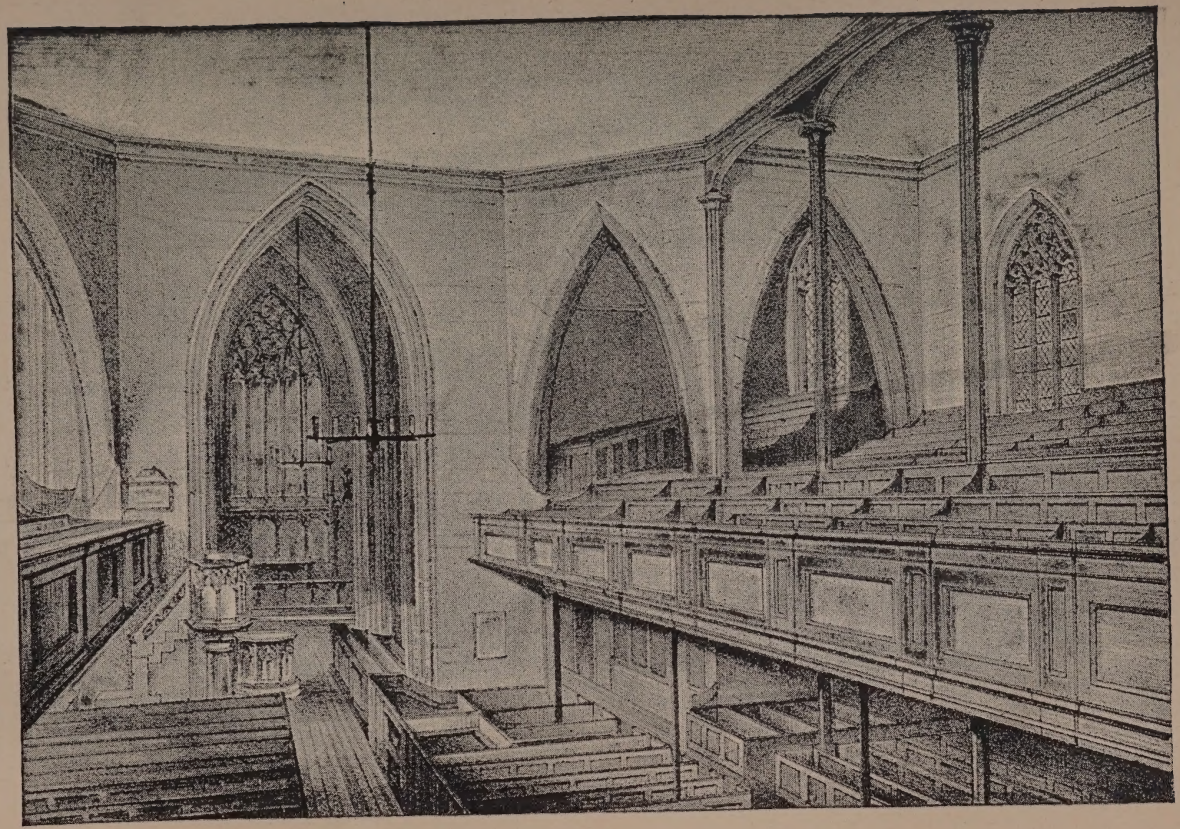
that he received it with unbounded pleasure and satisfaction. (Cheers.)

Mr. G. Haddock rose and said he had been requested by several of the captains connected with the late excursion to London, to return, on behalf of the excursionists, their heart-felt thanks to Mrs. Quekett, to whose exertions, throughout the whole of the preparations and during their stay in London, much of the comfort and enjoyment of the excursionists was owing. The entire arrangements in London, and on the return home, were such as he thought stood unrivalled in the history of anything of the kind in this country, and they reflected the highest credit on all connected with them, their worthy Rector in particular. He could himself testify that for ten or twelve months previous to the trip, the attendance of Mrs. Quekett at the bank was most punctual, and that she was most active and kind in rendering her assistance in preparing for, and throughout the whole of the journey. He believed she was most careful and particular with respect to the wants of all who required her assistance in any shape or way, and he was sorry that the funds which they had raised amongst themselves were inadequate to a suitable memorial being presented to her, but he begged her to accept the heart-felt thanks of the excursionists, which were as deeply felt as though they were embossed in gold and silver. (Cheers.)

The Rector briefly returned thanks on behalf of Mrs. Quekett, and the meeting separated.

Restoration of the Warrington Parish Church.

On my return from Italy, I felt that the time had come for undertaking the colossal work which necessity had forced upon me, and which I must regard as one of the greatest works of my life—the restoration of the Parish Church of Warrington. The Archdeacon of Liverpool, in his charge in 1857, had given it as his firm opinion that the condition of the old church was unsatisfactory and demanded improvement and restoration; and it was from this first public complaint—bearing out as it did what I had felt from the very day of my induction—that I called to my assistance in counsel the Church-wardens, Messrs. Haddock and Picton, and the Sidesmen, Messrs. Wilson and White, determined to have a proper survey made of the state of the fabric. The following paragraph in the *Warrington Guardian* of October 9, 1858, gave the first public announcement of the restoration. It will be



INTERIOR OF THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF WARRINGTON.

noticed that the writer does not appear to have estimated the gravity of the situation, and the absolute necessity in the interests of safety, for entire rebuilding.

"IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PARISH CHURCH.—For some time past the Rector of Warrington, Mr Quekett, has had his ever-active brain at work to improve our venerable Parish Church. Most of the pews in the body of the building are large, and very uninviting to the poorer class of worshippers. Nothing separates their feet from the cold stones, and a sight of the preacher, when in the pulpit, is impossible, without the ability to look round a corner.

"Colonel Wilson-Patten, Mr. Beamont, and others who own some portions of the building, we understand, have promised most liberal assistance.

"It turns out, upon examination by Mr. Francis, a first-class architect from London, that the tower of the church is in a dangerous condition, the stones at the basement having rotted away through the stoppage of a sewer, and it will therefore, in all probability, have to be partially rebuilt. A large sum, amounting to several thousand pounds, will be required for the alterations and repairs, and if any gentleman can raise it, Mr Quekett can."

I explained to my congregation on Sunday, October 17th, after a sermon on "Church Building," the plans I proposed to adopt. This explanation went far beyond the announcement in the *Guardian* just quoted: for I told my hearers that I "contemplated an entire restoration of the church by making it uniform, and restoring it to its former character, by introducing a nave and two aisles, and partly removing the unsightly galleries." I estimated the increase in accommodation from having open benches at 200 sittings. The Atherton and Patten Chapels were also to be thrown open—the latter through Lord Winmarleigh's liberality. The whole of the chancel must undergo restoration, and all the windows were to be filled with stained glass. I told my people that it was not my intention to levy any Church Rate, but to rely upon the voluntary contributions of the people for the £5,000 we should require.

At a public dinner to the Mayor, Charles Henry Cartwright, Esq., on Thursday evening, October 28, I was able to announce that I had already received £1,200; and at the Church Institute Anniversary, held on Tuesday, November 15, the Bishop of Sodor and Man stated that "he expressed his thankfulness that he had been succeeded in the Rectory of the Parish by one whose name

was well known amongst them before he came, and whose works were known in other portions of Christ's vineyard, far beyond the limits of the town of Warrington; and it was with the greatest satisfaction that he had been informed of his having engaged in a work far beyond what he (the Bishop) had the courage to undertake —namely, extending and restoring the Parish Church, in a manner, which, if he succeeded in accomplishing it, would render the Parish Church of Warrington inferior to none, if not superior to any other Parish Church in Lancashire."

During the week ending December 11, I issued the following appeal with engravings of the interiors of the Old Church and the church as it would be restored, sending it not only throughout Warrington and the district, but to every part of the kingdom. Up to this date I had secured only £1,600, with a few promises of "gifts."

An Appeal for the Restoration of the Parish Church of Warrington, Lancashire.

The Parish Church of Warrington is undoubtedly of a very early date, although but a very small portion of the original building remains. It is supposed to have been dedicated to St. Elfin or Elphin, but at some later period was changed to St. Helen.

The chancel, the crypt, and the arches supporting the tower only, bear the remains of the ancient portion of the church. The north transept is of a later date, and the other portion of the church quite a modern erection.

The square tower was greatly damaged during the civil war, when it was garrisoned by a party of the inhabitants against the Parliamentary forces; and in the year 1696 was taken down and rebuilt with walls of immense weight and thickness.

The arches to support the tower, not being of solid masonry, have, of late years, been gradually giving way, and, latterly, have assumed so dangerous a character as to require immediate restoration. The Archdeacon lately reported the interior portion of the church in a very dilapidated condition, scarcely a pew or seat perfect, which has induced the Rector and Churchwardens to make an appeal for voluntary contributions—not only to the parishioners themselves, but to every one directly or indirectly connected with the parish, earnestly inviting pecuniary aid; likewise from such charitable fellow-Christians as may be disposed to assist, in order to

restore, adorn, and render fit for the service of God, one of the most interesting structures in the County of Lancashire.

The proposed alterations will comprise the entire restoration of the church, chapels, and tower.

The addition of a new north aisle, to correspond with the south aisle.

The restoration of the chancel and crypt.

The removal of the entire flat plastered ceiling of the church, and substituting a raised open roof.

The division of the church into a nave with two side aisles.

The removal of the western gallery, and replacing the organ into the new extended western end.

The re-arranging of the whole body of the church with open seats, by which 200 additional sittings will be gained.

The placing of the children of the different schools together, at the western end, instead of being scattered all over the church, as at present, in pews and seats.

The lighting of the church with gas, for a third or evening service.

Warming the church with warm water.

The accompanying report of the Architects (Messrs. Francis, of 38, Upper Bedford Place, London) will convey an account of the importance and necessity of the work, with a more general description of what is proposed to be done; and the accompanying four engravings will explain the church as it is, and as it will be.

No. 1. The church restored.

2. Interior as it is.

3. The interior looking east restored.

4. The interior looking west restored.

The Rector (the Rev. W. Quekett) and the Churchwardens (Messrs. Haddock and Picton) and Sidesmen (Messrs. Wilson and White), will feel greatly obliged to any person, into whose hands this appeal may fall, to assist in the good work, by collecting at least twenty shillings within the next six months.

The books are numbered and indexed with the names and addresses of the persons to whom sent.

All sums may be paid to the Rev. William Quekett, Rectory, Warrington; or Messrs. Parr, Lyon, & Co., Bankers, Warrington;

or their Agents, in the following Towns: "*To the Warrington Church Restoration Fund:*"—

Messrs. Currie & Co., Bankers, London,
Messrs. Lloyd, Entwistle, & Co., Manchester,
The Union Bank, Liverpool,
Messrs. Parr, Lyon, & Co., St. Helens.

All Post Office Orders should be made payable to the Rev. William Quekett, at the Post Office, Warrington.

To the Rector and Churchwardens of the Parish of Warrington, Lancashire.

Gentlemen,

In obedience with your request, we have carefully examined the fabric of the Parish Church, with more especial reference to the present condition of the central tower; and the necessity for its immediate reparation.

We have also fully considered the re-arrangement of the pews in the area of the building—the reconstruction and curtailment of the galleries—and a definite scheme for the general restoration of the church.

We beg to report that:—

The architecture of the church, as respects such of the original structure now remaining, is about that of the latter part of the 14th, or the commencement of the 15th century. This remark only applies to the chancel, the lower part of the tower, and possibly the north wall of the Atherton Chapel. The windows, east and west of this chapel, are certainly insertions of a later date, and are poor specimens of perpendicular work.

The whole of the church, westward of the central tower, was pulled down, doubtless from necessity, about the year 1770, and the present unsightly building erected in its stead. The tower, probably in an equally insecure state, was taken down to a level with the roofs and rebuilt in 1696, with but little regard to the style of which the original building was a specimen.

The original fabric consisted of nave, two aisles, a tower at the intersection, and a well-developed chancel. The transeptal addition now called the Atherton Chapel was probably added a century later—judging from its parapet and windows; that on the south being entirely modern. The width of the old nave, and the portion

of the arches springing north and south to the aisles, still exist to enable us with sufficient accuracy to define the original structure.

Following on the rebuilding of the last century, have been the erection of galleries of enormous depth and inconvenience, on three sides of the church, and over the whole of the South Chapel.

The nave, between 40 and 50 feet in width, has a flat plaster ceiling, below the level of the tower arches, and the south aisle, 20 feet wide, is only divided from it by slender iron columns running to the height of the ceiling, and supporting the gutter between the two roofs. It is difficult to imagine any interior which has been more unscrupulously treated, or one in which less attention has been paid to the style of the old building.

But the present state of the intersecting tower involves even more serious considerations than the removal of the barbarous additions before referred to.

The supporting piers exhibit fearful cracks and rents, and pieces of crushed stone frequently fall to the ground. We do not hesitate to say, considering the number and extent of these rents, that the tower is insecure, and that proper means should at once be taken to obviate the danger and prevent further mischief.

We have examined carefully the foundations of the north-west pier, to ascertain whether the defects exist below the ground line.

We find the foundations consist of large blocks of stone, carried to a depth of 5 feet below the ground level, with a spread all round evidently of 2 feet 6 inches beyond the perpendicular lines of pressure, and in good condition. The soil on which the stones rest is sand, but quite firm, and getting harder as the depth increases.

We are not of opinion that the alarming state of the piers results from any defect in the original foundations.

A sufficient reason, we think, exists in the piers themselves—large as they are, they consist not of solid masonry, but of a rubble core (in which a large proportion of mortar has been used) and an outside casing of coursed masonry, not more than 10 or 12 inches in thickness.

The superincumbent mass has pressed down the rubble core, and this being less compact than the casing, has thrown more weight on the outsides of the piers than they can carry, considering the stone of which they consist. It should also be added, that the deeply cut mouldings in these piers has tended greatly to reduce their strength.

We do not deem it advisable either to deal with the structure of these piers below the ground line, or to rebuild their entire mass above it; but it will be necessary to remove, in detail, the outer casing from the floor line to the arch springing, and insert new stones, of a harder quality than that now existing, bedding them further into the rubble core, and laying them in the very best and most careful manner.

This being done, and the arches thoroughly repaired, we should recommend the weight of the tower to be considerably lightened, so as still further to relieve the piers; this we propose by taking the tower down to the level of the springing of belfry windows, and rebuilding it with walls of much less, though amply sufficient, thickness.

If these suggestions are adopted, we believe the tower would be safe, and free from any further risk; but less than this would leave the evil only partially cured, and involve the parish in a greater eventual outlay.

Not necessarily connected with the reparation of the tower, but hardly of less importance, is the more general restoration of the fabric. We have briefly described its present unsightly state; we proceed to show, aided by the accompanying drawings, what we consider should be done to bring the appearance of the whole back to consistency of architectural character, and provide more comfortably and equally for the accommodation of the worshippers.

We propose :—

1st. To restore the tripartite division of nave and aisles, not indeed by adhering to the proportions of the original building, as the wants of the parish have far out-grown such limits—but by giving such additional development as, without destroying architectural consistency, shall give us the requisite area. The new nave will, of course, be central as respects the tower arches, and the north aisle wall will extent northward as far as the present south one does southward. The nave roofs will be open, and greatly raised, and the windows in the new north wall will be in accordance with the style of the chancel. Any alterations in the south aisle windows, and those of Col. Wilson-Patten's Chapel, however much to be desired, do not form part of our present scheme; nor, indeed, the entire rebuilding of the Atherton Chapel on the north sides.

2nd. To re-seat the whole of the interior, taking for the model of the bench ends those in the present nave used by the Corpora-

tion; reflooring the area; giving more equal width to the seats, and doing away with all square pews; removing the organ to the west end under the large window, and making the whole of the Atherton Chapel available for the congregation.

3rd. To reconstruct the side galleries, keeping them well clear of the nave columns; and removing entirely that which now blocks up the Patten Chapel, as well as that across the west end.

4th. To take the opportunity afforded by the proposed lightening of the upper mass of the tower, to finish it again in a better and more consistent style, and place the clock in a much more elevated position. To remove the plaster groining inside the tower, and carry a flat panelled ceiling at as high a level as the belfry floor will permit, raising this floor, if necessary, two or three feet.

5th. To introduce another range of stalls, of suitable design, on either side the chancel; to remove the Communion steps eighteen inches further eastward, thus giving more room for communicants, substituting a brass rail and standards for the cumbrous ones now existing. To panel and decorate the chancel roof in harmony with the stained glass windows; to lay the floor with encaustic tiles, and restore the very striking crypt under the altar.

6th. To introduce throughout an efficient system of warming in winter, and ventilation in summer; and to refit the whole building with suitable gas standards.

7th. The cost of the whole of the foregoing works would not exceed £5,000.

We are anxious to add that our scheme in its completeness, although involving the pulling down of several walls, yet is arranged for the advantageous use of the existing materials of stone and timber, and that these materials are such as to reduce considerably the outlay, considering the works proposed.

The drawings sent herewith will fill up any omission in our report, and we venture to say that, if the restoration, as proposed, can be carried out, the church will be inferior to few in the County of Lancashire.

We remain, Gentlemen,

Yours very faithfully,

F. & H. FRANCIS.

38, Upper Bedford Place,
September 29th, 1858.

At a Special Vestry Meeting of the Parishioners of Warrington, held on Thursday, the Twenty-fifth Day of November, 1858, in the Vestry of the Parish Church, of Warrington; Public Notice of the same having been previously given as required by law:—

The Rev. W. Quekett, Rector, in the Chair.

It was unanimously resolved:—

"That in the opinion of the meeting, on account of the unsafe condition of the tower of the Parish Church, and the general inconvenience and want of accommodation felt by the Parishioners with regard to sittings, an entire restoration of the whole fabric is desirable.

"That the report and plans of Messrs. Francis, the Architects, who have been called in to examine the church, are approved by this meeting, and that the same be referred to a Committee to be now appointed, with a view to the same being carried out, subject to any alteration thought expedient by the Committee.

"That the following gentlemen form the Committee, viz., the Rector, the Churchwardens and Sidesmen, the Mayor, Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P., G. Greenall, Esq., M.P., Thomas Lyon, Esq., Thomas Parr, Esq., B. Pierpoint, Esq., and the Vestry Clerk, with power to add to their number."

(Signed) WILLIAM QUEKETT, Chairman.

The Chairman having vacated the chair, the thanks of the meeting were then voted to him for his valuable services in connection with the object of it.

Throughout this winter my work was one of continued begging, and of the organisation of begging. Funds did not flow in nearly so quickly as I had hoped; and there was a latent opposition abroad, to the effect that the whole scheme of restoration arose from a mere "Architects' cry," which undoubtedly did us very great harm. But we worked on incessantly and indefatigably, till in the *Guardian* of April 23rd of the following year (1859), in which the ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone was advertised, the Editor was able to announce that we had in hand £4,000, and that a grand bazaar was projected for raising the remainder.

On Easter Tuesday, April 26, 1859, the ceremony of laying the foundation stone commenced by a procession from the National School in Church Street to the Parish Church, where Divine Service was held, and a sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Chester.

I append a full report of the proceedings, as given in the *Warrington Guardian*, April 30.

THE PROCESSION.

(Extract from the *Guardian.*)

Tuesday, like Sunday and Monday, commenced its course with a dull, leaden sky, which gave little encouragement to parties at a distance to wend their way to Warrington. Up to nine o'clock rain kept falling thick and fast with few intermissions, but after that hour it ceased; the church bells rang out right merrily; the gloom lessened, and during the remainder of the forenoon, although no sunshine appeared, yet umbrellas were not required.

Soon after ten o'clock the National School in Church Street became the centre of attraction, as the point from which the procession was to start. Outside, it was gaily decorated with flags, and but for the dirty state of the streets, caused by several days' rain, and a mountain of earth cast out of the new sewer, the procession would have been very interesting and imposing.

At 10.30, the Blue Coat School Band, headed by the Rev. J. R. Livingstone and Mr. Bowes, the master of the school, led off the procession, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Grey and the National School scholars, with numerous banners. Immediately after them came the following gentlemen, with the exception of a few who did not join until the ceremony of laying the foundation stone :—

The Mayor (T. G. Rylands, Esq.).
Jas. Nicholson, Esq. Rev. R. A. Mould.

ALDERMEN,

Robinson. Chrimes. Smith.

COUNCILLORS.

Pickmere, J. B. Edelsten, Maxfield, Holmes, Woods, Kerfoot, J. M. Edelsten.

CHURCHWARDENS AND SIDESMEN.

Mr. Pickton, Mr. Haddock, Mr. Wilson, Mr. C. White.

CLERGY.

Rev. W. Quekett, Rector of Warrington.

Rev. W. Woods, Rector of St. Paul's; Rev. F. Hopwood, Rector of Winwick; Rev. J. Barclay, Vicar of Runcorn; Rev. Jas. Wright, Incumbent of Latchford; Rev. J. Robinson, Curate of St. Paul's; Rev. Mr. Dale, Hollinfare; Rev. H. Bostock, Grammar School; and Rev. H. Stubbs.

PARISHIONERS GENERALLY.

Colonel W. Patten, Thomas Parr, Esq., Gilbert Greenall, Esq., B. Pierpoint, Esq., Henry Stanton, Esq., J. Stanton, Esq., J. F. Marsh, Esq., G. Artingstall, Esq., and a number of other gentlemen, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children.

Around the Parish Church itself a goodly number had collected, among whom we observed two old women, who seemed to have come to take a last look of "the poor old church," as they called it, before it was given into the hands of the masons.

Various ladies in carriages and other conveyances began to arrive shortly before eleven, and by the time the procession had entered the church the venerable old building was almost crowded in every part.

THE SERMON.

Prayers were read by the Rev. the Rector, and the Bishop of Chester preached an excellent sermon from the 127th Psalm, 1st verse—"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." He commenced by stating that there was something solemn and affecting in the thought that they who had worshipped in that church Sabbath after Sabbath were then assembled in it for the last time, prior to its being dismantled, and a large portion levelled with the ground. Within its walls one generation after another had met to worship God, and they might well cherish the hope that His ear had been mercifully open to hear the prayers which had been made to Him in that place. In the long succession of years, how many humble-minded worshippers might there have received a gracious answer to their supplications? How many mourning under affliction had found balm for their broken hearts? How many of the young had been trained in the knowledge which was able to make them wise unto salvation, and how many of the aged had been prepared to meet death with a calm and hopeful mind through faith in Jesus? There, many of them had, no doubt, been baptized, confirmed, and tied in the bonds of happy wedlock. These thoughts were natural, and might make some regret any change, but he believed that the building was in such a state as to require considerable repair, and that it would have been necessary for that purpose alone to have expended a large sum of money. But even if put into a good state of repair, all the disadvantages of its present form would have remained. The incongruity of architecture in some parts; those heavy and unsightly encumbrances

in the interior, and, above all, the waste of space occasioned by the present arrangement of the pews in the body of the church, would still have been left. Under those circumstances it was thought by those interested in the matter that the general axiom on which they so often acted particularly applied to this case—that whatever was worth doing was worth doing effectually and well, and accordingly it was thought that instead of merely putting the old fabric in repair, it would be truer economy in the long run, and more worthy of the public spirit of a great town like Warrington, and certainly more beneficial to the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants, if, instead of repairing, a considerable portion of the fabric were taken down and rebuilt in such a substantial form as, under God's blessing, it might last for generations to come. The points of propriety of architecture, solidity, and increased accommodation were important in their way, but not all important in the same degree. On architectural propriety he would speak a word, because that was a subject which had led to disputes and mistakes. Outward grandeur and elaborate decoration were not essential to the sanctuary of the Lord. His temple was the heart, and with the true spirit of devotion in the heart, Almighty God might be worshipped acceptably under the thatch of the lonely cottage, as well as in the marble palaces of kings, and in some little time-worn chapel on the mountain side, as in the great cathedral's lofty pile "where through long-drawn aisle, and fretted roof, the pealing anthem sounds the note of praise." Still there was certain propriety in outward forms of architecture. It was proper that those forms should be in character with the uses to which they were applied. The sanctuary of the Lord should have such an outward appearance as manifestly to denote its sacred use, and distinguish it from the ordinary dwellings and resorts of men. But even in saying that, he would add that there must practically be a reasonable limit to the expenditure incurred for such an object —a limit according to pecuniary ability. Sad would be the contrast if while professing Christians dwelt in ceiled houses and decorated them with all the embellishments of modern art, they were to suffer the temple of the Lord to be deficient in the measure of decent ornament befitting its sacred use. Anything beyond that, in his opinion, would be out of place. Let them ever remember that the real ornament in the sight of God was a meek and quiet spirit. His lordship then dwelt upon the necessity of the rich members providing church accommodation for the poor, and considered the two points of view in which, he said, they might regard their

Christian state—firstly, as it concerned each one individually; and, secondly, as it concerned them all collectively. God, he said, leaves us to do our part of the work, which was small, but how sad was it if that small part was neglected! He was sure that was not the case here. They had responded to the appeal to rebuild their Parish Church, not only with great liberality, but with a kindliness of feeling which had been most gratifying to the Rector. Such a kindly feeling had been shown by many good Christian men, although not professedly members of their Church. Might God bless them; and although they might differ on minor points, guide them all by His Holy Spirit to the same blessed goal. He then appealed to the congregation for additional assistance, stating that it was gratifying to know that scarcely a single refusal had been met with from any person already applied to. All had given cheerfully and heartily, and might Almighty God accept their offerings and bless all who gave, whether it be much or whether it be little. It was not the magnitude of the gift, but the willing heart that God respected and would bless. Might they all live to see the design prosperously completed and the church filled Sabbath after Sabbath with true and faithful worshippers, united in spirit and in truth to the Lord Jesus Christ their Lord, and serving Him in sincerity and truth.

LAYING THE STONE.

At the conclusion of the service the people collected around the foundation stone—a block of red sandstone from Mr. Lyon's quarry at Hill Cliff, from which all the stone required is to be given without charge. In front of the stone a platform to accommodate 300 ladies was erected, and filled at once. Among them we observed Mrs. Quekett, Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Mrs. Greenall, of Stretton, the Misses Wilson-Patten, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Chrimes, Mrs. Henry White and Miss White, Mrs. Eaude, Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Mrs. G. Haddock, the Misses Thorpe, Mrs. Pickton, Mrs. Sharp, the Misses Garven, Miss Green, the Misses Perrin, Mrs. Savage, &c., &c., &c.

In the foundation stone, as usual, was cut a hole for

THE BOTTLE.

The bottle, the gift of Messrs. Alderson and Company, according to the list supplied us, contained—

A photograph of the Parish Church, by the Rector.

The *Times* of Tuesday, and the *Standard.*

A collecting book.

A copy of the Form of Prayer for next Sunday, and the following from our own office :—

Warrington Guardian of Saturday last.

Account of the Rector's trip to London with 400 of his parishioners.

Copy of the Rector's lecture on " The History of a Letter."

Copy of the Mayor's lecture on " The Moon."

Copy of Dr. Kendrick's " Ramble in Old Warrington."

Also photographs of the Rector, Colonel Wilson-Patten, John Clare, Esq., &c., and several of the current coins of the realm.

The Rev. W. QUEKETT came forward and said:—I have been requested upon this interesting occasion to address to you a few words, previous to proceeding to the great and important work which I have the honour of performing—that of laying the foundation stone. I wish to say that since the first day I came amongst you, and saw your Parish Church, it has been my most sincere and anxious desire to restore it to what I consider it ought to be. On looking at it I found it consisted of the remains of a nave and two side aisles. In former times, no doubt, this church was thought of and worshipped in, and looked upon by the inhabitants of this town as an ornament—a structure to which everyone resorted with pleasure upon the Sabbath. However, circumstances occurred in warlike and troublesome times, through the inhabitants making a great stand at it, which left upon it the remains and the marks of the balls, and part of it was, no doubt, destroyed. In years afterwards it was restored and made a house fit for God to dwell in; and in the year 1770 it was restored to the condition in which you now see it. At a later period my predecessor made an addition to the southern portion, and if it please God to spare me I hope to be able to add another, and to make the northern side correspond to the southern. However, we must keep pace with the times, and introduce something of architectural character to it, and I hope and believe when that is done we shall have reason to feel proud that we have a church second to none in the county of Lancashire. (Hear, hear.) But I look not only on its external restoration; I look forward with pleasure to the result of the internal management. It is not the external appearance of the building that I look forward to as of so

much importance, as to the internal; for I have always understood it to be a fact that wherever a church has been restored, a new and greater congregation has flocked together. I look forward with hope that that will be the result here, and I trust that the internal arrangements will be for the benefit of the rising generation of the town. It is difficult at the present time to maintain order among the children of the Sunday School, owing to their being scattered over the church. They cannot be watched with that degree of care which is necessary, and I hope the contemplated arrangements will have the effect of breaking down that rudeness which I regret to see exists among them. And by having them more religiously cared for, it will be laying the foundation for their future good. However, I could not have done this work. "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." I have ever believed, and ever shall believe that God works with His people. I threw out the hint, and God put it into the hearts of many in this assembly to come forward, and enable us to carry out this great and important work. No longer ago than last October the first penny was raised, and now I can safely say, and I honestly believe it to be true, that after the money collected to-day is added to that previously collected, we shall have in our possession at least £4,000 towards the £5,000 required. (Cheers.) Having so well begun, we must not relax our efforts—we must not be weary in well-doing. There is a long tug yet to come—one which will prove much harder work than the raising of the £4,000 we have already received; but with willing hearts and hands I have not the slightest doubt it will be accomplished, and I look forward with pleasure to the day when it will be again opened for Divine worship, which I conceive will be the grandest day Warrington has ever seen. (Hear, hear.) I have no wish to detain you with a long speech; you have heard from the pulpit words which will make a deeper impression upon your hearts than any I can utter; but I cannot but feel pleasure that I should have been chosen as the humble instrument of laying this foundation stone, under which, I may mention, as one part of the great work, we have deposited many interesting relics of the day. But in the accomplishment of this great work we must ever remember that, while we give man the praise, to God belongs the glory. (Cheers.)

The stone was then duly laid, the Rector stating the contents of the bottle, which Mr. Henry Quekett had made ready, and informing the assembly that that was the second foundation stone of a church that he had laid, Messrs. Francis being the architects on

both occasions. On the former occasion the very children brought bricks of the value of half-penny each, which were deposited under the stone. (Cheers.)

The MAYOR then came forward and said :—I am sure, my friends, that you will feel as I did when I received the invitation to be present to-day, that it was quite proper that some one on behalf of the town should express the acknowledgments which are due to the Rector for the great work he has undertaken, and so far performed. How great that work is I have tried to realize. I thought—in fact, I have often thought in walking up Church Street—what the condition of society in Warrington was when the inhabitants of the town managed to erect that handsome tower on the top of their parish church. From my experience of Warrington, I could imagine no condition of society when they would be able to do such a thing. I grant that during the last few years we have been rather improving. Warrington was never given to ornament at all, until lately. I have got an explanation of the difficulty which beset the Rector's present work. I find that, however great the work, it only needed commensurate faith and energy, and we have an evidence before us of one man undertaking a work which I should have thought as impossible as the erection of the tower—a work which I have no doubt he will carry to a successful issue. But I have other evidence of the greatness and difficulty of the work. Not long ago our late esteemed rector, the present Bishop of Sodor and Man, at a tea party in this town, said the restoration of the parish church had struck him often and painfully—and he it was through whom that noble pile of buildings (pointing to the Clergy Orphan Institution) was established (cheers)—*he* felt that the work was utterly beyond his reach, and he dared not attempt it. I am satisfied, therefore, that the Rector has undertaken a great work, and I believe that the man who begins a work like that and carries it on with faith and energy will, in the end, find his object fully accomplished. (Cheers.) I can foresee that before my year of office has expired I shall see this parish church—or rather the new one—open for public worship. Whatever I might have wished to say on this occasion has been taken from me by the exhaustive sermon of the Bishop this morning. The speaker then expressed his belief that the Rector would find a rich reward in the result of his labour. I know (he continued) you believe, as I do, that no man goes to heaven because he builds a church, but the man who gives a cup of water to the poor in a proper spirit will not lose his

reward, and the Rector will, I am sure, have his reward, out of his work. It is right that a man should be proud of the church in which he ministers. If he is not—if he feel disagreeable sensations—his ministrations are injured thereby. We have long lived past that day when it was believed that the mortification of the body was good for the soul; for, if so, the stocks must have had a sanctifying influence. I don't believe in hard seats with straight backs. I believe that in order to reap the greatest amount of spiritual benefit from the public worship of God your body ought to be made so comfortable that you forget its very existence; and the new church, I understand, is to be fitted up so as to give the greatest amount of comfort to worshippers assembled there. I do not want to read you a lecture on architectural beauty. The history of the Gothic style of architecture is something curious, and will, I doubt not, be known to most of you. But I may say that, in addition to the two or three existing branches of Gothic architecture, two others have sprung up during the last half century or rather more. The first has been called the "confectioner's" Gothic—a very proper name, too. In such cases the entire spirit of Gothic architecture has been effaced, and in the erection of what they call Gothic churches and buildings, utterly destitute of all the spirit of that style, ornament has been crowded in such a manner as to obliterate it entirely. We have nothing, however, of that sort here. The other style is called the "churchwarden's" Gothic; but I have no wish to cast any reflection on the gentlemen who hold that position in Warrington at the present time. I don't know what the impression may have been on the habitual worshippers in this church, but, as regards myself, as an occasional worshipper, I have never entered it without feeling the flat ceiling over my head and other incongruities which have disturbed my devotional feeling. Now, reform your church, and it will have a great tendency to reform yourselves. (Laughter.) Make the church comfortable and convenient, and the internal arrangements of such a character that your Rector can be proud of them, and both moral and spiritual good will come out of it. Although you have raised the greater portion of the sum which has been required, you must not, as the Rector has reminded you, relax your efforts till the whole has been obtained. Contribute to the fund, and let the work be completed with the proper spirit. Whatever means the Rector may devise to raise money—whether by an oratorio, a bazaar, or exhibition—the whole success of the undertaking depends upon the manner

in which you second his efforts. I am sure the remaining thousand pounds will be obtained, but it may not be without considerable effort. On the part of the town I return the most hearty thanks for what the Rector is doing, and which I have no doubt he will accomplish within the next twelve months. (Cheers.)

From 30 to 40 collectors then came forward and placed their money bags on the stone, after which

The Bishop pronounced the benediction, and, turning to the Mayor, said he personally thanked him for his kindness in attending on that occasion.

Three cheers were then given for the Rector, the Mayor, and the Bishop, and the proceedings terminated.

THE DINNER.

The usual annual Churchwardens' dinner was held in the large schoolroom, St. Elphin's. Mr. George Haddock, senior churchwarden, presided; and there were also present the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Revs. Wm. Quekett (rector), R. Greenall, Jas. Wright, J. Barclay, H. Bostock, R. J. Livingstone, Wm. Hamilton, P. S. Dale, J. Robinson, W. Wood, R. A. Mould, and J. Cordwell Gardner (curate of Hollins Green); Aldermen Peter Rylands, Smith, Cartwright, Robinson, and Chrimes; G. Greenall, Esq., B. Pierpoint, Esq., Jas. Nicholson, Esq., John Clare, Esq., George Artingstall, Esq.; Messrs. J. B. Edelsten, J. M. Edelsten, Picton, Chas. White, S. M. Webster, Hill, H. Quekett, Dodgson, Okell, Francis (architect), Yates (contractor), &c. Shortly after the proceedings had commenced the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man entered the room, and was received with loud and oft-repeated cheers.

Colonel Wilson-Patten requested the Rector to apologise for his absence, on account of the approaching election.

The usual loyal toasts were drunk with great enthusiasm.

The Chairman, in proposing the army and navy, remarked that they had reason to be thankful for the efficient position in which those two branches of the public service were maintained. Whatever might be the result of the struggle for nationality on the part of the Italians, they had the satisfaction of knowing, that should England be involved in war—which God forbid—they were prepared with an army which in the Crimea, in India, and elsewhere, had proved itself able to cope with any enemy, and which had

earned for itself the praise and approbation of the world. (Cheers.) Let them then join in paying that respect which was due, and in wishing them success in whatever undertaking they might engage, whilst, at the same time, they were thankful that they had such an army and such a navy to boast of.

Mr. Clare rose amidst loud cheers to respond. He said it was as unexpected as it was unlikely that he should be called upon to return thanks for the army and navy; but still whenever he might be called upon to do duty again in the service of Old England he was ready and willing for the work. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) There were gentlemen present whose fathers served, with himself, in this town in the year 1798, at the time of the Irish rebellion. He was a private, and afterwards a corporal and sergeant, and had the honour fifty-six years ago of having a captain's commission in the volunteers and in the militia—(cheers)—and if ever his feelings were injured by any act of Colonel Patten's, it was that when his (the Colonel's) regiment was called out, he did not give him a commission. (Laughter.) He was now ready for another commission. (Laughter and cheers.) Now he was not going to spin a very long yarn, though his rope-walk was very long—(laughter)—but he felt, as Englishmen always feel—that whenever the army and navy of Old England might be required they were ready to do their duty. (Hear, hear.) He wished the duty of responding to the toast had been placed in better hands, but it could not be where there was a better heart. (Cheers.) He then proceeded to propose the health of Lord Lilford, the patron of the living, whom he warmly eulogised, and said he would not enter into politics, but he would make a remark or two in respect to their superiors—he meant the aristocracy. He hoped the aristocracy would never be impaired. A certain gentleman, whom he knew very well, had said that the tenants of a certain landed gentleman were compelled to vote for their landlord; but he knew that assertion to be a gross and palpable falsehood. No man could say with truth that the noble lord referred to did anything to tongue-tie his tenants, but he told them to vote as they pleased. He would ever wish to see the aristocracy maintain their position, and deprecated the time when the people of this country, as a gentleman once said, would be like a row of pins, all of a height. (Laughter.) If they were all captains and mates, a pretty ship's company they would be. (Renewed laughter.) Down with such stuff. He always wished to see the country support the Church and Queen, and our delightful constitu-

tion. When they had done away with the aristocracy, what would they do next? They would have no occasion to go and build new churches then; levelling would be the order of the day. (Laughter and cheers.) No churches then—no, no, they would all be equal. "Who would you get to clean your boots then?" (said the speaker, glancing at a leading member of the Liberal party). "You must clean your own." (Loud laughter.) Down with such ridiculous stuff. There were three words which were identical — radical, reform, and revolution. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) He begged pardon for spinning such a long yarn, and concluded by proposing the health of Lord Lilford.

The Chairman next proposed the health of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese. After war he said there was nothing so sure as peace; and after a very praiseworthy and, he must say, somewhat warlike address of his friend, Mr. Clare, they were about to come to a peaceful conclusion. (Laughter.) Now, if there was one man (if he might be permitted to use the expression) more like an angel of peace than another, it was the Lord Bishop of Chester. (Cheers.) If at any time the elements of peace were wanting, his lordship would supply them. He had always regarded him as one of the greatest ornaments of the Church, and he never listened to him preaching without feelings of the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; but on no occasion with greater pleasure or more sincere gratitude than he had done that morning. (Cheers.) He thought his sermon was one of the most eminently faithful that he had ever heard delivered on such an occasion. (Hear, hear.) He mentioned—not as coupling it with the toast, but as one of the least things which could be said in favour of his Lordship's address—the amount collected that morning in aid of the restoration fund was £116 8s., a sum which they must bear in mind required on ordinary occasions no small effort to collect amongst their local population. His Lordship had not only very materially assisted them in the restoration fund, but had laid down doctrines which would not be forgotten for years. His address was so full of home truths and of downright sound advice, that it could not soon be forgotten. (Hear, hear.) He (the Chairman) felt personally complimented by his Lordship's attendance at their annual dinner, in conjunction with the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, who, by unforeseen circumstances, had been detained from being present at the earlier part of their proceedings. He called upon the meeting to drink the health of the Lord Bishop of Chester in such a way as would show him

the respect in which he was held in this part of his diocese. (Loud cheers.)

The Bishop of Chester returned thanks, and said when invited to take part in the proceedings of the day, he felt—as his old friend Mr. Clare had remarked—that he was ready to do his duty. (Cheers and laughter.) When called upon by their worthy Rector he at once consented to come over, if it was his wish and that of the kind friends who were aiding him in the restoration of the church, considering that it was not only his duty to do so, but that it would afford him great delight and pleasure to come and show his gratitude and sympathy with them in their undertaking. (Cheers.) He had been extremely gratified by the welcome he had received, and pleased with everything he had seen in connection with that great undertaking. It was a matter of great gratification that not only had they raised such a large sum of money so quickly, but that in soliciting contributions towards the restoration of the church from the inhabitants of Warrington, and from other friends at a distance, they had been received in a kind spirit wherever they had gone. There had been no questions asked, no chilling enquiries made as to what was needed, or whether something might not be spared, but everybody was found ready to contribute liberally and heartily towards the great object which the Rector had in view. (Cheers.) That heartiness of giving doubled the value of the gift; and he would repeat what he stated in the morning, that it was most gratifying to find that not only had old friends and members of their own church come forward so handsomely, but that so many good and kind-hearted men in Warrington, not professedly members of their own Church, had shown their Christian spirit and goodwill on the occasion by contributing towards the fund for the restoration of the parish church. (Cheers.) He did not think anyone who had done so would repent, because when the work was completed he was sure they would all have reason to be proud of the structure. (Hear, hear.) His lordship then warmly eulogised the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the late rector, for his energy and public spirit in promoting the erection of those excellent institutions —the Clergy Orphan Institution, and the institution for the training of schoolmistresses. Those buildings never would have been erected had it not been for a little generous imprudence in matters of Christian charity on his part. (Cheers and laughter.) He looked forward to good results from the restoring of the church, because not only would the place present a more favourable exterior, but

the interior would be re-seated, so as to be more accessible to the public. He confidently believed that a congregation fourfold, perhaps tenfold, greater than that which used to assemble in the old church would be obtained, because until now persons did not know whether they might venture into one of the enclosures or not. (Laughter and cheers.) He hoped all those good results would follow, and he was glad that amongst other things there would be increased accommodation for the working classes. He had no wish to preach another sermon, but would like to say a few words with regard to the working classes about whom so much was said, and towards whom so much attention was being paid, as regarded their social advancement. From long experience of life he was constrained to say, that the best way to promote the social and temporal comforts of the working classes was to make them religious. (Cheers.) He depicted the contrast between the home of a religious working man and that of one who was of dissipated habits, and came to the conclusion that as a matter even of political economy it was desirable that the labouring classes should be religious. But he hoped from higher motives the three hundred seats to be reserved for them would be filled every Sabbath, and that they would reap the benefits which the new arrangement was calculated to bestow. (Cheers.) He again thanked them for the hearty reception they had given him, and said it was not the first which he had received in Warrington of that character. He remembered at the time of consecrating the cemetery the kind welcome given him by the then Mayor of the Borough, Mr. Chrimes—(cheers)—and with regard to his present reception at their hands, his only regret was that their worthy churchwarden, Mr. Haddock, should have said more about him than he deserved. Before concluding, he wished to propose the health of the Chairman, and to thank him for the spirited and zealous manner in which he had exerted himself to further that good work, and for the kind manner in which he had presided over that social meeting. He would also couple with the toast the other churchwardens. (Cheers.)

The Chairman responded, and thanked the Bishop in the name of the churchwardens for his kindness in being present at their annual dinner, which had been in a great measure resuscitated on account of the other proceedings of the day. It was felt that the laying of the foundation stone ought not to be concluded on the day of the Vestry meeting without that time-honoured custom being celebrated. In the annals of their local Vestry there had

perhaps never been such a gathering of churchwardens in Warrington before; and he felt particular honour in presiding over them on the occasion of the restoration of the parish church. That work had long been an object with him, but seeing the difficulties which had to be contended against—and the extraordinary expenditure which it would require, he never ventured to suggest it, because he was not in a position to bring to bear the amount of influence which was necessary; but still he lived in hope that it would be carried out at some future time, believing that he might best second the efforts of some other individual. He was extremely gratified when the Rector took the matter in hand. He knew it was an object dear to the heart of his predecessor, but he, unfortunately, never had the time to spare to attend to it; he had always his hands full of bricks and mortar elsewhere. (Cheers and laughter.) Had he remained longer with them, however, he had no doubt he would have undertaken the work and carried it to a successful issue. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Richard Greenall proposed the health of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. He felt confident that his long and eminent services amongst them was so ineffaceable in their recollection that they would receive the toast in such a manner as would prove to him that he still lived in their hearts and affections. (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Sodor and Man rose, amidst loud cheers, to respond. After stating that his absence during the earlier part of the day had been unavoidable, in consequence of the stress of weather, which rendered it impossible for the steamer to leave Douglas at the appointed time, he thanked the company for the very hearty reception given him on entering the room. Some remarks which he had heard made called his mind back to the time when he first came to reside amongst them as rector of the parish —the year 1831—and he was sure their present respected Rector would sympathize with him when he said that on first entering that old church he was at once struck with the necessity which existed for improving it. Many would remember the state in which it then was, and he was perfectly safe in saying that it did not afford above two-thirds the amount of its present accommodation. To effect some improvement in it was the commencement of his building operations in Warrington. His wish was to effect something in the shape of restoration of the church, but he failed in obtaining the means of doing all he wished. The argument was that it was impossible to undertake and execute all that he

proposed. But there was the contract and the estimate, and he personally bound himself to the obligation of something like £1,500. He merely alluded to this—God knew not for the sake of boasting, but to congratulate them, which he did most heartily, upon the great advancement of Church feeling in the present age, as compared with what it was 20 or 30 years ago. (Cheers.) Precisely the things which the Bishop of the diocese had been congratulating their present Rector upon as not having taken place proved the great difficulties which he (the speaker) had to contend with 25 years ago. He undertook an alteration of far less extent than that which they were now engaged in, and he might almost say, in a spirit of humility, he was proud of the effort then successfully made to put their parish church into its present state. (Hear, hear.) But when he said so, let it not be for one moment supposed that he wished it to remain in that state. No one could possibly sympathize with them more heartily in the undertaking than he did at that moment. (Cheers.) He admired the zeal and energy of their present Rector, and entirely and cordially concurred in the work which he had undertaken. He rejoiced also to see that the people of Warrington generally supported him in that work, and he congratulated him upon the auspicious circumstances under which it had that day commenced. After making some further complimentary and humorous allusions to the Rector, he concluded by proposing his health, which was drunk with loud cheers.

The Rector returned thanks, and remarked that since the first day of his acquaintance with them he had been anxious to do all in his power to win the hearts of his parishioners. (Hear, hear.) In following the footsteps of his predecessors he found that great obstacles interposed to prevent the carrying out of the work of restoring the parish church—a work which he considered to be of great and paramount importance—and he accordingly waited and bided his time, being all the while anxious to take some steps for the carrying out of the object he had in view; and feeling that if he could be an humble instrument in the hands of God to carry out the great work he would leave nothing undone until it was accomplished. (Cheers.) He looked forward to its accomplishment with no little satisfaction, and if he could excite religious feelings into the minds of the working portion of his parishioners, he conceived that he would be doing a great work in God's good time. (Hear, hear.) It was his intention when the church was opened to establish during the winter months special services for the working

classes, in order to draw around him more closely those for whose spiritual welfare he felt the deepest solicitude. (Hear, hear.) Nothing should be wanting on his part to carry out that object, and he requested the assistance of other friends and parishioners in its accomplishment. He spoke of the necessity of better internal accommodation, and said he was anxious to follow out the great work he had begun in that respect. Their late esteemed rector, he remarked, began the work at a time when the world and all were against him; but now men's minds and opinions had changed. His predecessor began the work, and he (the speaker) was only carrying out—but to a greater extent—that which was visionary to him, but which he trusted would be produced in reality. (Cheers.) He was much obliged for the compliment they had paid him in drinking his health. (Cheers.)

Mr. Picton proposed the health of the borough magistrates, and remarked that their best thanks were due to them for the amount of valuable time they spent in the administration of justice. (Cheers.)

Mr. Benjamin Pierpoint returned thanks. He said he had long been connected with the parish church, and it was a great gratification to him to see it restored to something like the state in which such a building ought to be. But instead of expending nearly £5,000 or £7,000 upon it he would have been much better pleased if the sum had been £20,000, which would have made it accord with his notions of what a parish church ought to be. (Cheers.) He quite agreed with the remarks of his Lordship that what was primarily required was internal accommodation, but he went a long way further, and believed that it ought to receive great decoration —(hear, hear)—and he hoped the Rector would be placed in possession of the necessary funds to enable him to do more than he at present contemplated. The Rector was well aware of the amount of money which had been expended upon the Parish Church, Doncaster; and he trusted the people of Warrington would not be behind-hand in works of that nature, but would place their own parish church in such a condition that it might be favourably compared with any other in the kingdom. (Cheers.) Having thus expressed his opinions with regard to the church which he had been so long connected with, he might in the next place say a few words respecting the body of gentlemen on whose behalf he was returning thanks. As had been said, they expended a great deal of time in the investigation of judicial matters, and no doubt sometimes made some bungling and queer decisions. (Laughter.)

However, if a person did his best they could not expect him to do more, and although they regret occasionally committing errors, they were errors of the judgment, and did not arise from any bad motive. They were always most anxious to fulfil the onerous trust reposed in them to the best of their ability; and he was satisfied they performed their duties in a conscientious and honourable manner. (Cheers.)

Mr. Charles White proposed the health of the clergy who had honoured them with their presence, and associated with the toast the name of the Rev. J. Barclay, than whom no clergyman could be held in greater respect by his parishioners. (Cheers.)

The Rev. J. Barclay, after returning thanks, said when they saw the noble manner in which the laity of the town had responded to the Rector's appeal for funds for the restoration of the Parish Church, and the readiness with which the chief portion of the diocese had come amongst them to express their sympathy with the work, and to take part in the proceedings of the day, and when they saw the late respected rector of the parish—the present Bishop of Sodor and Man—amongst them, it would ill become the clergy of this town and neighbourhood not to countenance, by their presence and otherwise, the great and good work. (Cheers.) He briefly referred to the duty of the clergy of the district to endeavour to promote it by all means in their power.

Mr. Clare rose, and said he had been requested to propose the health of a gentleman whom he might call a particularly old friend of his. There were some members of the family to which he belonged whom he might number amongst his oldest friends, and many persons were not aware of the respect that was due to them. He had known five generations of the family, though he (the speaker) was but a lad yet. (Laughter.) Some of them had built churches at their own expense, and how many could be numbered that they had half built? Wherever there was a good work to be done they found the name of Greenall amongst the foremost to perform it. (Loud cheers.) He had one respected friend near him (the Rev. R. Greenall), who he believed was the oldest of the twin brothers—in fact, he had been told by their late worthy member that he kicked him into the world before him. (Roars of laughter.) Well, of the 365 days in the year, he believed the Rev. Richard Greenall, the Rural Dean, was under that roof 300. But it was not to him that the toast he was proposing had reference—it was to the late Member of Parliament for this borough. (Cheers.)

They were at present blessed without a member; in fact, the country had not any—(laughter)—they had turned their backs upon a nobleman, and with the country at large had forgotten the gratitude which was due to him. More than twenty years ago that gratitude was to a great extent lost, but he hoped it had now returned, and that before the dawning of next Sabbath they would see their old, best, and most esteemed friend Mr. Gilbert Greenall returned to his old post. (Loud cheers.) Next Friday, should it please God, he should have the honour of proposing him for the fourth time upon the hustings. (Hear, hear.) There was some attempt to frighten him. A man who is frightened is half beaten. Did he (the speaker) look frightened? No, none of his side should be beaten without a battle. (Loud laughter and cheers.) He had much pleasure in proposing the health of Mr. Gilbert Greenall.

The toast was drunk with loud and prolonged cheers, after which

Mr. Greenall thanked the meeting for having drunk his health in his public and private character. He valued their friendship, and was glad to be connected in any capacity, either public or private, with the town of Warrington. (Cheers.) He offered his warmest congratulations to the Rector upon that day's proceeding, and expressed a hope that he would accomplish the great object which he had in view, and that it would please Providence they might live to see the successful completion of the work he had undertaken. He would much rather have seen the whole of the £6,000 required deposited in the Rector's hands; it would have been more satisfactory to him and them. When Mr. Clare alluded to his public connection with the town, he confessed that he could not help recollecting a little circumstance which occurred many years ago. A very old servant, who came from St. Helens into this neighbourhood with his father, once said he had worked for his (the speaker's) father and grandfather; that he had worked for them at Wilderspool, with his son, and his son's son. He once got into a little difficulty and was discharged, but went to his father and said, "Sir, I won't go. (Laughter.) I declare I won't. If you don't know when you have a good servant, I know when I have a good master, and I don't intend to go." (Loud laughter and cheers.) He thanked them most cordially for the kind manner in which they had drunk his health.

The Chairman next gave the Mayor and Corporation of the Borough, and eulogised the Mayor for the magnanimous conduct which he had shown that day.

Alderman P. Rylands, in responding, after making some few remarks in defence of municipal government, observed that he did not know what might exist after Friday next; it was just possible his friend Mr. Greenall might be returned, but he could not prophesy whether he would or not. (Laughter.) One thing was quite certain, that whoever might become member of Parliament for this borough, the thirty-six gentlemen who compose the Town Council did not lose their seats on the occasion of a dissolution of Parliament. (Laughter.) They were happy to serve them in the capacity in which they had been placed; and he believed they were most anxious to promote the interests of the borough. He was particularly delighted at being present on that occasion, to show that in the midst of political differences there was no want of charitable feeling towards his friend Mr. Greenall. (Cheers.) And he hoped the time would never come when there would be a want of friendly and cordial feeling amongst the inhabitants of this borough, occasioned by political differences; but that they might all co-operate in good works such as had united them that day. (Cheers.)

The Rev. W. Hamilton proposed the health of Mr. Nicholson, the vestry clerk, whom he eulogised.

Mr. Nicholson returned thanks, and stated that the office until the present time had been a sinecure; but he was happy to feel that this year he had had additional work to perform in connection with the restoration of the church. What little he had done in forwarding the movement, he had performed as a labour of love, and for the pleasure and gratification it afforded him of knowing that he was co-operating in a great and glorious work, any assistance in the future he should most cheerfully bestow. (Cheers.)

Mr. Hill proposed the health of the junior churchwarden and sidesmen, whom he characterized as the master and two apprentices.

Mr. Pickton responded, saying that he had great pleasure in fulfilling the duties of his office as warden, and promised to do all he could to aid in the completion and restoration of the church. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wilson and Mr. C. White also returned thanks in a few words.

Mr. Artingstall then proposed the "Town and Trade of Warrington." He remarked that they ought all to promote the trade of the town in their various stations, and to seek to rise by intelligence and industry to higher positions. (Cheers.)

Alderman Robinson responded.

The health of Mrs. Quekett was given by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and that of Mrs. Powys by Mr. Clare, after which Mr. Henry Quekett returned thanks for the ladies, and then the proceedings of a very interesting meeting terminated.

The following letters appeared in the *Warrington Guardian* of May 21 and May 28, 1859 :—

Parish Church.

Sir,—

I will thank you to insert the following letter from the architects in your next impression, as it may satisfy many persons' minds that the works of the Parish Church were not commenced too soon.

Yours faithfully,

W. QUEKETT.

38, Upper Bedford Place, London,
May 19th, 1859.

Dear Sir,—

On visiting the church again, and examining the state of the building since the work of pulling down has commenced, we see more than ever the necessity for the contemplated works, and the measures of precaution it is advisable to take to prevent accident.

You are already aware that the old gallery timbers were found to be in a much worse condition than we had supposed; that the ends of the beams were entirely decayed—and that, had they not been removed, they might at any moment have given way, bringing with them the whole galleries. It is now our duty to call the attention of yourself and the Churchwardens to the increasing weakness of the tower piers, rendering it essentially necessary, as a measure of precaution, that a great part of the heavy weight of the upper part of the tower should be removed.

By taking down the tower to the level of the spring of the belfry window, the arches would be very materially relieved of their pressure, and we should with more safety carry out our plan for the renovating and strengthening of the piers themselves.

We, therefore, advise, as a necessary measure of precaution, that we should be empowered to direct the contractor to proceed at once to take the tower down to the extent beforementioned.

Too much caution cannot be exercised, after what we have seen in other parts of the church, in course of demolition.

Yours, dear Sir, very truly,

F. & W. FRANCIS.

To the Rev. W. Quekett.

THE PARISH CHURCH DESTROYER.

To the Editor of the Warrington Guardian.

SIR,—

It may not be uninteresting to your readers if, as one of the architects engaged upon the restoration of the Parish Church, I explain in detail the causes which have led to the decayed and dangerous condition of the gallery timbers.

The result has arisen not so much from the effects of time, for the timbers are of oak and not generally unsound, as from the ravages of the larvæ of a small beetle, the *Anobium Tessellatum* of Fabricius, whose depredations have been so successfully carried on that the solid oak beams have been completely riddled and destroyed, and represent the appearance of extremely porous cork. It is most probable the insect was in the timber when put into the church, and this work of destruction doubtless commenced as soon as the galleries were finished. The habits of the insects of this family, viz., the wood-boring beetles, prevent their being much noticed or observed till the mischief is done, as they carefully abstain, like other species, from injuring such parts as are exposed to view, and the only evidence of their presence in this case is the appearance of a few small holes in the exterior of the beams, about the size of a pea.

The species which has been at work at Warrington is the largest of the genus known in Europe. In England it is widely distributed, but somewhat local; its length is about three lines, or rather more than a quarter of an inch; its colour is rusty brown, the elytra, or wing cases, being tesselated with flavescent down. It is popularly known in this country as the death watch, although another species, *Anobium Striatum*, is also called by this name. The term, as most persons are aware, was given to these insects in consequence of the power they have of making a ticking noise, by striking their heads with some force against the wood in which they live, a habit which superstitious people have connected with the approaching death of

a member of the family among which it occurs, but which, like the light of the glow-worm (*Lampyris Noctiluca*), is supposed to be intended to attract the other sex.

In old houses this noise is frequently heard—call it spirit-rapping if you like. It is in reality the love-note of the little anobium. Swammerdam tells us of a small beetle which, having firmly fixed its forelegs, and put its inflexed head between them, makes a continued noise in old pieces of wood, walls, and ceilings, and sometimes so loud that persons have fancied that ghosts or fairies were wandering around them; this was evidently one of our active little anobiums, and there is little doubt that before the old church was dismantled these death watches held many a merry concert at the witching hour of night in the old gallery timbers.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

HORACE FRANCIS.

In consequence of the serious condition of the old building, and the necessity for its entire reconstruction, the "Church Restoration Society's Grant" was raised from £200 to £400.

The whole of the tower had to be taken down, and under the foundation stone of the new tower was placed a plate with the following inscription:—

THIS CHURCH WAS RESTORED AND THE TOWER UNDER WHICH
THIS IS DEPOSITED WAS REBUILT,
A.D. 1859.

WILLIAM QUEKETT, RECTOR:

GEORGE HADDOCK AND ISAAC PICTON,
CHURCHWARDENS.

THOMAS GLAZEBROOK RYLANDS,
MAYOR OF THE BOROUGH;

GILBERT GREENALL,
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT;

RIGHT REV. DR. GRAHAM,
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

In a leading article on the "Coming Bazaar" in the *Warrington Guardian* of December 10, 1859, the Editor says—

"On personal grounds, the Rector, Mr. Quekett, is deserving of every encouragement. He was the first to move the masses by his never-to-be-forgotten cheap trip to London. While he never forgets that he is Rector of Warrington, and sometimes assumes greater responsibilities in connection with the welfare of our souls than 'schismatics,' 'nonconformists,' and canny Churchmen deem safe for themselves to allow, the people of Warrington don't overlook his numerous efforts for their temporal and spiritual good. His London trip, his Ragged Schools, his Penny Bank, his Sunday Lectures, his Public Baths, may be scowled down by a few clammy-souled creatures, who shrink from the outcast he seeks to bring in; who stand aghast at the freedom with which he recognises fustian and corduroy, and dread the church being in danger from a chapter of imprecations being removed from the Prayer Book. But the people judge not so. It's sometimes long before they will be charmed; it is true that their opinions are fickle; but in the end the popular voice is generally right, and the voice of the people is the voice of God, when it pronounces encomiums upon any of His servants."

The *Guardian* also published a spirited leader on the Bazaar on January 7th, 1860. On the 11th that journal had the following editorial appeal:—

THE BAZAAR.

Fellow-townsmen, to-day the grandest Bazaar ever held in our town has been opened. Irrespective of creeds or no creeds, clergy or laity, heads or tails, let us muster strong and clear

£2,000

at the least. Let the present Warrington generation hand down to that of A.D. 2060, who may have again to rebuild the Parish Church, a noble example of freely parting with money for a good object, independent of outward or untoward circumstances.

The Editor.

The Bazaar was indeed one of unusual extent, and its articles for sale and tasteful decorations were greatly admired. It was held in the weaving-shed of what was once a large cotton-factory, known as "Allen's factory," and this was kindly placed at our disposal by its owner—Holbrook Gaskell, Esq. A large and influential number of gentlemen, with the members of the Volunteer Rifle Corps,

assembled in front of the Town Hall, and formed a procession, headed by the band of the 4th Royal Lancashire Militia. On their arriving at the Bazaar, speeches were made by the Mayor, Colonel Patten, M.P., G. Greenall, Esq., M.P., and myself. The Mayor then declared the Bazaar open, and we went in for four heavy days' work. The chief ladies of the town, headed by Mrs. Quekett, either had stalls or gave assistance to those who had. On the Saturday morning, the Editor of the *Guardian*, in his appeal to the working-men to come forward with their sixpences, was able to announce that the Bazaar had in three days realised £1,480. At the closing of the Bazaar this sum was raised to £1,800; and it was said that £300 worth of goods remained unsold. The speeches of Colonel Wilson Patten and Mr. Gilbert Greenall at the close of the Bazaar were very hearty. Mr. Greenall told a little story which will, I feel sure, interest some of my readers. He said:

"I will detain you for one moment only while I tell you of a very curious circumstance which occurred a very short time after the Rector was presented to his present living. I dare say many of you here will have heard of a minister who attracted large crowds of people to hear him preach in the Surrey Gardens. I went on one occasion, like many others, to hear Mr Spurgeon preach. I sat some time before the service commenced, and a gentleman who was near me entered into conversation with me, and observed that he did not think there were among the audience many of what might be called the poorer or working classes. My remark, in reply, was that I thought it was much to be regretted. I did not know that gentleman at all, but he said—'It is a lamentable fact, but it is remarkable how few men there are who have the power of attracting the working-classes, and of getting into their hearts. I know London well, sir, and I am acquainted with one gentleman who has that power and whose church is filled. He is beloved by his old parishioners, but I am very sorry to say he has left this diocese, and has gone into Lancashire. His name is Quekett.' I said, 'I am delighted to hear that. The gentleman to whom you allude has come into the parish in which I reside.'"

RE-OPENING OF THE PARISH CHURCH.

Thursday last will be long remembered, by the Rector of Warrington and his Churchwardens at least, as the day when their anxious and incessant labours for upwards of a year were crowned

with complete success, if we except the crowning point of all—the spire, which has yet to be planned, erected, and paid for. To pull down a venerable church, associated with the holiest and happiest remembrances of hundreds of the parishioners, and to erect a new one in its stead, was a bold undertaking, and required both faith and works of the highest order. Faith and Works going hand in hand, and pulling together as in a two-oared boat, have removed the mountain of crumbling stones, rotten timber, and ungainly excrescences, added from time to time as prompted by the necessities or the whims of a past generation. In their place we have now a building which is purely ecclesiastical both inside and out; chaste in its embellishments, capacious in its size, and commodious in its arrangements—every way worthy the architects, the builder, and the town of Warrington.

Having devoted pages of the *Guardian* on previous occasions to report the particulars of the laying of the foundation stone, and of the ever-memorable bazaar to raise a portion of the funds, nothing remains now for us to do, save to note the procession, and report at length the sermon of the venerable Bishop of Chester, and the speeches at the luncheon.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed near the Council Chamber, at which the Mayor (Dr. Smith) had invited the Council and the leading inhabitants to meet him. A considerable number of members of the Corporation (including Alderman White, Alderman Chrimes, Alderman Cartwright, Alderman Smith, &c., &c.), all wearing their robes, joined in the procession, which was formed in the Market, and proceeded through Corporation-street, Buttermarket-street, and Church-street, to the Parish Church. The procession was headed by the National School band, and was also joined by the children of the National and Blue Coat Schools, by the clergy of the town and district, by the police and employés of the Corporation, and by a numerous body of the inhabitants of the town. The streets were crowded with people, but many were doubtless prevented from taking part in the proceedings by the portentous state of the sky at the hour fixed for the meeting in the Market Place.

THE BISHOP'S SERMON.

The Lord Bishop of Chester, as announced, preached the morning sermon. His Lordship chose, as the subject of his dis-

course, the 6th verse of the 54th Psalm :—"An offering of a free heart will I give thee." This (he said) is the true spirit of religion, at all times, and in all places. It was the spirit in which the faithful servants of God acted in the times of the Old Testament—"an offering of a free heart." When Almighty God had brought the people of Israel out of the land of Egypt, with a mighty hand and outstretched arm, He commanded them to make Him a sanctuary that He might dwell among them. Observe, a sanctuary—a place of worship to be a testimony of their allegiance to Him—to be a testimony of honour to His own great name—but also to be a centre of spiritual blessings for themselves, that God might dwell among them, and dispense among them the gifts of His providence and of His grace. And so it is, and so it ever will be, in all cases; the free offerings that we make to the glory of God descend back upon ourselves in multiplied blessings of His favour, and mercy, and love. At the time God gave this commandment to the people of Israel, they were still wandering in the wilderness of Sinai. Not as yet had they been permitted to enter that promised land which was appointed to be the place of their rest and their settled habitation. Not as yet had they any public treasury out of which the expenses of making the sanctuary might be defrayed. The means were to be supplied by free offerings of willing hearts. Moses appealed to them for this purpose, and they responded to his appeal freely, promptly, and largely. They came—every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, came—and brought the Lord's offering for the work of the tabernacle. No doubt the remembrance of their recent deliverance from captivity was still fresh in their minds, and under that influence, so great was their liberality and their zeal that Moses found it necessary, we read, to restrain the people from bringing still fresh and fresh gifts, because, as it is expressed in the simple language of the sacred narrative, the stuff that they had already got was sufficient for the work, and too much. Now, in this way the first sanctuary was built. It was a tabernacle—a tent, like the other tents in which the people of Israel were then encamped; but distinguished above all the rest by its form, its size, and its splendour. In the course of time, when the people of Israel obtained possession of the land of Canaan, and David had made Jerusalem the seat of government and the centre of public worship, then again, just in the same way—by the same freewill offerings of the people—means were provided for building the temple on Mount Zion, with its walls of marble

and its beams of cedar, and linings of gold, and all its decorations of Oriental magnificence and grandeur. As before, in answer to the appeal of Moses, so now in answer to the call of David, we read that all the princes of the tribes of Israel offered willingly and with a perfect heart, and David rejoiced with great joy that at the close of his eventful life he had been thus enabled to collect those abundant stores by which his son and successor on the throne erected the first temple at Jerusalem, to be the sanctuary to the Lord—a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob. The same principle of freewill offering for the sanctuary and worship of God has continued to prevail amongst God's faithful servants under the Christian dispensation. It was, in point of fact, the operative principle in the establishment of our own National Church. In those early days when churches were first built in this land, property was, comparatively speaking, in the hands of a few. There was a powerful upper class of large landowners on whom the rest of the people were in different ways dependent. But happily they who possessed the property felt also the responsibility which property involves. They felt it to be a part, and a primary part, of their duty to make suitable provisions for the public worship of God, and the religious instruction of the people. Consequently, they built churches on their estates, and attached to each church a resident minister. They provided for the maintenance of the minister, by a fixed and regular endowment, and thus they gave a perpetuity to their own voluntary act. It was voluntary in its beginning; they made it perpetual in its continuance, and in this manner it may be truly said that the voluntary principle of which we hear so much is not a new thing, that it really originated our Church Establishment, and our parochial system. And, my friends, the case is the same now in our own day. Whenever, from the rapid increase of population, it becomes necessary to build a new church, whenever by the effect of time and decay it becomes necessary to rebuild an old one, our resource is still in the freewill offerings of our people. The only difference in the case is this: Wealth, which in former days was, as I said, confined to a few hands, is now immensely multiplied and diffused into many hands, and it is by the combined liberality and free co-operation of many that the work is now accomplished of building or of re-building a sanctuary for the Lord. This has been the case here amongst yourselves. The fabric of the old church which stood here was in such a state as to require very extensive repairs, involving so large

an outlay of money that it was felt to be not merely a more generous liberality, but even, in the end, to be a true economy to rebuild the church entirely, and thereby to obain improved accommodation. Your minister appealed to you for this purpose. By God's blessing he had succeeded in great undertakings of Christian zeal in his former sphere of duty, and he hoped that by the same blessing he might succeed in this. He has not been disappointed in his hope. You responded to his appeal with large and prompt and Christian contributions. I know it is a joy to his heart—it is a joy to mine and to every Christian heart—to see you thus acting in that same spirit of free and spontaneous liberality of which our forefathers set us the example. My friends, I do not hesitate to refer to that example. We reap what they have sown. I know that it has been sometimes said by men of cold feeling and narrow minds, that in those early days, when our Church was not distinguished by that purity which it now is—when it was still in connection with the Church of Rome—our forefathers gave so largely to religious uses, under the influence of a corrupt superstition rather than of a reasonable piety. I do not deny that there is some truth in this, but I think also that there is much that is ungenerous and unjust in the remark. But I am not going to discuss it now. Let it pass for what it may be worth, I would only ask you this: Are we prepared, are we content to have it said that superstition, as it is called, was able, in the olden time, to do more for God's glory, and Christ's name, and man's benefit, than our own piety, in our own day, has the power or the will to do? We thankfully feel and hope that in our own reformed Church, we have a purer doctrine and a purer worship than our ancestors had. But if we thus, through God's blessing, surpass them in our clearer knowledge of religious truth, is that a reason why we should fall behind them in earnestness of zeal, in warmth of charity, in offerings of gratitude, and in acts of Christian liberality and Christian love? God forbid. Since the olden time of which I have been speaking, this country has been continually advancing in prosperity and power. Its dominion, which at that time was confined to the shores of our own island, now extends far and wide over distant lands, over the vast range of our Indian territory—now, we hope, happily restored to peaceful obedience—over the vast group of our flourishing colonies, which, always faithful to us, will now, we hope, be inspired with still warmer feelings of attachment to the mother country by the well-timed visit of the son of our Queen and

the heir of her crown; and we are thus, by the ascendency of our arms, the justice of our government, and the graceful sympathy of our Queen with all her subjects, consolidating our dominion, and at the same time, extending our commerce, over even a still wider range, over every sea and to every shore where there is a harbour for a ship to anchor. Meanwhile, at home, the peaceful arts of industry are affording employment to our working classes, and comfort and enjoyment to all. Equal laws, impartially administered, protect alike the rich and poor. Public order and private liberty are combined with a perfection never yet attained in any other country of the world, and loyalty, and concord, and contentment are reigning in all hearts. Well may we apply to ourselves the words of the Psalmist applied to his own countrymen, "Happy are the people that are in such a case." But let us remember the words which the Psalmist adds, "Yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." For on whom does all our prosperity, all our greatness, and all our power depend? Let Scripture answer: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the majesty, and the victory, for all that is in heaven and on the earth is Thine, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come from Thee, and Thou reignest over all. In Thy hand is power and might, and in Thy hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all." Yes, my friends, let us never forget that our welfare and prosperity depend upon God's blessing; that our safety depends upon His protection. The world is full of changes and vicissitudes. Even now the peace of Europe is troubled; the nations are in a state of excitement and commotion. There is actual war in one country, and there are upheavings of discontent in many others; in one quarter ill-conceived projects of ambition; in others an uneasy feeling of apprehension and distrust. We ourselves, who are moved neither by unmanly fear nor ungenerous suspicion, yet even we discern the signs of the times, and recognise the necessity of precaution, and prepare to stand in our defence, if need should so require. The patriotic spirit of our countrymen has been aroused, and the youth of England have come nobly forward to show that they are ready to defend our Queen and our country, the palace and the cottage, our hearths and our homes. All this is well. It is proper prudence to be prepared, and to let the world see that we are prepared to hold our own. Only, my friends, while we thus use as we are bound to use, our own best efforts in our own defence, let us still remember again the wise words of the

Psalmist, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." In that dispensation of religion under which the Psalmist and his countrymen lived, there is nothing more remarkable than the uniform manner in which the promise of national prosperity is coupled with the condition of national obedience. So long as the people of Israel should continue obedient to God's laws, so long they had the promise of national blessings, of secure possession of the land of Canaan, of abundance in peace, and of victory in war. But if they should forget the commandments of God, and forsake His ways, then national judgments were to follow; discomfiture in battle, disgrace, captivity, exile, and dispersion over the face of the whole earth. We know well, my friends, how all this has been fulfilled in the history of that people. No doubt there was something special in the case of the Jews as being God's peculiar people. But although the particular form in which God exercised His government over the Jews may have been different from what it has been in respect to the other nations of the world, yet still the great essential principle of righteousness on which God's moral government of mankind is founded must be at all times and in all cases substantially the same. There may not be the same special interposition of God's hand in respect to other nations, and in His dealings with them, that there was in His dealings with the Jews. There may not be that special annexation of national prosperity to national righteousness. But still, my friends, I say that the history of the whole world bears out that there is a great universal law of moral retribution extending to all nations, that there is a law, and a promise, in that solemn declaration of Holy Scripture, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," that there is a law, that there is a promise meant for all—meant for nations and individuals—in that solemn declaration of Almighty God Himself, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." Pay then to the Lord the honour due unto His name; honour Him by the devotion of your hearts, by the obedience of your lives, by faith in His Blessed Son, and by those works of holiness and charity which are proofs of faith. Pay to the Lord the honour due unto His name—bring presents and come into His courts—bring now the offerings of a free heart and an open hand, for this work of the restoration of His sanctuary. Remember it is He who has blest you with the means to give all that you have already given—all you may yet give comes from His hand, and is all His own. Remember also, that it is He who puts it in your hearts to give. His Holy Spirit works in you, "both to

will and to do"—to dedicate the offerings of a free heart to His honour, and to the honour of His Blessed Son—and be assured that every offering which He thus enables and disposes you to make, will be graciously accepted by Him, and answered with double blessings in return—blessings on yourselves and blessings on your country—for "Them that honour Me, I will honour," saith the Lord.

The church was completely filled by a most respectable congregation. We noticed amongst those present the Bishop of Sodor and Man, B. Pierpoint, T. Parr, J, Nicholson, J. Clare, and W. C. Jones, Esqrs.; Revds. J. Barclay, Runcorn; P. S. Dale, Hollins Green; Clayton, Winwick; T. Greenall, Grappenhall; A. A. Bridgman, J. Wright, S. Bunnell, J. Whitley, R. J. Livingstone, W. Hamilton, R. Rolleston,—Garven, W. Wood, A. Inglis (Presbyterian minister), H. Rowson (Baptist), &c., &c.

Prayers were read by the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett.

LUNCHEON.

Immediately after the conclusion of the sermon, luncheon was served in the Girls' National School, St. Elphin's, to a numerous body of ladies and gentlemen, the guests of his Worship the Mayor (Dr. Smith) and the Rev. W. Quekett. Nearly the whole of the Town Council were present, besides the Bishop of Chester, and a considerable number of clergymen. The Mayor presided.

The usual loyal toasts having been drunk,

The Mayor said it was sometimes their lot to be placed in circumstances of considerable pain and difficulty. Some of them knew what it was to suffer sickness, and they knew how delightful it was in such seasons to receive the visits of a Christian minister, who could pour into our hearts consolation and comfort. They were so encompassed with infirmities and with error, that they needed some one to guide them through the wilderness of this world, to another and a happier one; and he was sure no lady or gentleman could have listened to that very interesting sermon of the Bishop that morning, without being convinced that they were laid under the most powerful obligations to pay the highest respect to gentlemen who held that sacred office. (Hear, hear.) If there was one class of men in this country who deserved their sympathy, their kindness, and their warmest support more than another, it was that class whose time and energies were devoted to the promotion of the moral and spiritual elevation of those amongst whom they dwelt. (Cheers.)

He felt highly honoured on that occasion by the presence of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and by being surrounded by so large a body of clergy. That was the first opportunity he had had of meeting his lordship, and he should ever deem it one of the happiest events of his life. He begged to propose the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese. (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Chester on rising to respond was loudly cheered. After thanking the company for drinking his health, and referring to the cordial reception which he invariably received in Warrington, his lordship proceeded to say, that as regarded the clergy he wished not only to express his thanks on their behalf, but he wished also to join in any compliment or mark of respect that might be paid to them, and particularly to their friend, Mr. Quekett. He was not going to speak specially of him, because he was quite sure, in the order of toasts, his health would be proposed, and ample honour would be done to him for his labours in connection with the restoration of their parish church. Without speaking his (Mr. Quekett's) feelings, he assured them he spoke his own when he said that it had afforded him very great gratification to come amongst them that day to take part in the service, and to see that beautiful building which had just been opened for the first time since its restoration. He hoped that all felt—as he himself felt—that it was an ornament to the town; and that when completed it would be a still greater ornament. But, most of all, he prayed that under God's blessing it might be a source of spiritual comfort and instruction to many. Nothing was more gratifying to him than to be informed that in the effort which they had made to rebuild that church there had been a kindly feeling and friendly co-operation among all classes in the town—even some who did not, perhaps, consider themselves, strictly speaking, members of the Church of England. He begged gratefully to express his sense of their kindness. He was, himself, attached to the Church of which he was a minister, but he hoped he should ever—and he hoped that all the ministers of that Church would ever—look upon all denominations of Christians in this country with feelings of Christian charity and kindness. (Cheers.) The Mayor, in proposing the health of the Queen, spoke of the happiness and freedom enjoyed by the people of this country, and surely if there was one happiness greater than another it was the freedom of thought—freedom of opinion and conscience—which enabled every man to choose his own pastor. (Cheers.) They could not all, perhaps, be right in everything;

perhaps many of the points on which they differed were of little moment, but he prayed from his heart that God's blessing might rest upon them, and that whatever error they might commit would be pardoned in consideration of the sincerity, faith, and earnestness with which he hoped they all were equally followers and disciples of their Lord and Master. (Cheers.) That was the spirit in which he came amongst them, and in which he had lived from his childhood upwards. He hoped ministers of the Church would act according to the same principle, and he was confident they would find that if they did not actually increase the number of what they might call strict adherents to the Church, they would elicit Christian charity, fellowship, kindness, and brotherly feeling from those who might not be more directly attached to them. (Cheers.) He was not in a position to know exactly the state of their finances, or whether they had funds sufficient for the completion of the church. All he could say was that it was not yet entirely completed. It might be that the workmen had not been so rapid in their progress as they undertook to be. There might be other reasons. There might be funds still wanted to complete the whole of that beautiful design. Without wishing to be impertinent, he would venture to say that he was sure after their friends in Warrington had seen so much of that great work completed, they would not allow a long time to elapse before it was thoroughly finished and the church made an ornament to the town. (Hear, hear.) He said that because there was a kind of feeling which must always attach all classes of the people to the old parish church. It was no doubt the place where many around him were married, and in which some of the young people present might be married—(cheers and laughter)—and there might be many other ties and associations connected with it which found for it a place in the hearts of every parishioner. The spire, which it was proposed to erect, would be the work of another day, but he observed in some of the windows—whether it was meant by the Rector as a kind of advertisement, and a reminder that there would be something more substantial wanted before winter came on, he knew not—several nice little pieces of pink calico, supplying the place of glass. (Laughter.) As regarded the spire that he alluded to, he was sure, for the credit of Warrington, it would be erected before long. But that was a matter which he would not be so impertinent as to press upon them then. They had contributed largely and liberally to what had been done, and he ventured to predict that it would not be a very long time before that part of the church

also was completed. Having said thus much, he wished cordially to thank them for the kind reception they had given to him, and still more gratefully for what they had done for the church. He hoped their esteemed Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, might have the gratification of ministering amongst them for many years; and that the church might be well filled in all its area and its galleries, by a congregation of earnest and devout Christians. That would be its chief ornament. He had so often to say a few words in preaching on occasions like that, that it was very difficult to find something to say which was not the echo of what he had said before, but what he said in the morning—which was in some measure prompted by the aspect of the world at the present time—lay deeply in his own heart. He believed the providence of God watched over nations as well as individuals, and that no nation had long prospered, or ever would long prosper in the world, that forgot what was due to God's honour; and on that ground he hoped the people of Warrington would work for the parish church, and for the cause of religion, in whatever way their consciences pointed out to them as best; that they would work for the cause of education—for the education of the poor and the children of the poor, in order that they might be brought up in the fear of God, and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He never was an enemy to education; he always had been an advocate for it. He thought it led to great good, but he always said one thing, and he said it still—and he was the more confirmed in his views the longer he witnessed what was going on in the world—that an education was worthless unless religion was at the root and foundation of it. (Cheers.) That was true, not only of the children of the poor, but of every class. Who ever knew a family brought to grief or shame, whose sons and daughters grew up in the fear of God? Who ever knew peace and concord to be wanting in a family where husband and wife lived together in the fear of God, and in the observance of His laws? God's blessing rested where He was honoured, where His Blessed Son was glorified, and where His commandments were piously kept and obeyed. His lordship again expressed a hope that the work would soon be fully completed, and that in every line in which religious feeling was exerting itself in Warrington, the people would endeavour to make the name of Jesus Christ known among the vast population by which they were surrounded, so making the people happy in this life, and being the means, in God's hands, of preparing them for a life of everlasting joy and peace hereafter. He hoped he would not

be considered out of order if he proposed to them the health of their worthy Mayor. (Cheers.) He was sure they would all respond to that toast most cheerfully, and show by the applause of their hands that what they did came from their hearts. He wished his Worship a happy continuance of his year of office, and that at its close he might carry with him into private life the respect and affection which he heard from all quarters was bestowed upon him now. (Cheers.) He proposed the health of the Mayor and Mrs. Smith. (Renewed cheers.)

The Mayor, in responding, said he felt deeply indebted to the Bishop for the very cordial manner in which he proposed the last toast, and to the ladies and gentlemen present for the equally cordial manner in which they had received it. He felt it to be a great privilege to be permitted to be present on that occasion, and he should ever esteem it one of the brightest periods of his life (and there were many dark periods, he must confess, in a man's history) when he was permitted to take part in the services connected with the re-opening of the parish church. On behalf of himself and Mrs. Smith, he desired to return his most sincere thanks. (Cheers.) His Worship then proposed "The army and navy," and called upon Captain Clare to respond.

Mr. Clare said it was rather singular that the Mayor should have paid the compliment to so unworthy a man as himself of calling upon him to respond on behalf of the army and navy; but as his Worship called him by the title of "Captain," he might state that he had had the honour of holding that title for upwards of fifty-seven years. (Cheers.) Sixty-three years ago his father and himself carried muskets in this town, and were it not that he was disabled he would even now have been ready to shoulder a rifle. (Cheers.) His heart was in the old place, and if he had but the use of his right arm, and his old crooked sword—sharpened like a carving knife, as it used to be—he would defy the approach of any enemy. (Cheers and laughter.) What could he say more? When he looked back upon the past history of Warrington—where he was born, nearly 82 years ago—he was led to believe that there was not a more loyal town in England. (Cheers.) No town stood forward more manfully in defence of their King and country, in times gone by, than did Warrington; and he believed there was a noble band of Englishmen still living here. (Cheers.) The youth of the town, he was happy to say, were coming forward and shouldering their rifles in a manner which reflected the highest

credit upon them. In the year 1803 they were only allowed to muster 500 volunteers in Warrington, but 1,300 came forward. (Cheers.) What did they think of that? Was there lukewarmness then? No, nor would there ever be lukewarmness in any loyal cause in which the town of Warrington was associated. (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Chester said one of the churchwardens (Mr. Picton) had done him the very great honour of requesting that he would propose a toast which would, he was sure, be warmly received by them all—the health of the Rector of Warrington. (Cheers.) They would understand that he was on that occasion, in some degree, the mouthpiece and spokesman of the churchwardens of the parish, because it was from them that the compliment came, most appropriately, and perhaps, most acceptably, to Mr. Quekett. He recollected that when Mr. Quekett first mentioned to him his intention to get the church rebuilt, that he thought he was venturing upon a very great undertaking; but he knew the energy of his character, and the success that he had met with in great undertakings in his populous parish in London, with reference to the education of the poor. A very difficult task it was at one time to establish and carry on ragged schools; but he knew what public notice Mr. Quekett's exertions had attracted, and he was willing to believe from what he knew of his character, and the kindness of the people of Warrington, that he might succeed in the great undertaking upon which he had entered; and he now congratulated him from the bottom of his heart that he had succeeded so well. (Cheers.) If anything remained to be done, the success already achieved was the guarantee of its not being left unaccomplished. He was quite sure the people of Warrington, when they looked at that beautiful building, would never be easy till it was completed, and would never be happy with the thought constantly recurring to their minds that visitors to Warrington would say, "What a beautiful structure the people of Warrington have raised for their parish church; what a pity it is they should leave it unfinished!" He was quite sure that would not be the case, but that sooner or later the restoration of the church would be fully completed. If there was still something wanting of pecuniary means, he begged to say this amongst other motives—not the highest motive, certainly; for what they were called upon to do for the honour of God should require no other motive, and should indeed scarcely admit of other motives mixing with it—if they did descend to other motives, which were to be found in the feelings and sympathies of their own hearts, he

thought there was no way in which they could testify their respect and regard to Mr. Quekett more agreeably to his own feelings than by supplying what might still be wanted for the completion of that beautiful church. (Cheers.) He was sure he required neither silver nor gold for himself, but it would be the greatest gratification to him when he was able to say that the work was fully completed. He now begged to propose the health of Mr. and Mrs. Quekett, wishing that Mr. Quekett might be blessed in his ministry, and blessed in the respect and affection of the people around him. (Cheers.) However kind they might have been, it was he who had borne the burden and heat of the day, in the great work of restoring the church. (Cheers.)

The Rev. W. Quekett, after thanking his Lordship for the kind manner in which he had proposed his health, proceeded to say that it was on that identical day that he became Rector of Warrington six years ago; and he was determined that he would leave nothing undone, in order that the parish church might be opened on that day. If he could have carried out fully his intentions and wishes, it would have been opened last Easter; but circumstances over which he had no control had thrown the work rather back; still he had fixed on that day, and that day they had seen the result. (Hear, hear.) They might have wondered at its incomplete state, but there had been so many difficulties in the way that the work had been prevented from being carried out more rapidly. The reason had been this: At the commencement of that great work, he thought £5,000 would complete it. He laid himself out to get that sum, when he had not a single penny to begin with. He got the £5,000, and had paid it all away; but in restoring the church, that unfortunate tower was never thought of. They believed—and the architects and builder believed—that they would have been enabled to restore the tower, and upon that tower to have erected another structure, believing the foundations to have been good; and that would have been the means of saving a large amount of money. But the Corporation also began a great work at the same time that he did. They began to look after the sanitary condition of the town, and cut a sewer up Church-street nine or ten feet deep, and within fifty feet of the tower. Whilst they were thinking of restoring the church inside, the Corporation were ruining the church outside. They drew away all the water from the sand and down came the tower; it was with the greatest difficulty that they propped it up with immense baulks of timber. Although it was not generally

known—yet the builder and architect were in the secret—some of those baulks of timber were bent like his elbow, owing to the great weight of the tower upon them. They were obliged to pay men extra to pull down the tower, or it would have fallen into a heap of ruins. At a cost of £300 they took down the tower, and in order to build efficiently a new foundation, they had to expend another £700. Thus £1,000 was buried before the tower made its appearance above the surface of the ground. That £1,000 had, to some extent, crippled their operations. However, he had laid out the groundwork of a great building, which would eventually become an honour and a credit to the town of Warrington. He would not leave anything undone until he had finished the whole internal structure of the building, and then he might safely call upon the people of Warrington to assist him in putting up a spire 300 feet high, which would show to the world that there were hearts and hands in Warrington which could put the finishing stroke upon a noble building of which he had laid the foundation. (Cheers.) With regard to the pink calico, that told a tale, certainly. When he began to restore the church, he first sat down and counted the cost. The window that his lordship more particularly referred to was in existence before he began, and, curious though it might appear, he had the framework made to suit the glass. That window would now have been completed, but a lady—who he was glad to see present—had since presented the upper portion of a new stained glass window to be placed there as a memorial to a deceased friend. The window was still in the hands of the makers, and that would explain the presence of the pink calico. The window in the western end was the gift of Mr. Edmundson, in remembrance of some members of his family who were buried in the churchyard; and a very beautiful memorial window it would be. The window which was to be placed in the Atherton Chapel was the gift of the architects, Messrs. Francis. He had two or three other pieces of pink calico, if any lady or gentleman was desirous of erecting another memorial window. (Cheers, and laughter.) They would have seen the tracery and ornamental work under the tower. That was paid for wholly by the clergy daughters, and the young women connected with the training school. The angles that they would also have seen, were voluntary offerings to the church, and there were many other contributions of a similar kind, which he could name; but he ought to mention one fact—that ten pillars yet required ornamenting, each of which would cost only £7; and he

thought it would not be difficult to find ten gentlemen in the town willing to subscribe £7 apiece. (Cheers.) It would take one shilling apiece from all the adult population of Warrington to put up the tower and spire, to restore the bells, and to do all the work necessary for the completion of the church. Now, if they might calculate on 100 gentlemen collecting £10 apiece in twelve months; if 100 ladies would collect £5 apiece, then the thing would be done. (Cheers.) Look at it—it was nothing after all. (Laughter, and cheers.) He should be almost ashamed to say that there was any difficulty about the matter, when he remembered that a poor factory girl once brought him £5, which she had collected in her neighbourhood. (Cheers.) Would it not be an easy thing, if the whole town would just give him a little hearty assistance? Before twelve months had passed over their heads the tower would be restored, the spire erected, and the parish church would be pointed to as the only building in the town of Warrington, or indeed in the whole neighbourhood, which possessed any approach to architectural beauty. (Cheers.)

Mr. McMinnies, in proposing "The Lord-Lieutenant and magistrates of the county," said that toast reminded him of a circumstance which occurred within the last few months. He had the honour of being invited by the Mayor of a neighbouring borough to a dinner that he was giving to the Corporation, and to a number of his friends. One of the toasts given at the dinner was "The magistrates," and he was surprised to see, just after it had been proposed, that nearly the whole of the company rose from their seats. The only persons who remained sitting were Colonel Wilson-Patten and himself. Well, he did not know what it all meant; he began to speculate whether it was customary in that part of the country for the people to get up and sing a hymn, or whether the gentleman who proposed the toast had been personally offensive to everybody present, and they were going to show their indignation by walking out of the room; but at last the truth dawned upon him. The fact was, every man present was a magistrate. [Mr. Clare: I would rather have been in a wasp's nest.] Now, within the last few years, the number of magistrates had very much increased in Warrington—they could boast, he thought, of about 22 acting magistrates in this town and district, and just ten policemen! Still, he did not know that they had too much of a good thing, and they owed a great debt of gratitude to those gentlemen who devoted so much of their time and attention to the

administration of justice. In reference to the Lord-Lieutenant he could not say much, but in drinking the health of the magistrates, none of them meant to say that they were infallible, or that it was impossible for them to err; still he did not suppose that a magisterial error was that unpardonable sin which was mentioned in the New Testament. He added his congratulations to the Rector, on the approaching completion of the great work in which he was engaged. In Manchester some time ago, he heard Mr. Disraeli make a very excellent speech, in the course of which he remarked—"If I were asked to give advice to any young man before me—advice likely to lead him, at any rate, to be something respectable in the world—I should say—aspire." Now, he believed they would never meet the Rector in public, until they did the little business for him which he had just told them was required, but he would say to them "a spire." (Laughter.) They would see, therefore, that it would save them a great deal of trouble if they set to work and did it for him at once, for they would have no peace, and the sooner it was done the better. (Cheers and laughter.)

Alderman P. Rylands responded. In the course of his remarks he observed that much credit was due to the Rector for having erected an almost entirely new building, but the greatest credit that he gave him was that he had the pluck and the boldness to pull down the old building. Whenever any great progress had to be made, ten to one they had to sweep away something that had existed for a long period—something which was associated with their earliest recollections—something which had perhaps done service to them in past times, and about which there seemed to be a sacredness of character—something which could not lightly be touched, because the very touching of it seemed to give offence to the feelings and instincts of the rest of the people, before they could replace it by something better. He therefore considered the Rector was a very bold man in having ventured to interfere with something which must necessarily have associated itself very much with the feelings of the people; and—though he was quite aware that the rev. gentleman was much more orthodox in his politics than himself—yet he gave him credit in connection with the great work, for being a very good destructive in the first instance, and a very good progressive reformer afterwards. (Cheers and laughter.) He agreed with the preceding speakers that the completion of the church would be a credit to the town of Warrington, and he hoped the Rector would not cease his exertions until a spire had been erected.

He was much struck with the unfinished state of the Cologne Cathedral, which had been in course of erection for centuries; and he could have no respect for a people who would allow one of the grandest architectural designs ever conceived to remain so long without perfect completion. The very existence of such a thing stamped the character of the nation with anything but credit. He remembered reading an account of the proceedings in connection with the Cathedral of Cologne, and he remembered at the top where the tower ought to have been, that there was an enormous crane, and the tradition was, that 600 years ago after the tower had been partially erected, this crane was taken down under the supposition that the work could not be further proceeded with. But there came a tremendous storm, so dreadful that the priests told the people that it was the thunder of heaven pronounced against them for their unbelief in venturing to take down the crane, and for supposing that the tower would never be completed. Consequently, the crane was re-erected upon the tower, and there it had stood for several hundred years, telling the people of Germany that that great work remained unaccomplished in consequence of the means not having been subscribed for its completion. He thought they must all feel, if the parish church was allowed to remain in its present unfinished state, that instead of being a credit to them it would be a by-word, that the people of Warrington after commencing a great architectural design had not the generosity or determination to take those means which were necessary to complete it. (Cheers.) He concluded by wishing the Rector complete success in his undertaking.

Mr. Clare rose amidst cheers to propose the health of Colonel Wilson-Patten. He was the fourth colonel that he had known at Bank Hall, and he believed that there was not a more worthy man under the whole canopy of heaven, in whatever relation of life they viewed him. (Cheers.) He had that morning received a letter from the Colonel, expressing deep regret that he was unable to take part in the proceedings of that day, in consequence of the pressure of Parliamentary business. His labours in the House of Commons had never been so heavy during the last thirteen years as now. The speaker then referred in terms of congratulation to the recent marriage of Miss Vanda Wilson-Patten, to T. H. Lyon, Esq., whose father, he said, was a brother soldier of his 50 years ago. He trusted that this nuptial alliance would be a source of happiness to both families, and to this immediate neighbourhood. (Cheers.) He wished them long life and every earthly blessing. (Cheers.)

The Rev. J. Barclay then gave the health of Mr. Greenall, M.P., who he said it was his humble privilege to claim as one of his parishioners. Although Mr. Greenall, as they might well imagine, had many claims in his own immediate neighbourhood first to acknowledge and discharge, yet he must be allowed to bear his testimony to the liberality and generosity with which that worthy member for this borough always responded to any appeals that he (Mr. Barclay), in his capacity as Vicar of Runcorn, might make to him. (Cheers.) He could not expect all present to agree with his political sentiments, yet he was sure that every man in that company would give Mr. Greenall credit for diligence and conscientiousness in the discharge of his duties, and an anxious desire to promote, as far as in him lay, the interests of the town and trade of Warrington. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Clare was called upon to respond on behalf of Mr. Greenall. He said he had had the pleasure and the honour of proposing him as member for this borough on several occasions, and he hoped that, if spared, he might have the opportunity of doing so again. He had known five generations of the Greenalls—(laughter)—and he defied any man, whoever he might be, to say a single word derogatory to Mr. Gilbert Greenall, or any member of the family. (Cheers.) He was delighted that his health had been drunk in the manner which it deserved. He believed Mr Greenall would always do his duty, as he ever had done; and he trusted whenever he was guilty of any dishonourable or dishonest action, he would at once resign his seat in the House of Commons. Till then, he hoped, he would be honoured and respected by every inhabitant of Warrington. (Cheers.)

The Rev. W. Quekett proposed the health of the churchwardens, and spoke of the indefatigable zeal which they had displayed in aiding him in the restoration of the church. He mentioned also, that in the course of that work, he had met with only one case of opposition, and that was a somewhat curious one. He received a letter from a solicitor in Liverpool, stating that a client had two pews in the gallery of the parish church, and that he understood the gallery was to be pulled down; and he wished to know what compensation his client was to receive. He (Mr. Quekett) replied that he would like to know the name of the client referred to, because the gallery was tumbling down, and he should call upon him to aid in restoring it. (Cheers.) He had never heard any more from the solicitor since, and even that slight opposition seemed to have died away.

Mr. Picton, in responding on behalf of the churchwardens, said he should not be considered egotistical when he said that for the last eighteen months he had devoted nearly the whole of his spare time —indeed, he might say the whole of his spare time—and his abilities towards furthering the restoration of the church; and he should continue to use his utmost energies until it was entirely completed. (Cheers.) Numbers of ladies and gentlemen had kindly assisted in what had already been done, and if they would assist them in doing what they had yet to do, they would be able eventually to present to the town one of the finest churches in Lancashire. (Cheers.)

THE REV. J. BARCLAY'S SERMON.

The Rev. J. Barclay preached in the evening from Ezra, 6 chap., 13 v. –the rejoicing of the Jews at the dedication of the second temple. He said he had chosen the subject as in some respects a parallel to the work in which they had been engaged that day. The rebuilding of the temple was of the highest interest to the Jews, and engaged every pious and patriotic feeling. It was completed after twenty years of labour, and the dedication was properly kept with joy. The site on which the second temple was built was sacred ground. On it Abraham raised the sacrificial knife to slay his son; on it David placed the ark; there Solomon erected his first temple, and offered a prayer not inferior to the temple for beauty. Considerations like these no doubt affected the minds of the true Israelites, and therefore they kept the dedication with joy. In the engagements of that day, several similar elements combined. They had not lost their last temple by fire, but by the devouring hand of time. To them the old building had been a holy and hallowed one. There they had sung the songs of Zion. There their forefathers, from the days of the Saxons—lord and vassal—had knelt. It reminded them of early mercies; of a mother's tenderness, and a father's love, and of the grey-haired sire gone to his rest. There many of them had come to receive confirmation, and to obtain through God's ministers more spiritual grace. The reverend gentleman then referred, in eloquent terms, to pleasing associations which some had connected with the old church, owing to their marriage having been solemnised there; to the mournful ones, when they came to it to leave their loved ones in the grave, and to the monuments around its walls more valued than any in the gorgeous

mansions of those who had erected them. The pleasure which was felt by the Jews at the dedication of the second temple was alloyed (he then remarked) because it was far inferior to the first temple in beauty. There was no Ark of the Covenant within its walls to remind them that they were God's chosen people; no cloud overshadowed the Mercy Seat, and no gem on the high priest's breastplate shone to inform them of the will of God. Different was the case with his audience. Around them they saw costly ornaments, which would still be rendered more beautiful, and every comfort and facility provided for public worship. There was the font where their children could be washed from sin in the waters of holy baptism; there was the altar upon which would be placed bread and wine, the emblems of the love of their dying Lord, and there was the pulpit from which God's holy oracles would be faithfully expounded. Their second temple was not inferior to their first; they might, therefore, keep the dedication of it with gladness of heart. The preacher then referred to the fact that there was now no "holy of holies," no special mountain or place set apart for prayer; that God could be worshipped everywhere, if approached in the name of Jesus; yet he loved the "gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Whether God was worshipped in the rude hut of the emigrant, or in the gorgeous metropolitan temple, where kings and princes bowed the knee, was of no moment. If set apart for His worship, and not used for secular purposes, God would manifest Himself, as He did not unto the world. The real consecration of the place was the prayer of the faithful. He concluded by pointing out the responsibility which rested upon those who had the means of grace within their power, but neglected them.

In conclusion, we must express the opinion of probably all who were present at both services, namely, that the singing was of the most superior kind, and that the notes produced from the tiny organ were those of a master-hand. With a large organ, and a choir not quite at the Antipodes, we feel sure that Mr. Eaude will accomplish all that music can accomplish—and that is a great deal more than is generally supposed — in crowding the restored parish church.

The choir had supper together, when speeches were delivered by the Rev. W. Quekett, the Rev. J. Barclay, and others.

The collection in the morning was £67, and in the evening £8.

WARRINGTON PARISH CHURCH RESTORATION.

(To the Editor of the *Standard and Times.*)

Sir,—I shall be much obliged to you if you will insert in your next impression the following letter, as an incorrect statement has been circulated respecting the Parish Church restoration. I think it my duty, for the information of the parishioners, to state the facts from the commencement, and what induced me to undertake so great a work. In truth it may be said to have been forced upon me by the necessity of the case; and, I verily believe, had not the works been commenced when they were, the whole fabric would have been, by this time, a ruin, for all the ends of the beams of the galleries were found entirely decayed (as they may be seen now in the Rectory garden), and no one could have foretold what might have been the consequence had any additional weight been placed upon them. Some months before any notion was entertained of restoring the church, having occasion one day to obtain a register, and whilst searching for the same in the vestry, I heard in the church a loud report and something fall heavily. I went at once to see the cause, and found within the choir seats a large piece of stone, which had been forced by the weight of the tower from the springing of the north-western arch. On calling next day poor Mr. Hesketh's attention to this, we examined more minutely the piers, and found that pier more than usually cracked from top to bottom in various places. Shortly after this, and paying more particular attention to the state of the other piers, it was observed that there was a gradual settlement of the north-west pier, and that various cracks in the plaster in the chancel—both on the north and south side—were new and plainly to be seen, and extending themselves in all directions. The ends of some of these we marked with a pencil, and put the date when done. On one occasion we found that a crack in the plaster on the south-east pier had extended six inches in ten days. Being rather alarmed at the state of things, I wrote to Mr. Francis, an architect in London, who before had been engaged with me in church building matters, and asked him, if he were coming north, to stay and examine how far the injury had extended, and the best means of stopping the same. Fortunately, I heard from him that he was building a church in Cumberland, and would shortly be passing through Warrington. On his arrival, a minute examination of the whole building took place.

He pronounced the tower piers to be in a very insecure state, and instead of being built of solid stone, had only been cased with stone and filled with rubble, and advised that immediate measures should be taken securely shoring up the piers, withdrawing all the damaged stones, and inserting, instead, large blocks of squared masonry. He also reported on the church generally as to what would be necessary to effect a substantial repair and restoration of the fabric. He was requested by the churchwardens and myself to draw some plans and designs, and the same were widely circulated, stating what was proposed to be done, at a cost of about £5,000, exclusive of the works at the south side. Having called on Colonel Wilson-Patten with the churchwardens, he liberally headed the list with £300. An active subscription was commenced, and the sum in a short time reached £4,000. It was thought advisable by the committee—7 out of the 11 having been present—as the season was advancing, and the tower required immediate attention, to commence the work. The contract having been obtained by Mr. Yates for the whole as intended to be done for £6,127, including the south side, any portion could be omitted, as funds could or could not be obtained. The contracts were divided into five portions, and the first (No. 1) comprised the nave, with such other works as would have made it complete in itself, and this contract included the restoration of the tower piers. The amount of this contract was £3,612, having at that time upwards of £4,000 in hand. Shortly after the work of pulling down the nave had commenced, it soon became apparent that the north-west tower-pier had given way, and was obliged to be propped up for fear of falling, and that the whole four piers, on stripping off the plaster, were in such a decayed state that it was pronounced impossible to restore them, as the work would be attended with great danger even to attempt it. The works were consequently delayed, and various consultations held with the architects and builder and others supposed capable of giving a correct opinion, and it was decided that nothing could be done but at once to lighten the tower by removing the bells, the lead, the clock, and, finally, to take the tower down. The state of the piers, as revealed during the demolition of the tower, proved the wisdom of this step, for there is little reason to doubt that but for these timely precautions the whole tower—like that of Chichester—would have fallen, bringing with it the destruction of the greater part of the fabric, and, it might have been, great loss of life. The rebuilding of the tower involved us in

a very large and unexpected outlay. Before undertaking it, it was suggested by many not to attempt it, but to let it be erected, at some future time, by the side of the nave. To this proposal I never could agree, whatever might have been the consequences, for it would have entirely broken faith with the public, who had given their money upon the understanding that the church should be faithfully restored. The pulling down the old tower and raising the new one to the level of the nave roof has cost £2,168—being £1,800 beyond what was originally contracted for in the reparation of the existing piers. Our financial difficulties have also been augmented by the fact that much of the old material which was specified to be used again was found on close examination to be utterly unfit for the purpose, and we were obliged to have new floors and new pewing, new steps and new paving, where the refixing of the old had been intended. The cost of the works was in this way increased upwards of £1,000—the result being that, including the expense of the tower, the building accounts, instead of £6,127, have been £8,359, leaving us still to pay the architect's fees, the lighting and warming, refixing the organ, and providing sundry other fittings. The present deficiency is nearly £3,000. This heavy additional outlay has been entirely beyond our control, and under these circumstances I confidently anticipate a general effort will be made towards its liquidation. The bazaar held last year was unusually productive, and realized more than sufficient to meet all the then existing contracts; and although the unforeseen circumstances to which I have referred proved that there would still be a deficiency, the churchwardens and myself contemplated being able to apply the sum of nearly £800—remaining in the bank, as we understood, from a balance after the rebuilding of the church in 1777—towards liquidating the debt. In this we have been at present disappointed, and hence some of our difficulties. Had we not undertaken to go on with the work before sufficient funds had been collected to pay the whole, the church would have been unoccupied at the present time, and the congregation would have been scattered, and no other place to assemble for public worship but the schoolrooms, which would have been so occupied for years to come probably. These responsibilities have been incurred for the benefit of the parishioners at large, and it cannot but be believed that every one connected with the church will lend a helping hand to relieve those who have done so much for them. Nearly £7,000 have been obtained in two years, and other costly gifts, in four

additional painted windows with their extensive wire guards, have been given and placed in the church. And a great saving besides was effected by the farmers and others in the town and neighbourhood (to all of whom our best thanks are due), by willingly giving the use of their carts and horses to remove some hundreds of tons of *débris* from the churchyard, which had accumulated from the tower and masonry. After all that has been done, there is ground for thankfulness, notwithstanding the present painful anxiety. There is a church now open where services are held every day in the week at eight o'clock—saints' days and holy days being especially observed—and filled three times every Sunday with devout worshippers. All pews are done away with, and the seats are entirely free from payment. With an active co-operation from all, and a wide-spread appeal to every Christian heart who values such advantages, I have no doubt, if a little time be granted, the whole sum wanted will be realized, and the parishioners will rejoice that the work has been begun, and that God's house has been restored and made fit to be worshipped in to His honour and glory.

Believe me to be, yours faithfully,

W. QUEKETT, Rector.

A Free and Open Church.

No sooner had the Parish Church been restored and re-opened than there began the selfish clamour for the appropriation of sittings, which has been the bane of every old parish in England. Against this agitation I sternly set my face; and a letter from Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P., to the churchwardens, published in the *Guardian* of October 6th, 1860, with a strong leading article based thereupon, helped considerably to check the murmurs which, I regret to say, were daily increasing. In his letter, Colonel Wilson-Patten said:—

"An opportunity is now offered, and should not be lost, of remedying a defect in our church, of long standing, and which here, as elsewhere, has been a subject of serious reflection to all who have paid attention to the religious wants of our growing population. By the faculty which authorized the demolition of the old, and the reconstruction of the new, Parish Church, every title to a

sitting or pew, excepting such as were maintained under existing faculties, was altogether done away with, and the parish has its original rights entirely restored to it.

* * * * *

"It is of the utmost importance that the old and infirm, and the less educated portion of the community, as well as the operative classes generally, should be so placed that it may be a pleasure to them to attend the services of the church, and this cannot be the case if they are assigned to the more distant and back seats, as is too generally the case. They should have at least a large portion of the very best sittings in the church.

"I am aware that you are beset with difficulties in the discharge of this important duty, and that pressing claims will come before you from all those of us who possessed sittings or pews in the old church. I have myself claims to make, founded on more than one hundred demolished sittings, some held under faculty, some in the galleries by purchase and inheritance, some by prescription.

"I am prepared to place the two latter classes entirely at your disposal, if you will only consent to keep the centre front of the body of the church free and unappropriated.

* * * * *

"I hope and trust that the best sittings on the floor of the church may not be so disposed of as to become directly or indirectly private property. Our new church ought to be a model for others in this respect. It should not only be open to the parishioners in the freest possible manner, but afford every inducement to them to attend its services."

Such a generous offer from Lord Winmarleigh had the desired effect of inducing others to forego their rights, and the Parish Church of Warrington is both free and unappropriated, and also open daily for the private devotions of those who choose to avail themselves of its quiet and hallowed retreat.

The Cost of the Restoration of the Parish Church.

At the beginning of the year 1861, the Churchwardens and myself—and myself in particular—began to feel the burden of the debt on the Parish Church restoration a very heavy and depressing one. Mrs. Quekett and I had done all that lay in our power. We

had had a supplementary bazaar in January; we had written begging letters by the thousand; we had economised and saved in our own incomes; the chief part of our plate had gone as security for the advances we had been obliged to ask for on behalf of the restoration from the bankers; and yet, with a heavy heart I felt that money was wanted, and little was coming in. Moreover, there were not wanting—as unfortunately there never are wanting—wicked tongues whose idle reproaches and silly blame could yet wound one who was both depressed and anxious. The kind-hearted and sympathetic editor of the *Guardian* in his racy way endeavoured to move public liberality by the following leading article on Saturday, February 16, 1861 :—

"THE TROUBLES OF DEBT.

"Shakespeare says, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know. Probably there may be some pleasurable sensations resulting from a load of debt. It may reasonably be supposed that your creditors remember you in their orisons; that after the prayer for all conditions of men, they name your case in particular, and pray for you from the heart, even if others have been prayed for from a spirit of politeness alone. If such special prayers are ever offered for any, most probably they are so at this present time for the long life and welfare of the Rector of Warrington and his Churchwardens, in their public capacity, for in that capacity they are deeply in debt. In fact, the whole of the worshippers at the Parish Church are, figuratively, over head and ears in debt, as the price of the tower which overshadows them at their devotions is still unpaid. Bazaars of the most successful kind have been tried; subscriptions from the Rector's thousand-and-one friends, living at every point of the compass, have poured in; our local men of money, and our local widows, have given their hundreds and their mites; but all have failed to pay for the tower. The consequences are serious. The Rector feels that upon his shoulders lies a load. That load depresses him. We have none of his lectures, illustrated by real steam engines, now-a-days. No amusing "history of a letter" entertainments are now announced. Monster trips and penny banks are not followed up by similar projects. Mount Vesuvius has not told us its secrets by the Rector's lips, nor has Rome done duty as it ought, by the same instrumentality. If one could catch his reverence musing, and could not get his thoughts

for a penny, they would not be far wrong if they guessed that, like Norval's army, he was 'a towering.' In fact, till the tower is paid for, we shall do no good in Warrington. It casts its cold shade on every other subscription list. It is an incubus on every other project for bleeding Her Majesty's Warrington subjects.

"Perhaps someone jumps to the conclusion that the money should have been found before it was spent. So it was, as far as known, 'But the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft agee.' Who could have told that the tower was built of rubbish? That our great grandfathers had connived at a 'job'? Would it not have been madness to rebuild a church in connection with a tower whose foundation was on sand? Neither the Rector nor the Churchwardens could see further through the stones than the mason, the architect, and the committee, none of whom dreamt that the tower would have to come down. The plans laid to secure the expected outlay have been as successful as could have been anticipated, and but for the tower the £2,000 yet required could have been done without.

"What is to be done? Borrowing won't do. Mortgaging is not allowed. Paying is the only remedy. True, most have given all they intended; but their intentions were in proportion to the sum supposed to be required. Let the Rector submit a scheme for raising £2,000 by payments of one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds a year for three years, collected weekly, monthly, or yearly, and we venture to say that the people of Warrington will remove the burden of the tower from his shoulders in a month. More than half a million was raised in three years by the Free Church of Scotland by a similar plan—a plan still resorted to by numerous churches."

I felt it due to the Churchwardens and myself to publish the following letter from the architects as an answer to the adverse criticism which was afloat:—

"38, Upper Bedford Place, March 9th, 1861.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—After long negotiation with the builder employed in the restoration and enlargement of Warrington Church, we have at length agreed to his account at £8,959 0s. 11d.; £6,300 of which has been already paid. This is exclusive of the items of encaustic tiles, altar railing, &c., which together will add about £150 to the amount.

"The outlay having so much exceeded our original intentions, we think a few words of explanation may be necessary.

"In the first instance, as you are aware, the amount of the contracts, not including the external repairs to the south aisle, amounted to about £5,500; in which sum was included the reparation of the then existing tower piers, and, of course, the retention of the old tower.

"It happened unfortunately, however, that the state of the old tower was such that its immediate taking down became a matter of necessity. The expense of so doing, and its rebuilding to the present level, amounted to £2,022 1s. 4d.; and if to this is added the cost of the chancel works connected with and consequent upon this rebuilding, viz., £146 14s. 4d., we have a total outlay for the tower of £2,168 15s. 8d.; showing an extra of £1,800 beyond the sum it was intended should have been spent over this portion of the works.

"In the general contract much of the old material which was specified to be used again proved, on close examination, to be utterly unfit for the purpose.

"It was found necessary to lay new floors throughout, to provide new seats and back framing for the whole of the ground floor, and to have entirely new gallery fronts.

"In the masons' work, too, a much larger quantity of new steps and paving was required. The walls of the Atherton Chapel, and the west end of the south aisle, had to be built from the foundation, instead of the ground line. The walls of the north aisle were built thicker than were intended, at the instance of the Incorporated Society. It was considered advisable to build the buttresses at the south-west angle of the south aisle, to execute a portion of the interior carvings, to insert a window over the north door, and to make sundry other additions promoting the warmth and stability of the structure. The result of these works was to add considerably to the outlay, although every care has been taken to keep the cost of each item as moderate as possible.

"The main difficulty, however, has been the tower; had it not been for this additional outlay of nearly £2,000 there would not now be so serious a deficiency in the funds. We cannot at the same time refrain from saying that nothing has so much contributed to the completeness of our great work as the rebuilding of the tower. Deficient as the old piers were, both in altitude and symmetry, the parish would have been much disappointed had they formed part of the new building; they would have been out of character, and would, we are sure, have been eventually condemned to be taken down.

"We should add that which is the testimony of all who have seen the church, that, considering the magnitude and nature of the work, the cost, though large, is very moderate in amount, and will in this respect bear to be advantageously compared with any of the new or restored churches in the neighbourhood.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"J. and H. FRANCIS.

"Rev. W. Quekett."

At the annual Vestry Meeting on Easter Tuesday, after the ordinary business had been completed, I read the items of expenditure, and pleaded hard for £3,000. Gilbert Greenall, Esq., M.P., offered £100, and Mr. Nicholson, the vestry clerk, said £100 single-handed was very little; but that if Mr. Greenall would be one of twenty gentlemen to give each £100, he himself would be another, and that for his part he should never be satisfied till he saw the church crowned with a tower and a spire.

From a leading article in the *Guardian*, of Saturday, November 9th, 1861, it will be seen that further help was not withheld.

To Those Having a Guinea to Spare.

"The thorough restoration of the Warrington Parish Church is known, to all our readers, as a work which has required a good deal of time and money. Unforeseen difficulties, because difficulties beyond the ken of architects, masons, or churchwardens, most materially increased the outlay, otherwise provided for with necessary, but somewhat uncommon, prudence. That outlay for months lay like a nightmare upon the Rector and Churchwardens, who alone were legally responsible for its payment, but at length a time came when the beginning of the end was made visible by the exertions and munificence of a few gentlemen, who, like Charity, never fail in the hour of trial.

"Colonel Wilson-Patten volunteered £300, the Rev. W. Quekett £200, Mr. Greenall, M.P., £200, Mr. Parr £200, Mr. J. Nicholson £50, and Mr. Pierpoint £50, in addition to previous donations, if £2,000 could be raised at once, and a third thousand, entirely by the Rector, by Christmas next. The £2,000 was soon raised, Mr. Lyon giving £200, Lord Lilford £100, Mr. Cross, M.P., £100, "A Friend" £100, and others £400, beyond the sums previously named.

"*Now* the tug of war is on; the £2,000 is conditional, and the time is inconveniently short which remains before the condition must be met, or the £2,000 forfeited. The Rector has bled the people of Warrington so freely that he fears to try again. He is, therefore, we learn from a circular, asking for the kind offices of his neighbours, and we trust he may not ask in vain. Three crowded audiences every Sunday are reaping the fruits of his labours in the restoration line in Warrington; three churches have been erected by his exertions in London, or elsewhere; eight schools, and school-masters' residences owe their existence to him; *therefore*, we urge our readers, far and near, to send him their spare guineas, lest such a notable hand among bricks and mortar fail or be discouraged."

Notwithstanding this liberality, and the sympathetic appeal of the Editor of the *Guardian*, the matter still dragged on; and in the paper for February 1, 1862, after an account of a new window, given by P. H. Lyon, Esq., there was the following announcement:—

"We are sorry to hear that the Rector, after all his exertions, has not yet realised sufficient funds to pay the debts still owing. Since October last he has issued more than 6,000 appeals to all parts of England asking for a pound or a few shillings, but has not met with that success which the great and good work deserves."

I feel sure that few people in Warrington have fully estimated the wearing sense of anxiety with which from morning to morning, week to week, and month to month, Mrs. Quekett and myself struggled with this incubus of debt. My spirits failed, and my health was very seriously affected by the constant disheartening attempts to raise the balance. Times were bad. The war in the United States had been dragging out its hideous length of slaughter and misery. Glory there could be none in such an internecine struggle. And the result to our workpeople is now matter of history. Thousands of families in Lancashire had nothing to depend upon; their work was gone, their bread was gone; their homes, all but the shell, were gone; and I believe hundreds, perhaps thousands, died uncomplainingly of starvation before the help of England was sought and given and could reach them. In Warrington, though we suffered less than many of the Lancashire towns, we had much fearful poverty. My Rectory was a vast relief-centre; every day, and at all hours, we were giving. And all this with an apparently un-overtakeable debt on the parish church building! Surely, it was enough to break one's heart!

Moreover, there were many objects eliciting public sympathy just at this time. The Prince Consort had died at the end of 1861, and there was to be a national memorial to him. The Hartley Colliery explosion had made wives widows, and mothers sonless, and we could not grudge that the bereaved should draw largely from public benevolence—so largely that a considerable surplus remained after helping the bereaved families on a liberal scale. There is little doubt that these general and more immediately "telling" objects had crippled our sources of donation.

The Parish Church.

The churchwardens and myself called a special vestry meeting on Tuesday evening, March 4th, the results of which were thus commented upon by the *Warrington Guardian* of March 8 :—

"A large body of parishioners last night undertook the duty of doctors to the Warrington Parish Church, or rather to its Rector. Two years ago the church was in an unhealthy state ; its constitution was undermined ; its beams rotten, and its tower ready to imitate that of Siloam.

"A consultation of the building faculty easily propounded a remedy, and the church had its beauty not only restored but increased, and the days of its years lengthened for at least another three score and ten.

"But the committee of ways and means were out of their reckoning. Alarming discoveries were made as the work of demolition went on, and the final result was an outlay of nearly double what was originally thought necessary.

"To raise all the extra sums has been a tough and impossible job so far. It is always the last thousand that tries the temper and temperament of building committees. As a last resource, the Rector has appealed once more to the parishioners, and his appeal has not been in vain. They are to raise £500.

"Neither he nor his warden has faith in a rate. It would be bad in principle and worse in policy—a blunder, and nothing less. A life insurance loan would be only a wretched makeshift, unless the Rector became the payer of the premium. If it were paid by others it would render the Rector's life less valuable in some men's eyes than it ought to be.

"Appeals to outsiders have become stale, flat, and—which is worse—unprofitable. They don't pay the postage stamps. At any rate, they are out of place until the seat holders of our beautiful, commodious, and *free* Parish Church have been bled to the last. We have heard of a poor dissenting preacher before setting out on a Bethel begging excursion saying to his flock—'Brethren, if I am asked if *we* have done our utmost, what shall I say? You, Thomas, for instance, and you James, and you Peter, have you done your utmost?'—Well, not quite, said the first; I could give £5 more; and I, said the second, £10; and I, added the third, £20, before I could conscientiously say I had done all I could. Smaller sums came in on the same grounds, and the minister and his people found to their astonishment that there was no need to go from home a-begging.

"Twelve months ago we urged the seat-holders, and they are the really responsible persons, to undertake to make up the deficiency, spreading it over three years. The congregation of the Parish Church must nearly reach a thousand. If each would put down his name for 6s. 8d. a year for three years, letting it be collected weekly, if needed, the debt would be wiped off without another hour's annoyance to the Rector. On this plan the Free Church of Scotland raised nearly half a million in the three first years of its existence.

"It was very kind of the meeting last night to undertake to raise £500; but it is too much to expect the Rector, however willing, to raise £500 more. He has too long been kept 'serving tables.' Let him now give himself wholly to the 'ministry of the word.'"

I was thus obliged to make myself answerable for £500, a sum which for the most part eventually came out of the purses of Mrs. Quekett and myself, though we had contributed over £700 before.

Here a new difficulty arose. Mr. James Nicholson, feeling that the pledge under which he had bound himself for £100 had been forfeited, and most probably wearied with the want of public spirit, withdrew his offer. No one could blame him; he acted strictly within the lines of his promise; but the loss was keenly felt, and it was not for some months that the whole amount was forthcoming. At the Vestry Meeting at Easter, 1863, there was still a total debt on the whole of the work done up to that date of £2,160; and it was in the following year that the last trace of debt on the restored church, apart from the spire, could be said to have been extinguished.

Salmon Hatching: A Visit to the Hatching-ground at Stormontfield on the Tay.

I was going up into Perthshire to stay with Mrs. Quekett's relations, and my brother, Professor Quekett, wished me to visit the salmon hatching ground at Stormontfield on the Tay, to see what sort of a hatch they had had that year. He told me to enquire for "Peter," who had the care of the hatching. On my arrival I went round the ponds before asking for Peter, so that I might form my own impression of the hatch before receiving Peter's information. I saw no signs of the young fish, and came to the conclusion that the work for this year had been a failure. On finding Peter, I told him that I thought there had not been much of a hatch; but he quickly replied that they had never had a better; for they had had thousands of healthy young fish hatched. I asked how it was there were no signs of them; and he told me they could not bear the light, and so hid themselves away under the stones. "You do not see them," he said, "because you have nothing to give them;" and he gave me a piece of boiled liver, and told me to rub it in my hands till it became fine powder, and then to fling it into the pond, scattering it well over the surface of the water. I did this; and instantly the pond seemed alive with young salmon; and when Peter joined me I expressed my admiration of the success he had had. We saw some larger salmon about as big as sprats; and Peter told me that these found their own way into the Tay, leaping up a little waterfall about a foot high out of the pond into a rivulet which ran from a brook at a higher level communicating with the Tay. It was formerly the habit to catch the young salmon which had so far developed, and to place them in the river. In May, as many as 20,000 of these two or three year old fish have been taken from the pond at Stormontfield and put into the Tay. But Peter told me it was found better to let them follow their own natural instincts; and they never left the pond before they were fitted to battle with the various contingencies of river life. He caught one of the larger ones for me in a casting net, and showed me how perfect its development was.

A little history of the salmon may be interesting to many of my readers.

Salmon pair just like birds do. The pairing takes place about the beginning of November. The male fish often battle for the

female just as in the case of deer, or in that of sparrows. They seize each other by the jaws, and tear out large pieces of each others' flesh, until the contest is ended either by the yielding of the defeated, or by death. The decision having been made in this savage manner, the male and female go off together, and when she is about to spawn they fix upon a spot where the water is rapid enough. Here a very peculiar provision is made by nature for the work they have to perform. The nose of the salmon becomes quite horny and hard, so that the fish is able to burrow to make the nest. They work at it, burrowing at an angle of about 45°, until the trough is deep enough to receive the body of the female. She then forces herself through the trench, leaving a layer of eggs behind her. This she does again and again till all her eggs have left her for that day. The male then enters and deposits over the eggs a milky substance, glutinous, so that the eggs become adhesive to the stones, and are safe from the action of the stream. This goes on for some days until she has deposited all her eggs; and they then cover in the nest with gravel and leave it to chance. The roe of the salmon is, however, the prey of nearly all kinds of fish, and it has been found as necessary to preserve it and so to increase the number of salmon by artificial hatching as by legal enactments to protect the full grown fish from being taken at unsuitable times and by wrongful means.

In order to hatch salmon artificially, male and female fish are caught in nets when they come up the rivers to spawn. Water is put into a tub, and a female fish is taken out of the net, and made to part with her eggs by gently pressing her sides. She is then put back into the river, and a second female salmon undergoes the same operation. Then a male fish is taken and made to part with the gelatinous substance which causes the eggs to become adhesive. The eggs are mixed up with this milky substance, and they are then put in boxes in layers, with a fresh stream of water running through the boxes. In six weeks the young fish break through the shells of the eggs. They can be seen before they come out; the eyes being distinctly marked. When they first come out they are not little fish, they have neither mouth nor gills, but only a yoke-bag under the throat. On the contents of this bag they live for another six weeks, while the gills and mouth are developing. They are then fed artificially on powdered liver, and on this they thrive till they become large enough to find their way to the river. Two or three years are necessary for this development, and the fish so far grown are sometimes called "parr." When they have visited the

sea they return about 4 or 5lbs. in weight, and are then called "grilse." When they have spawned for the first time they are all known as "salmon."

I was once staying at Mrs. Quekett's father's house, which was just opposite a salmon station on the river Tay, about 400 or 500 yards from Perth Bridge. I noticed that the men in the boats were sometimes very busy, all alert and alive in action, and at other times very lazy. When the tide came up the river I saw a man on the bridge looking into the water. By-and-by I noticed that he pulled off his hat and waved it; and that immediately afterwards the men in the boat were as busily employed pulling out the net as they had been idle just before. I therefore determined to "interview" the man on the bridge, and see what all this meant. He told me that his taking off his hat was the signal to the fishermen that he had seen a salmon go through the arches of the bridge. The salmon came up with the tide, and were making their way to a suitable spawning-ground up the river. He told me to look; and by-and-by I saw a salmon making its way up the stream, and swimming diagonally across the bridge, so as to save itself from the full velocity of the current.

I said to the man, "Well, then, those fellows have got an advantage over other fishermen by your standing here to give them the signal?"

He replied that this was the case; but that the water on this station was very shallow, and bad for fishing, as the salmon do not stop in shallow water. Thus he endeavoured to minimise the advantage which, nevertheless, must have been a very real one to fishermen trying to intercept salmon on their way up the river.

I saw the men catch three at one time. They were beautifully silvery, clean fish from the sea.

After they have spawned they go back again to the sea. They are then flabby and miserable, unfit for food. But they are easily taken, as they are so hungry they will bite at anything. Most of the fish so taken were in former years carried off to France for sale. Now-a-days a more humane law forbids salmon to be taken except at such times as it is really good for food.

Salmon is not the only kind of fish which is now reared artificially. I had only the other day a letter about the hatching of young char, grayling, and several kinds of trout. And from the rivers in America the spawn of various kinds of fish is being sent over, so that we may one day hope to see our English rivers again alive with fish.

The Volunteer Movement.

From the very commencement of the "Volunteer Movement," I have been a warm advocate of it. The physical good done to our young men by drill, apart from the solid advantages to be reaped by the country should we ever be engaged in war on any extensive scale, has always led me to encourage young fellows to join the "rifles." I was asked to become Chaplain of the Volunteers in February, 1861, and was gazetted to this honorary office; and on March 4th, I attended a great Rifle Corps meeting in the Music Hall, held with the view of increasing the effective strength of the corps. In proposing a resolution expressing admiration of the conduct of the officers and men of the already existing companies since their enrolment, I told the large audience how proud I was to be the Chaplain of the Corps, for that I was the son of an old Volunteer officer of 1798, and that as a boy I used to put on my father's regimentals, and strut about with pleasure, wishing myself a Volunteer.

The Ninth Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. Presentation of Colours.

The following report is taken from the *Warrington Advertiser*, of Saturday, May 31st, 1862:—

"This corps, under the command of Major Greenall, were, on Saturday last, presented with two beautifully-worked colours, which had been got up by subscription, by the ladies of Warrington and the neighbourhood, We believe that the Misses Litton and the Misses Greenall were especially active in promoting the arrangements. The presentation took place in the Arpley meadow, and a vast concourse of people, including a great portion of the leading ladies and gentlemen of the town, assembled to witness the proceedings, which were of a most interesting and animated character. On the Queen's colour were the words, neatly worked, 'The Ninth Lancashire Rifle Corps,' and on the regimental colour, 'The Ninth Lancashire Rifle Corps,' the crest of the Warrington Borough Arms, and the motto 'Efficienta.' The weather was everything that could possibly be desired for the occasion. At four o'clock, the time appointed for the ceremony, Mrs. Quekett, who had been deputed to make the presentation, appeared on a

platform which had been temporarily erected; and about half-past four the Rifle Corps entered the field, headed by their excellent band. The corps were at once marched towards the middle of the field, and shortly afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburne, who acted as the reviewing officer, arrived on the ground. The corps were then put through the following evolutions by their respected Major :—They were wheeled into line, and the reviewing officer, who was attended by Major Mansergh and Captain Robins, was received with a general salute, after which, at the command of Major Greenall, they formed an open column of companies right in front, and marched past in quick time in open column and in quarter-distance column. On arriving at the original ground, they opened out from the rear division and wheeled into line; the line advanced, and quarter-distance column was formed on the rear of number one. They afterwards changed front by the wheel of sub-divisions round the centre, and deployed into line on number one. A *feu de joie* having been fired, and three cheers given in honour of Her Majesty's birthday, they formed open column at wheeling distance in rear of number one, wheeled into line, and advanced in review order, the band playing a salute. This portion of the programme having been disposed of, the corps were marched to the front of the platform, where they were formed in three sides of a square, and the presentation of colours was proceeded with, the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., first offering up prayer.

"Mrs. Quekett then stepped to the front of the platform and spoke as follows :—

"Major Greenall, Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, Privates, and Cadets of the Ninth Lancashire Rifle Volunteers :—

"I have been honoured on this occasion by the ladies of this town and neighbourhood to become their representative, and to be the means of presenting to you, in their names, the gift of the colours which you now see before you. They are the evidence of the great interest they take in the Volunteer cause. I fear I shall not fully do justice to so important a subject, and express the sentiments which I would wish, in their name, to convey to you. Fully sensible of your readiness, in the time of great uncertainty and trouble, to come boldly forward as loyal Volunteers in defence of our noble Queen and country, this act of yours is not lost upon a grateful people, and we give with our hearts this slight token of our gratitude to the Warrington Volunteers. I trust, please God, that the time will be far distant when you may be called upon to use

those colours in the defence of our hearths and homes; but still, I doubt not, if that time should arrive, that like your good forefathers, the Warrington Volunteers, you will not forget the words of the immortal Nelson, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' To you and your gallant comrades I commit their charge, believing their honour will never be tarnished whilst there are such loyal hearts to come forward to love and guard them.

"Ensigns Greenall and White having taken possession of the colours,

"Major Greenall came forward and said: Mrs. Quekett, and kind Lady Friends,—It falls to my lot, as Commanding Officer of this corps, to return thanks for the honour you have this day conferred upon us. Believe me, we appreciate very highly this act of kindness on your part. May it ever be our aim to prove ourselves worthy of it! But no words of mine can adequately convey to you the deep-rooted feelings of pride and gratification which animate the whole of the 9th Lancashire at the present moment. Suffice it, therefore, for me to say, that we accept these colours as a sacred trust. We pledge ourselves to guard them securely; and should our services ever be unfortunately required, to defend them in honour and integrity to the last.—Brother Officers and Men of the 9th Lancashire, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing a hope that the high mark of kindness which we have this day experienced may stimulate us to continued earnestness in our duty.—Kind Lady Friends all, in the name of the 9th Lancashire Volunteers, I again thank you for this act of kindness. Accept, I beg of you, in return, our heartiest wishes for your individual happiness and prosperity.

"Three cheers were then given for Mrs. Quekett and the ladies, and after some complimentary remarks from the Reviewing Officer, the proceedings terminated, and the Rifle Corps left the field."

Death of Professor Quekett, F.R.S.

The *Times* of Thursday, August 22nd, 1861, had the following notice of Professor Quekett:—

"This distinguished microscopist expired on the 20th inst., at Pangbourne, Berkshire, to which place he had been removed a few weeks since in the hope that the change might be productive of permanent benefit to him. The deceased was the fourth son of the

late Mr. Quekett, head master of the Langport Grammar School, at which institution he received his elementary education. At the early age of 16 he gave a course of lectures on microscopic science, illustrated by diagrams and a microscope of his own making, and truly, if anything was wanting to show the ingenuity of the boy, nothing could exhibit it so much as this instrument, made up of materials furnished by a common roasting-jack, a lady's old-fashioned parasol, and pieces of brass purchased at a neighbouring marine store dealer's, and hammered out by himself. With this instrument, now in the possession of the writer of this imperfect sketch, Mr. Quekett made some important discoveries. On the completion of the above-mentioned course he repaired to London, and was apprenticed to his brother, the late Edwin Quekett, the Lecturer on Botany to the London Hospital, at which institution he was entered as a student. He at once obtained the favourable notice of the medical officers of that charity. On the completion of his studies he became a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. This institution having just then established a studentship in Human and Comparative Anatomy, Mr. Quekett competed for the appointment and was unanimously elected, immediately after which he set to work and formed an elaborate and most valuable collection of microscopic preparations, injected by himself with so much skill as to excite the admiration of all able to form any opinion of their value. This collection the College of Surgeons purchased. At the conclusion of the period for which the studentship was tenable, viz., three years, he was appointed Assistant-Conservator of the Hunterian Museum. On the retirement of Professor Owen, Mr. Quekett was elected his successor, as also Professor of Histology, an appointment which he held at the time of his death. Professor Quekett, who was only 46, leaves a widow and four children to deplore the loss of an amiable husband and most indulgent father."

Death of the Prince Consort.

The whole nation was overwhelmed with grief by the almost sudden death of the Prince Consort, passing away as he did after a few days' illness. Warrington was not behind in expressions of sympathy for our beloved Queen and her family, and in marks of sincere regret at the national loss. On Monday, December 23rd, a

special morning service was held at the Parish Church; tradesmen, in compliance with a requisition from the Mayor, closed their shops —in fact, business was almost entirely suspended—and there were few who did not, in some form or other, demonstrate their respect for his late Royal Highness. The 9th Lancashire (Warrington) Volunteer Rifle Corps in full military mourning were joined in Horsemarket Street by the Mayor and Corporation, the children of the Blue Coat School, and the tradesmen and inhabitants of the borough. At the church, after morning service, I preached the following sermon :—

"I should lament my inability to excite your feelings by the power of language on the present melancholy occasion, if I did not entertain a thorough conviction that the calamity we all deplore, in itself, speaks most forcibly home to every bosom, and that, in endeavouring to extract from the sad event improvement in righteousness, I should be performing a more important duty than if I were to attempt the encouragement of immoderate grief and unavailing regret. That I may turn this affliction to our profit I purpose to consider the character of the departed, the effect which the loss of such a character has produced in almost every individual of this sorrowing nation, and the probable consequences that will result to the deceased in that endless state, the glories and happiness of which render a removal from the felicity to be acquired here below, and from sharing an earthly throne, a blessing and a mercy. It may with propriety be said, that the late Prince Consort only became known to this country on his marriage with our beloved Queen. I well remember the first time I saw him, and can now picture to myself his graceful form, as he appeared with our present Queen, then the Princess Victoria, in St. Paul's Cathedral, at that beautiful sight, the aniversary of the Charity Schools of the Metropolis. Circumstances unusual, and scarcely to have been expected, happily permitted a union of affection and esteem, which subsequent events only served to augment. Placed in one of the most exalted situations in the State, provided by the just liberality of the country with the means of indulging every reasonable wish, surrounded by the usual attendants of a court, the Prince deserves and has obtained every praise for following that strict path of prudence which has so eminently endeared him to all classes in this country. Now, to be duly sensible of the real extent of our privation, and properly to appreciate the severity of the blow, we

must consider the death of the august personage of whose presence we have been bereaved in two points of view. First, with reference to our knowledge of his virtues—and in the next place, the benefits the country would in human probability have further derived from his example, civil and political, had he been longer spared. In the first point of view every thing that could inspire confidence, or give animation to the most sanguine hopes of his future worth in the walks of public and private life, meet our eye. Happily for him, in the midst of every enjoyment that parental fondness could imagine, his mind in earlier years had not been neglected; it had been the care of a pious father and uncle to impress his heart with the important truths of religion—to hold out to his view as the most valued objects of his aspiring hopes the blessings of a future world—to urge upon his belief the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer—and equally avoiding the errors of impassioned enthusiasm, or the cold and comfortless scepticism of the merely moral creed, taught him to combine belief with practice, and to display in his conduct to the world the most convincing proofs of his cherishing in his heart a pure and lively faith in Christ: by that heart's dispensing, in imitation of his crucified Lord, works of mercy, humility, and benevolence, to surrounding misery and distress. Of his intellectual powers there was much to admire. I often heard my dear late brother, the Professor, who knew him well, speak of his great attainments in science and scientific pursuits. There was a wide-world reputation of his accomplishments in mind—his praise is on every tongue—and of the fascinations of his person why should I now speak? They are lost for ever to the world: and when a few rapid years shall have circled over the heads of his relatives and friends, to whom they were most familiar, they too, with their beloved master, will be levelled with their common parents—dust and corruption—all these affecting ties of personal endearment will be no more remembered, but consigned to the land where all things are forgotten—but the knowledge of his virtues should be handed down to latest posterity, because it may teach successive generations how to live; because it may teach the nobles, the princes, and monarchs of every land how they are to live, if they are anxious for a nation's blessings, or their graves to be honoured with a nation's tears. As a husband and father he stood an eminent example of all that was laudable and great. At the period of his commencing public life, a great variety of parties in the State rendered it probable that any interference in political

matters would involve him in difficulties. With this impression, all desire of being known to the country as a political character was at once relinquished by the Royal Prince, in order that he might avoid any inducement to sacrifice the substantial character of a good husband to the feverish and intemperate spirit of party violence. He preserved a pure and unspotted attachment to our beloved Queen, who made him the husband of her choice; and in his pursuit after pleasure, so natural and congenial to the wishes of a youthful mind, he presented a spectacle at once lovely and uncommon. It was not in a round of ceaseless dissipation, varied and as interesting as the refinements of modern luxury could render it. It was not in the tumultuous excitement of what is falsely termed a life of pleasure, or in the splendid display of regal magnificence—but in the calm, sequestered scenes of private life, he hoped for the attainment of his happiness. He sought not to conciliate the affections of a wise and reasoning people by the ostentatious display of courtly grandeur, but by entering fully into the feelings of the nation, he at once secured the approbation of his own conscience, and the hearts of the people, who could not but love and adore a Prince, who, with unceasing assiduity, laboured hard towards the improvement of the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of every class of the community. In religion he was, from study and conviction, a firm believer in the Christian code—and from all those systems of belief which were offered to his examination, he selected as the rule of faith and conduct the one which forms the established creed of the land in which we live. Nor can I pass over in silence the unwearied diligence with which he studied the systems of law and jurisprudence, and the rise and progress of the constitution of England. The prominent part which he took as the near adviser of our Queen rendered political science necessarily an object of his study and attention. Here no ambitious views ever appeared to influence his opinions—no aspirings to grasp the unwieldy sceptre of universal monarchy—his only hopes and intentions were to carry out the constitution of the country of his adoption, and by a firm and temperate assistance to his beloved Queen—and thus by the religious and moral example of his own conduct, to convince the world that that nation is most truly blessed whose Queen and whose Consort reign less in the outward splendours, pomp, and power of royalty, than in the hearts of a wise, discerning, brave, and loyal people. Such, my brethren, though more extended in

detail, and more truly descriptive of the worth of its object, will be the character history will hand down to posterity of him whose loss we all this day deplore; and from such a character, what public and what private happiness might we not justly have expected had he been longer spared to our beloved Queen and country? Incalculably great must have been the advantages of such an exhibition in the highest rank of life. We are all children of imitation. Superiority in birth, in affluence, in talent, in power, and in virtue, have many admirers, are almost worshipped and adored, and have a multitude of imitative followers. The public morals assume the tone and colouring of those who walk in the higher circles of life. Thanks be to God, we have a court presenting a picture of Christian morality, conjugal fidelity, and national felicity—thus securing the love and veneration of the world, and what is of far more importance to its public and private weal, the love, and approbation, and protection of its God. My brethren, how few of us are there, without half the temptations to which the exalted personage for whom we mourn was exposed, who could, with any degree of safety, bear to be thus hurried into the presence of our Maker? Well might He have said, "Weep not for Me, but for yourselves." In the grave has been deposited to-day, shrouded in darkness, mute, and insensible, what once gave the promise, from his early virtues, of a long life of usefulness for future good. Disappointed, however, as we are in our fondest hopes, the drama of human life is seldom closed without an important lesson to mankind. Whatever causes of national regret may exist, and doubtless they are numerous, individually "this victory of the grave" is replete to all with instruction of the most solid kind—and from this bitter sting of death may be extracted comfort to counterpoise its evil and expel its poison. By the sadness of the countenance the heart may be made better, and if we allow the reflections which must arise in the mind of the most thoughtless and indifferent a tarrying place in our hearts, it may prove good to our souls hereafter that we have now been afflicted, and that trouble and sorrow have laid waste the comforts of our land. The lessons which these awful instances of unexpected dissolution teach to those who survive, are more solemn and impressive than can be well described. Behold our beloved Queen—become a widow, and now arrayed in that mournful garb, like one of her subjects—but how shall I describe the agonised feelings of her soul, or pourtray the magnitude of her sorrows? One day the happy partner of a beloved husband—the

father of our future King! On the morrow a sorrowing widow! We have seen her in such a moment deprived of an affectionate husband, and receiving at all hands the griefs and lamentations of a sorrowing people. Oh! my brethren! it is no common event that excites our emotion; we are occasionally called to attend youth, affluence, talent, and virtue individually to the grave—collectively but seldom—but never has it been our lot to witness the mournful event of a Prince in the prime of life—enjoying every blessing that could render life a treasure, after a few days' sickness, when all the prospects of a long and extended life of happiness and virtue were to all appearance before him, to be summoned by the God who formed him to resign the gay attire and splendid garb of royalty and be arrayed in the shroud of death—be called from the animated scenes of active life, the captivating pleasures of the court—the gilded chambers of the palace—to be deposited as food for death and corruption in the charnel house of the grave. Can you then, my brethren, for a moment contemplate the end of all that was once affluent and great—and yet still indulge one single vanity of heart—can you be henceforward solicitous to indulge idle thoughts of superiority in station or intellect to those around you—when you and they shall alike become the inanimate clods of the valley, and your flesh clothed with worms and dust? And as to you who are young in years, and buoyant with hope, let not the present melancholy event, and the reflections to which they must have given rise, escape from occasional recurrence to your hearts so long as you live. You will not let the vigour of health inspire you with presumptuous hopes of its long duration—you will not consider that high station or rank can diminish your dependence upon God—and you will not suffer your imagined virtue to be deemed a sufficient guard against the power and assaults of death—for remember, that in a night not far distant, a night of trouble and dismay—affluence and virtue will repose in the bosom of the grave. Let this thought of your common mortality, and your common fate—mortifying and terrific as it may be, my brethren—check the lofty aspirings of pride and diminish your love for the world and its transient vanities; or if you would indulge and foster the seeds of an ambitious and nobler daring, dare, in the midst of a perverse and sinful generation, to be a wise and understanding people—learn to abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good; and when, my brethren, in your more retired moments you allow to your hearts the return of feelings which now

agitate and disturb their repose—then consider that although cold and motionless is the hand that once led our beloved Queen to the altar—mute the tongue that on several public occasions poured out such eloquent addresses—lifeless and insensible the form which religiously discharged the duties of an exalted station, yet remember his example lives in your memories, as a husband and a father, and may be reflected in your own persons, and perpetuated in those of your children—reflect, that although the will of heaven, to which it becomes us with all submissive humility silently to bow, has denied to our lamented Prince Consort the accomplishment of his hopes—yet by a nation's practice of the precepts he was so anxious to diffuse, the country he so fondly loved may reap an advantage from those wise measures he from time to time suggested—and realizing in the prosperity of its commerce, in the wisdom of its counsellors, the permanency of its constitution, the dignified character of its princes and nobles, and the industry and moral and religious worth of its people – all it was his anxious wish to impart —prove to an admiring world that by following his example and practising his virtues we have most effectually secured the favour and protection of our Creator and our God. And now, my brethren, in conclusion, having paid the last mournful tribute of respect and affection to departed excellence, henceforth let us not be sorry as men without hope, but trust that God will receive the dead into the arms of His mercy, and comfort our afflicted Queen with His gracious Spirit—and, instead of indulging a selfish grief in anticipating the effects which the loss we have sustained may by the will of the Almighty occasion, let us rather rejoice that this virtuous Prince has been relieved 'from the burden of the flesh,' and give thanks to God for that it hath pleased Him to deliver our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world—beseeching Him to grant us grace to profit by this and every other event exhibiting the shortness and uncertainty of human life. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A Second Warrington Trip to London.

The first excursion to London which I had organized in 1856 had been so decided a success that I resolved to get up another so as to enable the working people to see the Exhibition. Accordingly in the summer of 1861 I arranged for the receiving of deposits, and

took care that the whole plan should be as fully matured as was that of the previous trip.

The following account, taken from the supplement to the *Guardian*, of June 25 and July 2, will enable my readers to see how a large number of people when well looked after can enjoy themselves in the metropolis :—

THE RECTOR'S EXCURSION TO LONDON.

(From our own Reporter.)

The excursion to London which the Rector of Warrington (the Rev. W. Quekett) has been at such great pains to organize, and to which so many of his parishioners have for months been anxiously yet hopefully looking forward, started on Monday last from Bank Quay Station. Early on the morning of that day the town began to wear a busy appearance; the excursionists (450 in number, consisting in a great measure of working people) were seen wending their way towards Bank Quay Station, attended by friends and relatives, and bearing carpet bags, trunks, and all the other *et ceteras* (necessary evils we should call them) with which one who is leaving home for a week must be provided. At half-past five the station platform became crowded with people. The spectators seemed to be equal in number—if not actually to outnumber—the excursionists, and many hearty wishes were expressed by them for the safety and enjoyment of the party. Abundantly, we believe, were those wishes realized. The scene was rendered all the more animating by the appearance of the National School band, which (after parading Church Street, Buttermarket Street, and Sankey Street) played a number of lively tunes in front of the station for the space of about an hour before the starting of the train. A few minutes after six o'clock—the excursionists having been comfortably seated in twenty-one carriages—the signal for starting was given, and the train, amidst a hearty cheer from the assembled crowd, took its departure for the great metropolis. Nothing calling for remark occurred before the arrival in London. Although the morning was dull and unpromising, the further south we got the balmier the air seemed to become, and after an exceedingly pleasant journey (especially the latter half of it) through a country of great sylvan beauty—through newly mown meadow and rich pasture land—we reached Euston Square about half-past one. So great was the change from the cold unseasonable weather of the morning that we

seemed positively to have been transferred to a new climate. At times the sun shone in all his brilliancy, and the temperature was higher than at our starting by several degrees.

Once fairly cast upon the great ocean of London life, the excursionist, unless he has his wits about him, must submit to a little tossing. Difficulties there undoubtedly are—experienced more especially by those who have never seen London before—but by-and-by they disappear, and a person gets reconciled to the incessant noise and bustle of the streets. The first consideration which presents itself to the mind of an excursionist is, of course, that with reference to lodgings; and, what with extravagant charges and bad accommodation, not a few of our party were in great perplexity. At present almost every hotel and boarding-house in London is crowded with visitors, and proportionately with the demand for accommodation the charges increase, and the risk of being compelled to submit to bad accommodation also increases. At a certain establishment in Bouverie-street (which is, no doubt, a very respectable place at ordinary seasons) we were assured the excursionists who called were shown into a spacious apartment containing probably forty or fifty beds, arranged like workhouse or hospital beds, and these were offered for a shilling per bed per night. We do not know whether in any instance the terms were accepted, but certainly nothing but direct necessity could have caused them to be. Decent lodgings certainly were found, but for the most part at unreasonable prices; and for lodgings of a superior order almost fabulous charges were made.*

On Monday afternoon a considerable number of the party visited the British Museum, and spent several hours in inspecting that great national establishment with its vast and constantly increasing collection of books, maps, drawings, prints, sculptures, antiquities, and natural curiosities. But a few hours in such a building is far too short a time to spend, if the visitor would profit by what he sees. The new reading room (recently built at a cost of £150,000), which is said to be one of the finest apartments in the world, was thrown open to visitors. The books, which are ranged tier above tier, number in that single apartment 80,000 volumes, but these are a very inconsiderable part of what the building contains.

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* Sixty beds were secured by the Rector at the "Bull and Mouth" in Holborn, which had been closed, but was specially opened for our accommodation during the week of the excursion by the proprietors.

There are now nearly 700,000 volumes of books in the institution, and the number is increasing enormously year by year.

Tuesday was one of the days devoted to seeing the Great Exhibition. It was a shilling day. Early in the morning a considerable number of excursionists procured their tickets, and at once obtained admission to the building. The exterior certainly does not strike the visitor with wonder; he must enter, pass along the nave to the eastern dome, and look around him at the works of art, the decorations, &c., before he can appreciate its grandeur. It is, of course, unnecessary—as it is impossible even to notice in the space of this brief letter all the things that claim the attention of the visitor. Ample descriptions appear elsewhere. Provided with an official catalogue he might spend days in the building, and certainly it would require days to go through it if one would see all there is to be seen, and feel the pleasure that is to be felt in the inspection of the gorgeous contents of this vast building. Standing in the gallery under the eastern dome, and looking down the eastern nave, the scene is one of surpassing magnificence. The ground floor is like a sea of human beings. Immediately in front is the "Golden pyramid;" behind that the great fountain (perfumed on certain days by Rimmel's process), and stretching out a distance of 380 yards are the British and foreign naves, containing their peculiar treasures, with galleries on each side, crowded by an immense concourse of people. It is impossible for pen or pencil to give anything like an adequate description of the picture. It must be seen before its splendour can be realized.

The machinery is mostly stationed in the Western annexe, and one of the first objects which strikes the eye of the visitor on entering that part of the Exhibition, is the locomotive engine weighing machine (Hind's patent) and other machinery, which has before been described in the *Guardian*, exhibited by Mr. Kitchen, of Warrington. This machinery—as also the various articles exhibited by Messrs. Jolley, Messrs. Greening, Messrs. Smith and Houghton, and other Warrington manufacturers—was sought for by the excursionists; and we think they will all bear us out in saying that the trade of Warrington (so far as it goes) could not have been better represented than it is at the "World's great fair." Interesting as were some of the engines, machinery, &c., belonging to distant exhibitors, we had very little time at our disposal for inspecting them, the (in one sense) more attractive part of the Exhibition having a greater claim upon our time and attention.

There were many things, however, known to us by repute, which did not escape observation.

The Horticultural Society's Gardens, adjacent to the Exhibition, afforded a quiet and exceedingly pleasant retreat after a day spent in the crowded Exhibition building.

If the official programme is carried out to-day (Wednesday) will also be spent in the Exhibition (but of course a great part of the excursionists carve out a programme for themselves), and on Thursday we shall have a trip to the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, the contents of which were described, as well as most of the sights in London, when the former trip took place.

THE RECTOR'S EXCURSION TO LONDON.

The great body of the excursionists who went to London with the Rector on Monday week reached home on Sunday morning, about one o'clock. A large number of friends and relatives were at Bank Quay Station awaiting their arrival. The weather in London during the week had been delightful, and we believe all the party made the best of the time at their command, saw all the great sights of the metropolis, and amply enjoyed themselves, excepting, perhaps, one or two who had the misfortune to have their luggage taken, and others who were unable to obtain good accommodation. No accident of any kind occurred to our knowledge.

Those who attended the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday and Friday, enjoyed a rich treat—such a treat, in fact, as few will ever have the opportunity of enjoying again. The Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park, and the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, were amongst the places visited by several of the party. At the former the great python, and the hippopotami (which are not to be seen elsewhere in the kingdom) were the chief objects of attraction. In point of beauty and admirable arrangement the Kew Botanic Gardens (of which the distinguished botanist, Sir William Jackson Hooker, is director) exceed anything we have ever seen. The "Palm House"—which contains several fine cocoanut trees growing in all their tropical luxuriance, besides bananas, sugar canes, some fine specimens of zamia and cycas, and other tropical plants—was an object of great beauty, as were also the tropical aquarium, fern house, &c., in one of which was the famous *Victoria Regia*. The leaves of this splendid water plant are

said to measure 12 feet across in the still waters of Igaripés of tropical America, but here they were not more than five feet. A new conservatory is being built, and the gardens are undergoing considerable improvement.

Those excursionists who got into the House of Commons were exceedingly fortunate. Orders were easily obtainable, but access to the strangers' gallery was not so, owing to the crowds of people who were standing about the doors waiting to gain admission. Some of the party waited four or five hours for the chance of getting a place, and were disappointed after all. On Thursday the House was counted out at an early hour, and this, again, put a damper on the arrangement of several. The other sights of London, the Royal Agricultural Show, St. Paul's, the Bank of England, the Mint, Greenwich, the Thames Tunnel, &c., were visited by most of the party at various times, and one or two obtained admission to the *Times* and other great newspaper offices.

To the Rector the hearty thanks of every excursionist are due. He has let a vast amount of daylight into Warrington, for the second time.

Rest.

The wearing work and anxiety connected with the restoration of the church had been so great that after the anniversary of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Institution, on August 7th, 1862, I went away by medical advice for complete rest. Mrs. Quekett and I went down to Torquay, taking our horses and man-servant so that we might enjoy the beautiful drives in the neighbourhood of this Madeira of England. The climate was so mild that even in the late months of November and December there was hardly any frost or snow, though other parts of England had very severe weather. We enjoyed the quiet change from the heavy work and severe strain of Warrington more than even a foreign tour. Indeed, I was at this time ill-fitted for a tourist's life, having much rheumatic pain and stiffness of the limbs. And there is sufficient variety and beauty of scenery at Torquay to satisfy all but the Alpine climber. One can take carriage exercise or ride southward towards Plymouth and Cornwall with no other limit than that of strength and convenience; and the scenery is really fine all along, either by following the coast round by Dartmouth and Start Point, or crossing the country through Totnes. In the opposite direction

Exeter, twenty-three miles distant, is a clean, neat old city, full of historical and antiquarian interest. From Warbury Hill, the view is so lovely, that in its own style of beauty few scenes in Europe can compare with it. The sunrise and sunset seen from this height are very fine; and if one misses the special glories of the Righi one escapes the biting cold and the too probable disappointment. So lovely is Tor Bay that Napoleon is reported to have said while a prisoner on board the "Bellerophon"—awaiting here the decision of the English Government with respect to his future—"What a beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo, in Elba!"

The whole neighbourhood is full of historical and antiquarian interest. It was in Tor Bay that the Prince of Orange landed in 1688; and at Brixham, on the southern promontory of the bay, he passed his first night in a hut over which waved his flag bearing the motto—"God and the Protestant Religion."

There are the ruins of Tor Abbey, founded in the reign of Richard I., and the richest of the Premonstratensian monasteries in England. The remaining buildings suffice to indicate the plan and character of the whole of the former abbey, which was dissolved by Henry VIII. The chapel can be distinguished, and there is an old barn, now called "The Spanish Barn," from its having served as a prison for such Spaniards as were captured from the Armada. Here sprang the ancestors of the Earls of Londonderry.

There are also interesting spots to the geologist all around, especially Daddy's Hole—a limestone cavern formed by a landslip in 1760; and Kent's Hole, an ossiferous cavern on the road to Babbacombe. At Babbacombe are marble works; and much beautiful marble is found in the district. Babbacombe is a pretty village fast growing into a sea-side town. Anstis Cove is a lovely spot on the coast sheltered by lofty limestone cliffs, and having a white shingly beach. At Bishopstown, Dr. Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, ended his days.

Torquay is a famous place for yachting; and we greatly enjoyed watching the yachts so taut and trim skimming through the blue waters. There is also much fishing. One day we saw a skate brought in, 5 cwt. It was sent over to France—the French managing to make such fish savoury—and realised £7. The French coast is not nearly so good for fishing as the English, owing to the want of rocks.

Capture of a Shoal of Herrings.

During our stay at Torquay, there was a heavy storm at sea, and a shoal of herrings came into Tor Bay for security from the rough weather. The mouth of Tor Bay is 4½ miles wide, and the bay itself is almost square, and, being protected by the hills on all sides, it makes a splendid harbour. When the herrings had got into the bay they could not find their way out again, but kept going across the mouth. The fishermen joined their seines and nets together, and by their united efforts they enclosed the whole shoal, and drew them into Torquay, bringing them close under the Imperial Hotel, where we were staying. I could see the nets bulging out with the immense numbers of fish, and was afraid they would break. Twice every day the fishermen proceeded to take the herrings out of the net, filling great baskets with them, and offering them for sale at the rate of 100 for a shilling. It took ten days to empty the nets, and the market became so over-stocked that the sale ceased, and the farmers at last bought the fish as manure for their land. The effect of so many silvery fish in the boats was very beautiful; and the glitter of the basketfuls taken out of the nets was a very pretty sight.

Large numbers of fish followed the herrings into the bay, and a hake was caught with twenty-five herrings in its mouth.

Presentation of Gasaliers by the Ladies of the Congregation.

The following report is taken from the *Warrington Guardian*:—

On Tuesday evening last the presentation of two forty-light standard gasaliers to the Rector (the Rev. W. Quekett) took place in the National Schoolroom, Church Street, Warrington. They were manufactured by Mr. Deville, of the Strand, London, from a design by Mr. Francis, the architect; and were the gift solely of the ladies of the congregation.

They were most beautiful and elaborate in construction, and will form valuable ornaments to the chancel.

Unfortunately, the Rector was absent on account of serious indisposition, in consequence of which the presentation was made

through Mrs. Quekett. The room had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mrs. Eaude, Miss Webster, and Mr. Smith, of Church Street.

There were present Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P. (who was called to the chair), the Mayor (James Hepherd, Esq.), B. Pierpoint, Esq., the Revs. W. Hamilton and C. Connolly, Messrs. Picton, Webster, Eaude, &c., &c.

Colonel Wilson-Patten said he was very sorry—and he was sure it would be a source of great grief to every one of them—that he had to announce, on that very interesting occasion, the absence, through illness, of the gentleman whom they had met to do honour to. (Hear, hear.) It was a source of great grief to them, because, of late, the Rector had been absent from his parish for a much longer period than he could have wished; and they knew how much he would regret his inability to take part in that interesting ceremony. They were all aware of the object of that meeting—it was to give to the ladies of his congregation an opportunity of showing their esteem and regard—he would also add their affection —for him, by presenting to him a testimonial; and the difficulty of doing so, on the part of the ladies, was very much increased by his absence, for—Mrs. Quekett having been selected as his representative—they had to encounter that difficulty which was incident to all ladies who wished to express their feelings towards any person, and could only do so through his wife. (Cheers.) He did not know what the expressions of affection and esteem might be which they would think proper to express towards their Rector, but he knew this: If he had to express his opinion of Mrs. Quekett he would not venture to select her husband to convey it to her. (Cheers.) He had no doubt, then, that the ladies would feel at that moment some little diffidence in expressing all that they felt towards the Rector, but, however, that difficulty must be met. As a male member of the Rector's congregation he had come there more to witness that interesting ceremony than to take part in it; but he had been requested to take the chair. He would shortly conclude the duties which devolved upon him on that occasion by calling upon the lady who had been selected to present the testimonial to Mrs. Quekett to come forward and perform her part. He could not, however, terminate the few observations he had to make without expressing his earnest hope—and he was quite sure in that expression he should convey the feeling of every inhabitant of Warrington —that the Rector's illness might be short, and that he might soon

be restored to the performance of the active duties which he always performed amongst them when in health and vigour. (Cheers.)

Miss Wilson-Patten then rose and said: Mrs. Quekett,—The occasion which has called us together is one of great pleasure, and, at the same time, attended with regret on account of the absence of the Rector, whose indisposition prevents his attending here this evening. I have been requested by the ladies of his congregation to present to him, through you, these useful ornaments to his church as a mark of our affectionate regard and esteem for him. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Quekett replied as follows: Miss Patten and ladies,—I beg to thank you most warmly in the name of my husband, the Rector, for those handsome ornaments for his church which you have been pleased to call tokens of your affectionate regard and esteem. This is the fifth time he has received gifts from his parishioners, but it is the first from ladies themselves. I assure you he much regrets that he is utterly unable to come here this evening, as he would much liked to have done, to have expressed all he feels on this, to him, most gratifying occasion. I know, could he even have got up or walked, which he cannot do from severe rheumatism, he would have made the exertion. He earnestly desired me to convey to you, and all the ladies, how deeply he values this expression of their kindness, and he hopes, at no distant period, to offer you all his warmest thanks. (Cheers.)

Mr. Picton said he was sure everyone present must feel highly delighted at that very handsome gift to the Rector, although they must all deplore his absence through sickness. He felt extremely gratified that such a noble testimonial had been got up to him, because he well deserved it. There were probably not many present who had worked with him as much as he (Mr. Picton) had; he knew his zeal, and he knew his skill, and was delighted to find that that zeal and that skill were recognized by his parishioners. The ladies especially had been exceedingly kind, and those emblems of their kindness, he was sure, would not be forgotten for a very long time. (Hear, hear.) He regretted that the Rector was not present to speak for himself, as he would have been more able to convey his feelings to the ladies for their kindness than he (Mr. Picton) could. For three years—probably more—they had worked together, and the kindness which he had received at his hands, and the kindness which he was sure every member of his congregation received at his hands, must endear him to them all. (Hear, hear.)

He repeated that he was extremely gratified to find that his work had been noticed in the way it had been by the members of the congregation. (Cheers.)

The Mayor said he had very great pleasure in moving a vote of thanks to the ladies who had acted so kindly on that occasion in collecting a sufficient sum to make such a handsome present to their worthy Rector, or rather, he might say, to the church, through the Rector, for although those beautiful ornaments were intended to be given to the Rector, he was desirous—as he had been at all times—to do his best to further the beauty of that noble building which he had been the means of erecting; and instead of accepting—as the ladies originally wished him to do—something that would have been useful to him in the performance of Divine service, he said, "Let it be something that will ornament the church." (Cheers.) He was happy to see that the ladies had been so successful in their efforts as to be in a position now to present to the Rector such a splendid pair of candelabra. It must be very gratifying to him to see that he was held in such esteem by the members of his congregation, and—if he might venture to hint—he (the Mayor) would be very glad if the ladies would continue their efforts in the same direction. (Cheers.) He hoped the committee would not yet break up, but would endeavour to furnish the church generally with such ornaments as those. He would be glad to see a dozen or fifteen—not perhaps so elaborate and expensive—substituted for those very ugly things which served to light the church at present. (Cheers.) He hoped that hint would be taken by the ladies of the congregation, and that they would continue their good work. He knew nothing that he was so desirous of seeing effected during his year of office—unless, perhaps, he might suggest to the gentlemen of the congregation the propriety of taking in hand the completion of the capitals of the pillars. (Hear, hear.) He thought there was sufficient interest in the question on the part of the gentlemen of the congregation to induce them to do that; and he hoped, before his year of office was expired, he should see those various matters brought to a state of completion. (Cheers.) He was very sorry that the Rector was not able to be present himself to receive that handsome present from the ladies—he deplored it most sincerely, especially at this season of the year, when he was so very anxious to do all in his power for the poorer portion of his parishioners. They all knew what his intentions were with respect to the dinner which he intended

giving on Christmas Day; and he (the Mayor) would be extremely sorry if he was not able to take that active part which he was so anxious to do on such occasions. He, however, hoped he would yet be able to assist on Christmas Day, and that he would be spared very many years to exercise his genius and hospitality for the benefit of his parishioners. (Hear, hear.) The Mayor concluded by moving a vote of thanks.

Mr. Pierpoint, in seconding the motion, said it was always very pleasant to him to have to support any proposition that was doing honour to the ladies, and particularly for such a noble act as the decorating of the Parish Church. He had lived long enough to know that at one time the church was neglected—he might say very much neglected—in the matter of decorations. That day, he was happy to say, was past, and they now saw springing up on every hand beautifully decorated buildings suited to the worship of God. The house of God was now happily regarded in every place as the principal house; it was not so in his early days; for they had churches built in various parts of the country which were anything but ornamental. They should not forget the great example which had been set them by their forefathers. If they looked around at their beautiful cathedrals and churches they would see at once that their forefathers did not forget what was due to the Church; and now, the same spirit he had no doubt had come upon the people—they thought it right to ornament their churches, and he hoped the desire to do so would increase—of course, within certain limits—and that the decorations of the house of God would be augmented from time to time. In Lancashire there were many manufacturing towns where beautiful churches had been erected by the benevolence of private gentlemen. In a town a little beyond Manchester one gentleman had erected a new church, at a cost to himself of £30,000. (Cheers.) As another example of the liberality and devotion of the people he might mention Doncaster Church, in Yorkshire, another most beautiful structure; and he could mention numerous other instances to show that our own county was not behind any other in the beautiful temples which had been erected within it to the worship of God. He quite agreed with the Mayor that the Parish Church, which—so far as it went—had been so nobly restored, was yet incomplete; but he hoped the time was not far distant when the people of Warrington would say, "We will have our church finished"—(cheers)—but at present, called upon as they were to support the distressed operatives, they must be

content to postpone for a time so desirable an object. Of course, he referred more particularly to the erection of a tower, &c., but the valuable suggestion of the Mayor, he hoped, would be carried out at once. (Cheers.) He hoped he might live to see a handsome tower erected, and to hear a peal of bells every Sunday calling the people to church. (Cheers.) It was only a question of time, and he was sure the people of Warrington would see that it was done as soon as Lancashire was in a little more flourishing condition. He wished to bear his public testimony to the handsome manner in which the Parish Church had been restored. It reflected the greatest credit upon the architect—(cheers)—and he hoped the parishioners would not forget that it was their duty—and especially the duty of Churchmen—to do all they could in a proper way for the complete restoration of the church. There was another incentive which he might name. Their brethren the dissenters (he did not like to call them dissenters, because he believed they would rather come to church) were raising up new places of worship, which were really noble structures. In Manchester especially this was the case, and he hoped Churchmen would feel this to be an incentive to still greater exertions in the decorations of their churches, remembering that they were not only doing it for themselves but for their posterity. (Cheers.)

The resolution was accordingly passed.

On the motion of Mr. Webster, seconded by the Rev. C. Connolly, a vote of thanks was proposed to Colonel Wilson-Patten for presiding.

Colonel Wilson-Patten acknowledged the compliment, after which the party broke up.

Emigration.

After coming to Warrington, and especially during the depression of trade in the district commonly known as "the Cotton Famine," which resulted from the war in America, I had encouraged emigration; and the following letters which show some fruit of my effort will be interesting to the reader :—

THE NEW ZEALAND EMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of the Warrington Advertiser.

Sir,—Having received by this morning's mail the following letters from New Zealand, will you be so good as to insert the same in your

next paper? It may be satisfactory to their friends to hear of their welfare, and those besides that are mentioned in the letter. It was a family in which Colonel Wilson-Patten, at the time of their leaving Warrington, took a great interest.

Yours faithfully,

W. QUEKETT.

Oct. 21st, 1864.

[COPY.]

New Zealand, August 15, 1864.

To Mr. Quekett, Rector of Warrington, and Mrs. Quekett.

Rev. Sir,—I hope you will excuse us for not writing to you sooner than this, as we promised you on our leaving home we would have done so; but we knew that Morris had wrote to you. Morris told us that he would remember us to you and Mrs.; therefore we thought it prudent to have patience, until we would have something worth relating.

Rev. Sir, we now have the pleasure of informing you and Mrs. that we are in possession of 70 acres of prime agricultural land, being in the Oxford district, and in the province of Canterbury, and about 30 miles from the city of Christ Church. It is Government land. We like the country much better than home. My three sons are in employment—one with a blacksmith, at a pound a week and board; another with a chemist, at 8s. a week and board; another in a hotel, at 6s. a week and board. All are well liked by their masters, and is well liked by all around them by their honesty and perseverance. They are all bound to serve one year, eight months of which is now gone. Me and my eldest son keeps working where we can, at 8s. a day each; we are seldom out of work. We do not know anything about Peter Goodwin; we have not seen or heard of him these nine months. Mary Jefferson is doing well; has had a constant situation, and is much liked by her master, in the city of Christ Church. Emily Gillam is well and happily married. Nathan Birchall, I hear, is doing very well; and Emma Sykes is upper nursemaid in a family, at £30 per year. Morris is now doing tidy; has had constant work this while past. We know nothing more about our Warrington shipmates, as many are out of reach of us. Work has been slack, owing to the war, and during the winter; as spring commences, work is likely to be brisker.

There has been a fresh gold field discovered a few weeks past, which is likely to turn out well. There are now two gold fields, the working of which will find employment for nearly 20,000 men.

The New Zealand war, they say, is at an end, and everything is likely to be better for some time to come.

We all sincerely thank you and Mrs. Quekett for your liberal support towards our outfit, and being the means of bringing us out to New Zealand. You will be kind enough to tell Mrs. Quekett that if it lies in our power, and with God's help, I will send her a sample of New Zealand gold in a rough state.

JOHN CHARLES.

We have enjoyed the best of health since we came out here; and on board we have had also perfect health, and had a first-rate voyage all through. Thanks be to our heavenly Father for His preservation of ourselves and our family; for on our leaving home, we recommended ourselves and our care to the will of God. I have no more to say at present; but trusting you will let us know how you are doing, and how you are getting your health; and also Mrs. Quekett, and how she is and was since we left. Mrs. Charles, and me, and my family send you and her our kind love and best respects.

Yours truly,

JOHN CHARLES.

P.S.—I am sending you a newspaper by this mail; it will be extra information for you.

A Spire for the Parish Church.

I had cherished, from the very day that it had been found necessary to take down the old tower of the parish church, the earnest hope that the Warrington people would raise funds for a handsome tower and spire to be a true ornament to the town. This project I had mentioned to many of my friends in private; and as early as the beginning of 1862, while the incubus of debt still lay upon us for the restoration, Mr. Bowes, in presiding at the annual dinner in connection with the Blue Coat Brotherly Society, had proposed my health and facetiously alluded to my wish by saying that "the Rector's motto was always 'a-spire.'" The first occasion, however, in which I publicly expressed my feelings

on the subject was at a banquet given to Gilbert Greenall, Esq., the member for the Borough, on Thursday evening, March 31st, 1864. Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P., who was in the chair, proposed the toast of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese; and I responded, and in the course of my remarks said that I had come amongst them as an entire stranger; and during the nine years of my residence in Warrington I had been placed in a more prominent position amongst them than I had at first contemplated; but I had received the utmost kindness at their hands, and they had shown to me the most friendly feeling and liberality. I thanked them publicly for their many acts of kindness, and told them that I certainly had worked, as I believed, for the welfare of the parish, and in one or two matters—I referred more particularly to the restoration of the church—I had taken upon myself a serious amount of responsibility. At the same time I was glad to say that that work had been done and paid for, and it was a matter of thankfulness to me that I had been spared to see that happy day. But I had one little story more to tell them—a story which I hoped they would all carry to their wives—because it was one the relation of which to a nobleman years ago led to one of the most generous acts which had ever come within my knowledge. I said that I had not been at liberty to mention the name of that nobleman until recently. They might have learnt from the newspapers that the Earl of Aberdeen died a week ago. When I was in London, that worthy nobleman, then Lord Haddo, offered his services to me, and it was through his liberality that I was enabled to do a great work. I then told the story of "No man's land," which will be found in an earlier part of this volume, and added that the nephew of the old gentleman to whom the property had belonged came to me after his uncle's decease, and asked my opinion as to the disposal of the property. I told him that I wanted a site for a church; and this was at once promised. A suitable site was to be fixed upon, and when I was on the ground, making certain preparations, who should go by but Lord Haddo. On seeing what I was doing, and hearing the circumstances of the case and the great destitution of the neighbourhood, his lordship went home and told his lady what he had heard and seen; and the next morning he came to me and said, "Mr. Quekett, if you had told me of this, you should have had the land before now; but you shall build a church and I will pay for it." And he did pay no less a sum than £10,000—£6,000 for the church and £4,000 for the endowment—and ("this," said

I, "is what I wish you all to bear in mind") he gave me only one injunction, namely, that whatever might be the architecture of the church, it should be furnished with a spire! "When you look at a tower," said Lord Haddo, "you don't raise your head very high; but when you look at a spire, you look up to Heaven." These remarks were received with cheers, and in conclusion I expressed a hope that they would bear in mind what I had stated; and not rest until the Warrington parish church had a spire which would be the highest in this part of the country, and an ornament to the town.

At the Anniversary of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Institutions at Warrington, in 1864, the Bishop of Chester, in proposing the health of the Secretaries, the Rev. R. Greenall and myself, said—

"Mr. Quekett's labours were incessant, and he, as well as the treasurer, deserved their best thanks, for his energy and zeal in promoting the interests of the charity. He rejoiced on entering the church that morning to see the improvements which had taken place—the new gas standards, and the carving of the pillars—and he was glad to hear that the Rector was looking forward to the time when, with the kind assistance of friends, he would be able to complete the restoration of the church in a way which would make it a credit and ornament to the town. It wanted a spire, and he believed, for the credit of Warrington, a spire would be raised sooner or later. He said this because he thought it touched Warrington locally; a spire was not a thing which people at a distance could be expected to contribute to so liberally as they might do if the object was to raise a new place of worship. The cost, he was told, would be about £4,000, one half of which had already been promised, and half of that half—£1,000—was the gift of a gentleman sitting at that table, whose hand was always extended in time of need. He hoped all classes in the town would support Mr. Quekett in his laudable endeavours to get the work completed; and that the Rector would see the success of his efforts, and live many years to enjoy it." He concluded by proposing his health.

I returned thanks, and said that I hoped to live, not to see a tower erected, but a spire; and that I should not rest until I did see it. I had got half-way already, as far as funds were concerned; and I expressed my intention not to commence operations until I was sure of every penny that would be required.

The Bishop of Chester rose, and, in proposing the health of the laymen who had honoured the meeting with their presence, coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Greenall, M.P., who had been alluded to as giving £1,000 towards the spire. His lordship thought that the Rector of Warrington was quite in the right. In the choice between a tower and a spire he could only hope that the Rector would take as his motto "Excelsior." And it was on that ground he wished to emphasize what he had said of the noble gift of the Member for Warrington.

Mr. Greenall, M.P., in responding to the toast of the laymen who had honoured that meeting with their presence, said he wished very sincerely to thank the Bishop of Chester for his kind expressions with regard to him. He would allude for one moment to the proposed spire. His great wish was the same as the Rector's, that they should have a spire—not merely a tower—and he hoped the Rector would be content with nothing less.

Walking Day.

There is no institution in Warrington more popular than "Walking Day," when the children of all the Sunday Schools in the town walk in procession through the principal streets, and those belonging to the Church of England proceed to the Parish Church and have service and a sermon. The afternoon and evening are spent in games; and a good tea is always provided in the various schoolrooms.

The following account of the "Walking Day" of 1864 will give to my readers some idea of the way in which we kept that peculiarly Warrington festival at St. Elphin's:—

WALKING DAY.

Yesterday (Friday) being the last day of Newton races, called in Warrington "Walking Day," and held as a general holiday from time immemorial, was celebrated with the usual *éclat*. The Sunday Schools belonging to the Established Church, with which it has always been the rule to parade the town on these occasions, mustered in great force, and the pleasure of seeing or taking part in the procession was not marred by wet weather or any untoward circumstance whatever. The sky did, indeed, during a great part of the morning, look somewhat portentous, but there were occasional

bursts of sunshine, and only a few drops of rain fell. The children looked extremely well. All were decked out in their best attire. The superintendents and teachers of the various schools preserved tolerably good order "in the ranks," and no interruption occurred during the passage of the procession to the Parish Church, except from carts and other vehicles. Owing to a little interruption of this kind, a portion of St. Ann's scholars—who walked last—were cut off from the main body of the procession, and were some distance behind during a great part of the journey. We should be guilty, to some extent, of an injustice did we not particularly mention the Workhouse children. It may be known to some of our readers that the boys have received drill instruction for some time from a member of the Militia staff. The beneficial effects of this systematic drill showed themselves on this as they had done on several previous occasions. The boys walked with all the regularity of young soldiers, and were altogether the most orderly children in the procession. Other schools—more particularly the Blue Coat, Parish Church, and St. Paul's Schools—had a large display of flags and banners, some of which were of great beauty, and bore either the name and date of foundation of the schools to which they belonged, or some other appropriate motto.

The streets through which the procession passed were very much crowded with people, but the greatest order prevailed.

About half-past nine the pupils of the Blue Coat School appeared in the Market Place, headed by their excellent band, and attended by the head master, Mr. Bowes, and H. B. White, Esq., of the firm of Nicholson and White, law clerks to the trustees. The rear was brought up by Mr. Charles H. Pulham, usher of the school. The school had three beautiful banners, a large one and two smaller ones. On the large one was a Bible and Crown, and the words "Blue Coat School, founded A.D. 1677. God save the Queen." On the smaller ones a Maltese cross and a floriated St. George's cross respectively, with the motto of the Brotherly Society between them—"Honour all Men, Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, and Honour the King." During the march the band played the following pieces:—"Bonnie Dundee," "Octoroon," "Peter Gray," "March from Norma," "Blue Boys' Overture," "Hearts of Oak," and "Down among the Dead Men." In the Market Place, during the halt, the duet, "All's well," by Braham, was beautifully played.

Other schools shortly after arrived, the most important of which

in point of numbers was the Parish Church School, which was accompanied by the band of the 9th Lancashire (Warrington) Rifle Volunteers. Whilst the procession was being marshalled, and also on the way to the Parish Church, this band played a variety of music in a most effective style. When all was ready the procession moved forward—the children proceeding in rank two abreast—through Corporation Street, and along Sankey Street, Bold Street, Bridge Street, Buttermarket Street, and Church Street, to the Parish Church, in the following order:—

Blue Coat School and Band.

Ladies' School.

Workhouse School.

Parish Church School and Band.

St. Paul's School.

Trinity School.

St. Anne's School.

The scholars belonging to the Ladies' School numbered about 150, and were superintended by their teacher, Miss Sumner. The Workhouse children (about 100) were under the care of Mr. Copeland and Miss Gandy. The Parish Church scholars numbered about 1,000—besides 150 infants not in the procession—and were under the care of Mr. Savage, Mr. J. P. Leigh, and other teachers. They were accompanied by the Rector, Churchwardens, and Sidesmen; and by the curates of the Parish Church, the Revs. W. Hamilton, T. Doughty, and J. E. Butler. The Rev. H. C. Stubbs and the Rev. J. Feather were also with them. Many of the flags carried by the children—of which there were about one hundred, of all sizes—were made especially for this occasion. St. Paul's scholars numbered about 300. They were accompanied by the Rev. J. D. Massingham, incumbent of St. Paul's, the Revs. J. J. Dreaper and R. R. Moore, curates; H. White, Esq., and a good number of teachers. The Trinity scholars were about 200 in number, and were attended by the Rev. J. Leach; and with St. Anne's scholars we observed the Rev. W. J. Melville, and a number of teachers. About 450 scholars belonging to this school walked in procession.

On arriving at the Parish Church—where, according to custom, Divine service was performed—the children were seated on the ground floor, the galleries being occupied by adults. Prayers were read by the Rector; the first lesson (Job xxix.) by the Rev. J. E. Butler; and the second (Ephesians iii.) by the Rev. W. Hamilton. The Rev. G. Feather read the Litany. The following is a programme of the choral part of the service:—

Venite.....Turner, in A.....by the choir.

The Psalms of the day.....Hopkins, in E.....To be chanted by the choir, the children to join in the Gloria Patri at the end of each Psalm.

After the first lesson, Te Deum.....Jackson's service, in F. By the choir.

After the second lesson, Jubilate.....Jackson's service, in F. By the choir.

Before the Litany, the Coronation Anthem.....Handel. By the choir.

Before the sermon the children sang the hymn—
"God eternal, mighty King."

The Rev. J. Barclay, vicar of Runcorn, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon from 1st Kings xiv. 13. The church was well filled by a highly respectable congregation.

After service the children left the church in the same order as they entered, and were conducted to the large play-ground in front of St. Elphin's School, where they sang the National Anthem prior to dispersing to their respective schools.

THE SPORTS OF ST. ELPHIN'S.

The children met in St. Elphin's Park at three o'clock, when a variety of youthful sports were indulged in. At four they were served with tea and plum-cake, and after all had been refreshed, the procession of the "King and Queen" took place. The King was represented by Master Charles Hindley, and the Queen by Miss Welsby. An original piece—"Oh, come ye into St. Elphin's fields"—was sung whilst the procession moved towards the May-

pole, and order having been secured, His Majesty rose and delivered the following piece of "prate:"—

"What oh! our guards and ministers of state,
Attend and listen to our royal prate;
Let all the small fry get inside the crowd,
As kings at fourteen do not speak so loud.
First, let us introduce our Queen so gay,
So fair is she, we'll call her Queen of May;
But May is past, 'tis now the mid of June.
'Tis evident that May's a month too soon,
We'll mend the calendar and change a date—
We've Roman precedent at any rate:
Our brother Cæsar changed the monthly name,
And we, your monarch, now decree the same,
Proclaim it, Herald, as it comes too soon,
The month of May now takes the place of June."

All together—

"The month of May now takes the place of June."

This was followed by three hurrahs. His Majesty then continued:

"That's settled. Now, my lord duke, why look so down,
Come stir your lazy stumps, and hand the crown
Of our fair Queen—What haughty courtier dare
His lovely maiden to our Queen compare?
There's none—is there, eh?—I'd soon be cuffin
The proudest lord in all our court—like nuffin—
Like a gourmand would the softest muffin
(That simile's bad—'twas written for a luncheon).
We'd smash the courtier with our royal truncheon.
Forgive our royal rage—we're too zealous;
A king is mortal and hence soon jealous.
To business then—our fate's to smile, not frown,
At least when we've our gentle Queen to crown,
Hereto we've filled our regal state alone,
To-day we've chosen one to share our throne."

Then taking the crown, the May Queen kneeling, he continued—

"Nay, lovely maiden, do not bend so low,
But wear this circlet on your royal brow."

He then placed the crown upon her head, and the song, "Long may life and health be spared us" was then sung, followed by three hurrahs. Then the King said—

> "Thanks, courtiers all, nought more could we desire
> Save see your noble church to wear its spire;
> Our exchequer's poor, or we'd soon bedeck it,
> And please our Rector—Rev. W. Quekett."

Song: "The good old Church of England," followed by hearty cheers.

The King continued:—

> "Those cheers are honest, loud, now shout amain,
> I want them louder when you shout again;
> Now give three cheers—shout—shout with all your might
> For all our subjects—in the Isle of Wight. [Three cheers.]
> Your hardy throats have made the welkin ring,
> Now let it echo for your Queen and King. [Cheers.]
> Thanks—we'll join your May dance, take your places,
> St. Elphin's better far than Newton races."

The latter sentiment was received with loud applause. Dancing was then engaged in, but it was cut short by the rain, which fell in copious showers.

At eight o'clock the Sunday School teachers and members of the choir sat down to supper with the Rector, Curates, and Churchwardens, in St. Elphin's National School.

The Ornamentation of the Parish Church.

The following article from the *Guardian* shows the liberal spirit in which the interior of the restored church was beautified:—

"The Parish Church Restoration.—This week the whole of the shields in the roof have been emblazoned by Mr. Mottram, as a gift to the church, and put up at the expense of the churchwarden, Mr. Joseph Davies. There are 18, and they comprise the arms of the old families of the town and neighbourhood, and such as have felt an interest in the restoration of the church. All the caps of the different pillars have been carved and paid for by various parties.

The Clergy Daughters and the training pupils, with their teachers, have done those under the tower. The present curates have finished one—the design for which was furnished by the Rev. W. Hamilton. Mrs. Quekett also one; the late churchwarden, Mr. Tinsley, one; and the present churchwardens, Messrs. Davies and Holden, one each. The officers of the church—organist, clerk, sexton, and beadle—have given another. Mr. Selby has paid for one, and likewise Mrs. Houghton and the Misses Rigby—the latter being a memorial to a relative. The Rector has added one, with the carving of all the heads, which are likenesses of various parties, chiefly those who have contributed to the funds. Several of the likenesses are very good, especially Colonel Patten's. There are Lord Aberdeen, Lord Herbert, the Bishop of Chester, the late Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), Gilbert Greenall, Esq., M.P., Miss Nightingale, and Bishop Wilson. But as there are 104 carved heads throughout the building, it is impossible to particularise the whole. They add an interest, however, to the structure, and will convey pleasing recollections of those who have lived to do good in their generation. We hope to see the tower and spire finished some day, and many more living worthies added to the long catalogue of those who have gone before."

Mrs. Quekett's Gifts to the Parish Church.

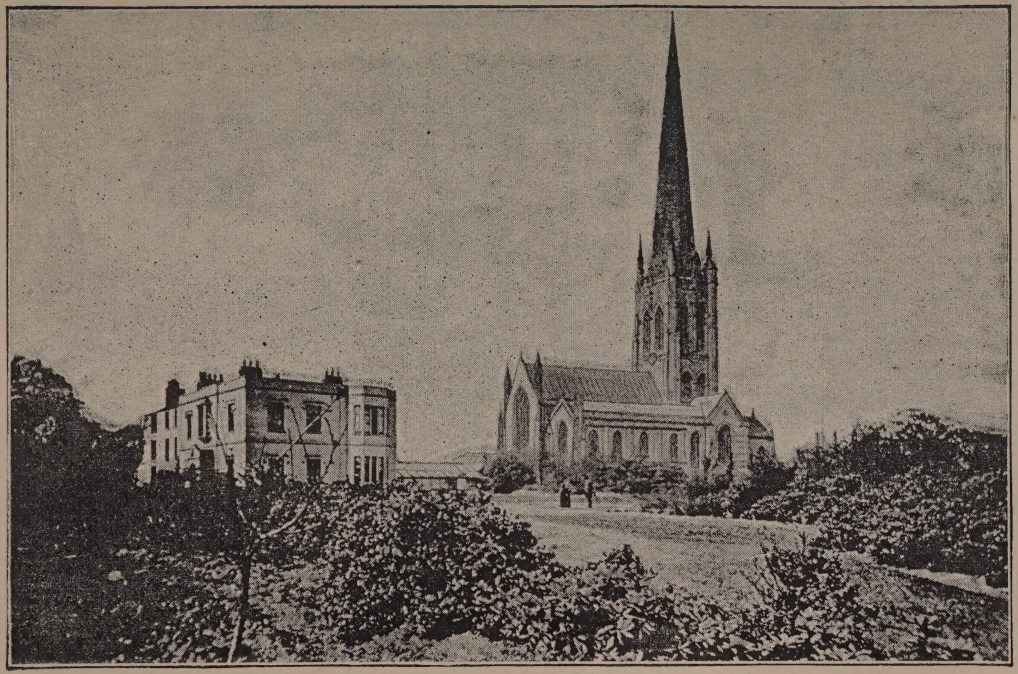
Having seen the destitute condition in which the furniture and drapery of the Parish Church were, Mrs. Quekett determined at once to remedy one of the chief defects by working a new velvet cloth for the Communion table. Mr. Norris had given a new reading-desk, and I had presented a complete new set of service books both for the reading-desk and altar.

On the restoration of the church, Mrs. Quekett commissioned Mr. Charles to have a "Bishop's chair" carved out of one of the old oak beams; and all the needlework upon this is done by her own hand.

She gave liberally in money to the restoration fund; and was also a large contributor to the tracery of the eastern window.

She presented the beautiful new lectern.

The ladies of the congregation were anxious on the restoration to present the Rector with a new set of robes; but having by him a new set which he had never worn, and which were presented to



WARRINGTON PARISH CHURCH AND RECTORY.

him on leaving London, he requested the ladies to give their offerings for new gasaliers, which were placed in the chancel.

Other ladies presented brass handrails to the pulpit; and Mrs. Jones, at The Elms, in memory of her husband, gave the large bell, which cost £100. I gave the small bell to complete the peal of eight.

Mrs. Quekett also contributed the chief part of the cost of the west window.

The gifts in money alone made by Mrs. Quekett and myself towards the complete restoration of the Parish Church considerably exceeded £2,000.

Further Ornamentation of the Parish Church.

The following additional stained-glass windows were given to the Parish Church after the restoration:—

One by Colonel Blackburne in memory of his wife. The subjects are chiefly connected with the ministry of Mary in the New Testament. This was placed as the middle window in the north side of the chancel.

One by Benjamin Pierpoint, Esq., in memory of his wife. The principal figure is that of Christ victorious over the dragon—the bruising of the head by the cross. As Mrs. Pierpoint was very charitable, all the other subjects related to benefits to the poor. This was placed as the third window on the north side of the chancel.

I gave the third window on the south side of the chancel in memory of my son, who died at Allahabad. The subjects are those of Christ walking on the sea, His stilling the tempest, and the Good Shepherd. The likeness of my son will be found in the boat.

The architects, Messrs. J. and H. Francis, gave the east window in the Boteler Chapel. The chief subjects are the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, and Christ receiving little children. Their likenesses are carved in the mullions of the window.

T. H. Lyon, Esq., of Appleton Hall, gave the north window in the Boteler Chapel in memory of his wife. The chief subject is the Ascension. The other subjects are those of the touching of the hem of Christ's garment and the blessing of little children. The portrait of Mrs. Lyon will be found in the face of the woman touching the garment.

Lord Winmarleigh gave the south window in the Patten Chapel. The figures are those of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The west window was the gift of Mrs. Quekett and myself. It is a handsome, seven-light window, each light containing a full-length figure of an Apostle. The glass of this window was painted for the Duke of Sussex, and was purchased before the window was put in. The window was made to fit the glass. The tracery at the top of the window is of a memorial character.

The southern window at the west end contains scenes from the life of St. Peter. It was given in memory of Peter Greenall, Esq., by Lady Greenall.

The northern window at the west end was given by Mr. Edmundson, formerly of Bank Quay, in memory of two of his children, who were buried in the church-yard.

The pupils at the Clergy Daughters' School, under the supervision of Miss Groom, worked the large cushion placed for kneeling at the Holy Communion; and the cushions in the sedilia, as well as the coverings for the stools at the communion table, were the work of Miss Wilson-Patten, Miss Currie, and Miss Quekett.

During the whole of the restoration the Boteler monument was incased in brickwork so as to be entirely preserved.

It is worthy of record that during the whole of the building of the church not a single accident occurred.

The desirability of sub-dividing large Parishes; and the necessity of calling in the Co-operation of the Laity in the Evangelistic Work of the Church.

On the 1st of January, 1866, at the annual dinner of the Blue Coat Charity Society, Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P., presided, and proposed the usual toast of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese.

Our late Bishop—Graham—of Chester had died in 1865; much lamented by everybody who had occasion to come in contact with him; and our new Bishop—Jacobson—had not yet formed acquaintance with his populous diocese.

The toast gave me the opportunity both of speaking of Bishop Jacobson, and of making some remarks about clerical work in large towns, which may be interesting to my readers. I quote from the report of the *Warrington Guardian*:—

"The Rector, in responding, alluded to the new Bishop of Chester, and expressed a hope that he would earn the same confidence and

esteem of the clergy as his predecessors. He believed, with Colonel Patten, that the signs of the times could not be misunderstood. There was a wide-spread Church feeling throughout the land; and in regard to our town, none of them could be blind to the exertions which had been made. He once worked single-handed, in a parish containing 45,000 souls: on a Whitsun Day he never had less than a hundred children to baptise, and twelve couples to marry. But these days were gone by. He lived to see that very parish blest with four additional churches. Now a similar feeling existed towards Warrington, and if they succeeded in getting always the right class of men, he was sure the spiritual interests of the town would be looked after as well as those of any town in the land. It was divided into districts, each containing from two to three thousand souls, and by the visits of the clergy, and each one coming to know his people, some great and essential benefit must be the result. Still they were cramped. He remembered twelve years ago, when the Bishop of the Diocese held an ordination, no fewer than sixty deacons presented themselves. Now, look at the difference; clergymen could not be obtained. He had advertised as extensively as possible for curates, but so great was the demand for them that there were scarcely any to be had. This, he thought, was proof that the spiritual wants of the people generally were well looked after; no doubt the time was coming when the Church would raise itself to a position in which a large number of men would be induced to enter it who were now debarred from doing so by the inadequacy of the remuneration which they would receive. He believed eventually the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would be in a position to see that every man who entered the Church was provided with a proper maintenance, then better times would come; and they would no longer see the clergy ground down, as many of them were, by the miserably small incomes which were furnished to them. He was sure the clergy of this town were anxious to do their duty; and if they could only gain the respect of those among whom they lived—for it was to the interest of the clergy to get into the hearts of the people—if they could more unite clergy and people, the Church would prosper throughout the length and breadth of the land."

I have always been in favour of sub-dividing large parishes, and up to the time of writing I have aided in the formation of the ecclesiastical districts of Holy Trinity, St. Anne's, and St. Peter's, in Warrington. My great desire was to have further sub-divided

the large parish of St. Elphin's, by taking off the north-west corner, bounded by Orford Lane, Battersby Lane, and Lythgoes' Lane; and to have raised funds for a new church called All Saints', to have been placed at Conies' corner, not far from the barracks, for which it would have served as a chapel. This scheme has, however, been superseded by one for the extension of St. Peter's district, whether wisely or unwisely time alone can show. There is no doubt that in this year (1888) the district I had contemplated is quite large enough for one clergyman.

I have always warmly advocated the practical help of the laity, not only in matters temporal connected with the Church, but also in active help in evangelistic work. In our crowded populations we want bands of young, earnest-minded laymen to assist in holding cottage meetings, working in the temperance cause, teaching in Sunday schools, and other direct branches of Christian activity. There can be no doubt that until laymen are called more into the spiritual, as well as the temporal, work of the Church, Dissent must flourish. Romanism holds its own by a terrorising priesthood. The Church must win by the recognition both of the ministerial priesthood and of that priesthood of believers from which no true-hearted servant of Christ is excluded.

Education in Warrington.

As will have been remarked from the preceding pages, one great aim I have had as a clergyman has been to foster education under the care of the Church of England. At Cadbury I established a Sunday school, and held night classes; in London I was the founder of three sets of day schools, besides night schools and Sunday schools; and since coming to Warrington I have striven earnestly for the advancement of the Training College for Elementary Teachers, the Grammar School, the School for the Daughters of the Clergy, the Blue Coat School, a Ragged School, and the four sets of National schools in the parish, of which the two Mission schools of Crosley Street and Bank Street were for many years almost entirely supported from my own purse. I have had, besides these, from time to time most successful night schools, and very good Sunday schools.

Soon after coming to Warrington I issued the following appeal to parents, and had it circulated through the parish:—

WHY DO YOU NOT SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO SCHOOL?

(A Dialogue between Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Allen.)

Mrs. Brown.—Good morning, Mrs. Allen! I have just called in to ask you why it is you do not send your children to school. They are for ever playing in the streets, and you know the alphabet of vice is soon picked up there. They wear out more clothes than enough, and many of their companions are bad, idle children, and will soon make them as rude as themselves.

Mrs. Allen.—To tell you the truth, Mrs. Brown, I cannot afford to pay much for them; a large family always keeps one poor, and I do not know where to send them to get a good education at a very moderate rate. I could manage a few pence for them, but I do not know where that is to be had for my money.

Mrs. Brown.—What! Have you never heard of the Boys' National School and Infant School in Church Street, and the Girls' National and Infant School at St. Elphin's, near the Parish Church, where my children go, and pay only a penny each for the little ones, and twopence each for the big ones? They are taught to read and to write, to cast accounts, and all useful kinds of education, with good religious instruction to make them wiser and better; and they are not taught by little children like themselves, but by grown-up teachers, and especially in the girls' school by young women all from the Training College, so they get the best learning at the cheapest rate, and they go to the Sunday school every Sunday twice; pay to the sick club to get many shillings a week should they be ill, and they are taken twice to church; and they tell me when the Rector finishes the church there will be a most beautiful place for them all to sit in, and they will, instead of being scattered over the church as before, be placed altogether, and have their masters, mistresses, and teachers to sit with them, and take care of them, and mind how they behave in God's House.

Mrs. Allen.—Oh! Mrs. Brown, do tell me more about it, and how I can get my children in, for it is a shame to see them in such a neglected state.

Mrs. Brown.—You have only to go with your children any Monday morning to either of the schools, and the master or the mistress will take them in, and tell you what you have to pay,

according to their age, from a penny to twopence, and the clergymen and ladies visit the schools, and the Queen sends her Inspectors every year to examine the children, and see that their teachers do their duty by them, and I have been given to understand that the Rector is going to have an Upper School for Boys and Girls, and that he is going to increase the Middle Girls' School by a hundred more children, and he is going to take them in at a penny each; therefore, go early, and apply for your children's admission, and that day you will never regret. Oh! Mrs. Allen, my children were once like yours, for ever in the streets; but now, since they have been to school, they are become dutiful and obedient, they mind what is said to them, they can read and write well, can knit and sew, and are pleased to go to school, and it is delightful every Sunday evening, after they have been to church, to sit down and hear them talk of the Scriptures, and read the Bible aloud to my husband and me. I can now see the value of early religious instruction, and how good a thing it is to "train up children in the way they should go," and teach them in their youngest years to know something of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is taught them there, and I am sure, under God's blessing, it will be the means of making them honest and industrious in their stations, and as they grow up become good and faithful Christians. Pray, Mrs. Allen, embrace this opportunity, and apply for your children to be admitted, for St. Paul says, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Please read this and circulate it among your Neighbours.

In the October of 1866, I alluded to the lamentable ignorance of the working classes in a sermon, which was referred to as follows in the *Warrington Guardian*:—

EDUCATION IN WARRINGTON.

In the course of his sermon at the Parish Church on Sunday evening last, the Rector, who was enforcing upon parents the necessity of seeing to the education of their children, stated that he found on looking over the marriage register that 500 couples had been married in that church during the last three years. These in most cases were attended by two witnesses, making 2,000 persons,

and it was with great sorrow that he stated that 841 of that number were unable to write their names. Night schools were now opened at the National Schools two nights in the week, for the special benefit of those whose children were employed during the day, and as there were many such in that district he implored their parents to take advantage of the facilities which the night schools would afford. He narrated an interesting circumstance with reference to a girl who had emigrated with many others from this town a few years ago, and who, though unable to read or write before leaving, had learned to do both on her passage to Queensland. The joy of the parents, on receiving a letter written by herself, knew no bounds; he (the Rector) was called in to rejoice with them; the letter was framed, and was regarded by the family, of which the writer was a member, as a pearl of great price. I have more recently had occasion to bring the subject of religious education in the parish before the people.

I pleaded the cause of the two mission schools of Crosley Street and Bank Street in a sermon, after the passing of the Education Acts of 1870 and 1876.

The following sermon appealing for further school accommodation was preached by me in 1884:—

THE RECTOR ON RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN WARRINGTON.

CROSLEY STREET AND BANK STREET SCHOOLS.

The Rector (the Rev. W. Quekett) preached in the Parish Church on Sunday morning from the words "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"—the latter part of the 15th verse of the 3rd chapter of Daniel. After an allusion to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, the Rector said:—Behold the strength of religious principle, and see the force of its operation. Do you inquire, my brethren, what can be the cause of the holy fortitude which was displayed by these three men on this memorable occasion?—a fortitude which may well put the generality of Christians to the blush. An answer to the question will be found in a single sentence of the Wise Man, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It was a religious education that produced these noble fruits. Their heroic

conduct was the effect of that love and fear of God which had been wrought into their souls when they were children. Let those who read this lesson to-day ponder in their heart whether they think they do right when they endeavour by every means in their power to prevent religious instruction being given, in our public national schools, to the children of the rising generation. However, public opinion is daily growing against such wished-for proceedings, and if we are to keep pace with the requirements of the times we must raise and support schools to meet the increased population without an expensive School Board. Crosley Street and Bank Street Schools, in our own parish, need our immediate attention. These schools have been inspected this last week by two of Her Majesty's inspectors, and they have reported that they are not large enough for the present scholars, and must be greatly enlarged if the grants are to be continued for their support. It was my intention to have greatly enlarged Bank Street School this year, but circumstances have prevented this being carried into effect, and Crosley Street School cannot be enlarged on its present site, and it is my wish and intention to remove it altogether to another locality on the other side of the Central Railway, by the erection there of a large commodious building for 400 children, to be used in the week-days as a school, and on the Sunday as a place of Divine worship. The room will be of iron, and rented so as to require less funds at first. Still great exertions will be required to accomplish it, and I trust and hope ready hearts and hands will come forward at once and make a beginning. A dozen ladies and gentlemen, with an active secretary and treasurer, would do wonders, if they will only be in earnest in the work. God ever works with His people. Tradesmen and fathers of families may do much. Those who worked before in the cause of this church and produced such liberal results, might do the same again. I should be glad to hear to-day that volunteers have offered assistance, and if they only say "I'll try" the victory is begun. And there is another matter which is forcing itself on our notice, that is, the painful condition we hear of the young females connected with the factories and other employments in the town. They are left to wander in the streets, picking up the alphabet of vice at every turn and corner, who might by kind care and advice be taught to read and write in a night school, and be taught those duties and principles which will abide with them in after life, and may prove—as it did with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—a shield of defence in the hour of trial and difficulty. I

should be glad to open a night school at once and take these wanderers in—it is not asking too much of the members of the congregation of all ages to come over and help us as teachers. Send us your names at once, and a day of meeting will be appointed and the work will begin. And now, my young friends, let me remind you, in conclusion, that your ages may be like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and may God enable you to feel the necessity and appreciate the value of a like firm and steady principle in the great concern of religion. You live not, it is true, in the court of Babylon, but you live in a sinful world. An image is not set up which you are commanded to worship, but there are other snares which will put your sincerity to the test, and will afford evidence of whom you serve. You are not in danger of the flames which were lighted by the rage of the idolatrous Nebuchadnezzar, nor has your lot fallen in the times of the Popish persecution. The fires of Smithfield and Tower Hill are graciously extinguished, never, we trust, to be rekindled. Yet, though not liable to trials like these, you are still exposed to numerous temptations, from which nothing can effectually secure you but a religious training in the fear of God and the steadfast belief of His truth. Therefore, remember Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

We understand that several young persons have since Sunday sent in their names as willing to become teachers, and more are expected.

Dinner to Archdeacon Greenall.

The preferment of the Rev. Richard Greenall to the Archdeaconry of Chester, in November, 1866, gave the occasion for the presentation to him of an address by the members of the Clerical Society. I had always worked very harmoniously with the new Archdeacon; we had together done the chief work of the Clergy Charities, he as Treasurer, and I as Secretary; and I was glad to have an opportunity of showing my personal regard, as well as of conveying the expression of the esteem of my clerical brethren, for the new Archdeacon. The following report is taken from the *Warrington Guardian* of November 10, 1866:—

"A few evenings ago a dinner was given to the Ven. Archdeacon Greenall, at the Lion Hotel, Warrington, by the members of the Clerical Society. The Rector occupied the chair, having the

Archdeacon on his right, and his brother, Gilbert Greenall, Esq., M.P., on his left. Mr. Beamont and Mr. Cross were among the guests. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed the health of the guest of the evening, commenting on the general satisfaction of the clergy at the Archdeacon's appointment, and speaking in high terms of the love and estimation in which he was held by all who had the honour of his acquaintance. An address was then read by the Rev. W. J. Melville, Secretary to the Society, and presented by the Rector. The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. In the course of the evening other toasts were drunk, and the company separated shortly after ten."

Another Rest.

My health became so much impaired in the middle of 1867 that I was glad to announce at the Choir Supper, held on Thursday, the 1st of August, that I had secured the help of my son-in-law, the Rev. W. Longden, to take my place in the parish.

I went away for a short rest during September, and returned to Warrington in the middle of October. On Saturday, October 19, the following notice appeared in the *Warrington Guardian*:—

"The Rector is again at home, but is not sufficiently fit for continuous active duty. We understand that he intends wintering in a more genial clime, his son-in-law doing duty for him. He will be followed by the best wishes of many parishioners."

Mrs. Quekett and I went again to Torquay, where we spent a pleasant winter in the warmer climate.

I grieve to say that as we were travelling down to Torquay, I saw an account in the daily paper of the sudden death of my friend Archdeacon Greenall, which both shocked and saddened me.

We returned from our prolonged sojourn in the South in August, and the effects of it upon my health were noticed in the *Warrington Guardian* as follows:—

"We are glad to say that the Rector looked in improved health while on his visit to us at the Clergy Meeting."

Swallows: Whether do the old ones or the young ones return to the same nest?

Being anxious to ascertain whether it is the old swallows or those of the previous year's brood which come back in the spring to the old nest, I felt a desire to put some gold thread round the thigh of an old bird which made its nest in my stable-loft.

Swallows arrive in this country every year about the 23rd to the 28th of April. I therefore spoke to my stable-man just before this time to let me know as soon as they made their appearance. On the 25th of April he knocked at my study window at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, saying, "Please, Sir, the swallows are come!" I took my hat and walked into the stable yard where he was cleaning the carriage. I had not been there long when two swallows flew over my head making a screaming, screeching noise; and I made the remark that "they seem pleased or displeased about something," and asked Stockton what it was. He could not tell me; but we both watched the swallows taking their usual old flight round the stable, garden, and rhododendron bushes, and entering the stable yard again at the other end, making the same distressed noise. Stockton said, "Them be the birds, Sir," and I looked and found the cause of their disturbance was that the shutter covering the entrance of the stable loft was closed. I desired the man to go and put it back. He did this; and next time they came in from their flight they went direct into the loft. Then they flew out and round again, and back into the loft; and this was repeated a dozen times or more. There was evidently still some little disturbance. In this loft the man had been accustomed to cut chaff and bruise corn for the horses, and the swallows would come, build their nests, lay their eggs, hatch them, and feed and bring up their young ones, and take no notice of him. They seemed to have no fear of him; and I told him to leave everything in the place exactly as it was the previous year, and to disturb nothing. But since they had brought up their last young ones haymaking had taken place, and a rake had been put into the roof, one arm of which now extended over the nest, nearly touching it. But they still approved of the spot; and after expressing their disappointment and getting rid of their grievance by wildly flying about, they set to work to try how they could amend the matter. The rake rather inconvenienced their entrance into the nest; so they elongated it above the arm of the

rake, and made it secure. Thus they were able to go in and out unimpeded; and the old spot was adhered to with much satisfaction.

Now, I wished to have one of the old birds caught, so as to put on its leg the gold thread; but as we found this very difficult to manage, we determined to wait till the young birds were big enough, and to put the distinguishing badge upon them. The female brought up five young ones; and they felt perfectly safe and happy in the loft. Stockton was to bring me word when the young birds were fully fledged, so that we might manage to put the thread upon them before they flew. But we delayed too long. On the morning when the operation was to have been performed, we found they had all gone; and none came back to the place again that year. Swallows do not learn to fly by daily practice under their mother's care like other birds do. They remain in the nest till the wings are fully developed, and then seem to have the instinct of flying just as they have the instinct of breathing. This is probably due to the physical formation of the swallow—a formation which also adapts it for its long annual flights.

The new Church of Warrington seemed to be chosen as a meeting place for the swallows before their departure from England in the autumn. The south side of the nave of the church is very large; and on this they assembled early each October in thousands. I should think that all the swallows of this neighbourhood of Lancashire and Cheshire found their way to Warrington Church. They used to assemble about ten o'clock in the morning; and I used to watch their proceedings with great interest. When they had all settled, and were apparently waiting, I tried to discover whether there was any indication in the atmosphere, or in the state of the temperature, which would seem to be the guide for their movements. I noticed that at a given signal they all flew away; and yet I was quite sure that this was not their final departure, for they were all scattered about in different directions. Next morning about the same time they did exactly the same thing, and so for several days. But on the morning of the 11th of October, they all departed, and I never saw them again. My opinion is that they go above the clouds to a more rarified atmosphere for the long flight to another clime. No ornithologist has ever seen the swallows on their flight, and we must, therefore, conclude that they go high up beyond our ordinary vision. But I think it is probable that they come down and pitch upon the ground at night for rest. I remember one year that about the time of their assembling on my church, I was coming from

a neighbouring village in the evening, and had to pass a willow-bed close up by the side of the turnpike road, when in the dark an immense number of swallows flew over me, and darted into the willow-bed as if they would break their necks. My impression is that they do not perch upon the willows, but that they rest upon the ground, under the shelter of the willows, till the earliest streak of dawn. This willow-bed is not very far from the church, which was their place of meeting, and I have no doubt that it was their annual roosting-place before they left the country.

Swallows build under the eaves of houses. They make their nests of clay, which they moisten by carrying water in their mouths. They plaster the clay, and mould it into form by wetting the feathers of the breast. Sparrows are fond of getting into swallows' nests, but the swallows are very wary, taking care to make the aperture so small that the sparrows, which are short, thick-set birds, cannot get in, the swallows themselves being very narrow across the body, and able to enter a very small hole.

I grieve to say that my friends, the swallows, have almost abandoned this part of the world. In the year in which I write I have not seen a single swallow, martin, or swift. They have all left us. The chemical works at Warrington and Widnes have given forth their poisonous gases, which have destroyed the flies, the chief food of these birds; and they have, therefore, abandoned the neighbourhood. But I think, from the observations I have been able to make, some of which are here recorded, that ornithologists will agree with me that it is the old parent birds which come back to the same nest, if undisturbed, year after year; the younger ones having to choose new homes for themselves.

The Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The election of 1868 had wrought a change in the representation of Warrington, Peter Rylands, Esq., being returned in the Liberal interest, in the place of Gilbert Greenall, Esq., the former Conservative member. So much disappointment was felt in the town, and there was so much suspicion of unfair play, that a petition was filed by Mr. Greenall, and Baron Martin held an enquiry. The Judge's decision was in favour of Mr. Rylands; but the Conservatives were so dissatisfied with the narrow grounds upon which the Liberal victory was won, that they determined to

show their sympathy with Mr. Greenall, and with their appreciation of his past services their hopes for his return at the next election. Accordingly the workingmen of Warrington got up a grand demonstration on the 3rd of April, 1869; and a banquet was given in the evening, over which R. A. Cross, Esq., M.P., presided.

The toast of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese having been proposed, I responded and expressed my views upon the Bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, then before Parliament. I said:—

"On behalf of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese and the Clergy of other denominations, I beg to return our warmest thanks for the compliment you have paid us in drinking our healths. Church and State is a good union, and they have been long joined together, and I trust that no public outcry or popular discord will ever sever them again. These are the principles which our forefathers advocated hundreds of years ago, and they are the principles which will be supported by the gentleman who is the guest of the evening, when we place him again in his proper position. I and the other Clergy have had various suggestions from the Bishop of a neighbouring Diocese, wherein he calls the attention of the clergy to the position in which the country is placed, a position in which there is a great spoliation going on, which all present could not but regret. I can only say that in the whole period of our country's history we were never living in a more anxious time, a time which calls upon every one of you to come forward and oppose the measure which has been introduced, and which, if carried, I shall call nothing but DEAD ROBBERY."

Grand Conservative Ladies' Demonstration in Warrington.

The enthusiasm manifested in paying respects to Gilbert Greenall, Esq., in the hour of his defeat, was not confined to the men of Warrington only. The ladies of the borough and the wives of the working-men organized another "demonstration," and a grand tea party on Monday, April 19. There were presented to Sir Gilbert an illuminated address from the ladies, and a handsome ivory-bound Prayer-book and a copy of "Eucharistica" from the working-women of Warrington. Mrs. Quekett presided at the tea; and afterwards presented the gifts of the working-women in the following terms:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, ladies and gentlemen, and wives and daughters of the working-men of Warrington :—

"It is with great pleasure that I have been asked to preside over so numerous and enthusiastic a meeting ; but I feel that I want words to express myself in proper terms in order to convey the real sentiments of those who have entrusted to me so important a task. However, the object of this meeting is to do honour to you, Sir, and your estimable wife, and at the same time to beg your acceptance of a present from the working-men's wives and daughters of the town of Warrington. To you, Sir, for your public and private character, which is deserving of honour at our hands, and for the manly, straightforward, and gentlemanly conduct that has governed all your actions, and for your neighbourly kindness during so many years you have lived near us. In the name of all we beg to express our deepest sympathy for the loss the town has sustained in being deprived of its real member through the unheard-of mistake of an unfortunate poll clerk. We trust the day is not far distant before we shall assemble again and have further cause to rejoice at a more fortunate result. In the name of the working-men's wives and daughters I beg to present to you both for your acceptance these books, as a lasting record of their affection and esteem, and with every good wish towards yourselves and family."

The Parish Church Bells.

The *Guardian* of October 9, 1869, had the following short article upon the bells of the Parish Church :—

"'The Bells, the Bells,' aye the Parish Church Bells are in need of our good word. By no fault of their own they were brought down from their ancient abode that a new spire might be raised by our aspiring men of the last seven years. There they lie on the cold ground, hoping for a lift some day to a higher point than their founders ever dreamed of. Why they were left out in the cold we know not. The Restoration Committee should have restored them at all hazards. We want their music on Sundays. Want of money, we presume, is the only cause of their present degradation. If so, it is a town's disgrace. The bells were no sectarians, heretics, or schismatics. They gave a general call to all worshippers. They sang out merry notes for any one's wedding. They were funereal in their tones at any one's death. They rejoiced in common with us

all at the birth of princes and princesses. They led our jubilations when we rejoiced at our Crimean victories and our Crimean peace. Let us hope they will soon ring again."

This appeal was soon responded to, and the following paragraph appeared in the *Guardian* of October 30 :—

"It is a matter of public interest to know that the six bells were in the year 1884 carefully tuned and made part of a peal of eight—the two new bells being gifts; the treble bell, weighing 5 cwt., bearing the inscription 'The Gift of the Revd. W. Quekett, M.A., Rector of Warrington, 1884;' and the tenor bell, completing the peal, being the costly gift of Mrs. Jones, of The Elms, in memory of her late esteemed husband. The new bells were presented to the Parish Church, and were dedicated at a short service on Christmas Eve, 1884. The whole peal is now one of the sweetest in England."

A Strange Method of bestowing most liberal Donations.

I was one morning told that a Mr. Nichols from Manchester wished to see me; and on my giving the order for his being shown into my study, I recognised him as the same Mr. Humphry Nichols who had paid to the credit of the Clergy Institutions at Warrington the large gift of £2,500. He was an elderly man, not over-well dressed. He told me that he had come to me as Secretary of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Charities to make another contribution. He begged me to excuse his coming into my house with his hat on his head; for that he carried his money in his hat for safety, so that he should not have it stolen out of his pocket. I thanked him, and on his taking off his hat, he drew out of it a roll of bank notes tied up in his handkerchief. These notes, which were mostly for £5 or £10, he requested me to count. I had just been going out when Mr. Nichols came, and had laid down my hat and stick on the study table when he entered. As I counted the notes I put them into my hat, taking a memoranda of the amounts as I did so. After I had finished, Mr. Nichols asked me the total amount; when I said £7,500, he merely remarked—"That is correct. You are a good counter, Sir." This large donation he left in my hands for the Clergy Charities; and I need not say that

my thanks at the conclusion of the business were much warmer than when Mr. Nichols first expressed his intention.

About twelve months afterwards, in April, 1872, Mr. Nichols called upon me again, bringing this time in his hat £5,000. But the notes making up this sum were of larger value; and he said, with something of satisfaction in his tone—"I shall not give you so much trouble this time." When I had reckoned the whole amount, and gave him the figures, he said—"That is quite right, Sir, you are a good counter."

These princely acts of munificence were but two among many others which Mr. Nichols performed in the same quiet and unpretending way. He belonged, as his father had done, to a firm of merchants in Manchester; and in business he realised about £20,000. He held also the office of Vestry Clerk for the Parish of Manchester, which at first brought him £400 to £500 a year. He was never married; and from his frugal habits he was able to allow his money to accumulate, so that he amassed a very considerable fortune. He retired from business in 1850; and was for many years looked upon as a very penurious person. But this character he fully redeemed by the fact that his one object in saving had been to devote large sums of money to religious and philanthropic objects.

Mr. Nichols died in 1875, leaving £100,000 for the benefit of various good works. His donations to the Clergy Charities at Warrington were suitably acknowledged; and I have always felt since his first unostentatious gift that were there other business men like him, the clergy and other promoters of good works would oftener go rejoicing on their way.

The Parish Church Clock.

The *Guardian* of Saturday, December 28, 1872, had the following notice:—

"During the past week the Parish Church clock has been fixed, and the works fitted up by Mr. William Woods. The clock has four dials, and strikes the hours. It will be remembered that there is a peal of six bells in the belfry, but they lack the necessary apparatus for ringing in the ordinary way. By an ingenious contrivance they can be made to chime, but the Rector and Churchwardens hope to be in a position at some future time to get additional funds to complete this work, and also to add chimes to the clock."

A Pleasing Remembrance of Bishop Fraser.

The late Bishop of Manchester was a man whose kindness and amiability of character won the heart of everybody. When, more than two years ago, the news of his death reached his sorrowing diocese, I felt that I had lost a great friend. I had known some of his friends, notably the Rev. Mr. Chermside, the Rector of Wilton, before the Bishop came to Manchester; and this was from the first a bond of friendship between us.

The Bishop was fond of a joke, like most other innocent-minded people; and he seldom came to Warrington without asking me to point out to him an eccentric epitaph on the gravestone of "Margaret, Daughter of George and Margaret Robinson, died December 9, 1816, aged 38 years."

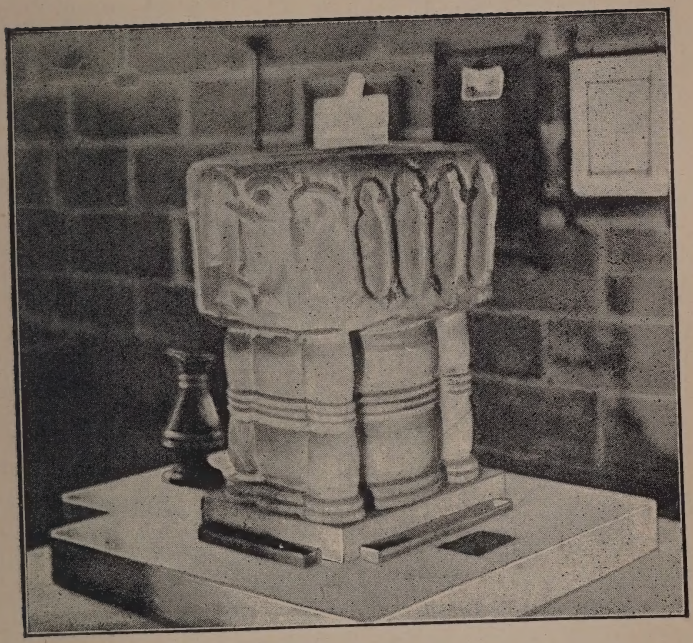
He used to say to me, "Quekett, Quekett! Come and show me that epitaph!" And then he would stand and read—

"THIS MAID NO ELEGANCE OF
FORM POSSESS'D,
NO EARTHLY LOVE DEFIL'D HER
SACRED BREAST,
HENCE FREE SHE LIV'D FROM
THE DECEIVER MAN:
HEAVEN MEANT IT AS A BLESSING
SHE WAS PLAIN."

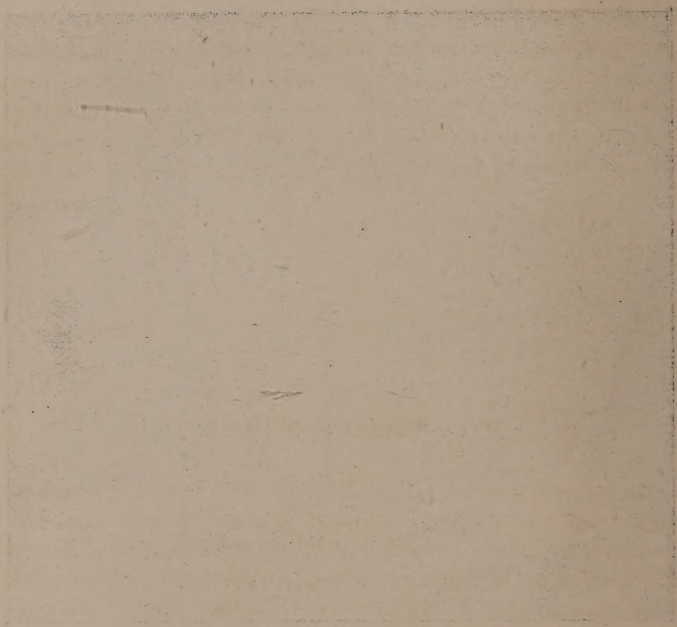
After reading it, he used to burst into a fit of laughter, turn on his heel, and walk away.

Grappenhall Font.

In March, 1873, in the course of restoring the Church, there was found, lying near the base of the second pillar from the west end, and three or more feet below the floor, the ancient font of an older Church—a venerable relic, which goes back to Norman or even earlier times. When first discovered it was in danger of being destroyed by the workmen, but it was fortunately seen by the Rector at the right moment, and he saved it. The material is the red sandstone of the country; and carved in low relief there runs round it an arcade of semi-circular arches, without other ornament.



ANCIENT FONT, FOUND IN GRAPPENHALL PARISH CHURCH, CHESHIRE.



The capitals and bases of the columns are large and clumsy, and all the arches—even those on the same side—are not equal either in height or width, and it would seem as if the country mason who had made the font had worked impromptu and without a plan.

It must have originally stood upon a broad square base; but no traces of this were found, and it had probably been long destroyed.

The distinguishing feature of this font is that it is oblong and large enough for immersion.

Two hollows of the same size, exactly opposite each other, occur in the two sides of the rim, as if the font had originally had a cover with a lock to it, which was common in old times; and if so, one of these hollows may have been the place of the pivot on which the cover turned, and the other the place of the lock.

The dimensions of the font are:—

	FT.	IN.
From end to end, outside...	2	7½
From side to side	2	0
Height	1	6
Depth of basin...	0	10
From end to end, inside	1	10½
From side to side, „	1	3

Clergy Widows' Houses.

As the Secretary of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Charities for the Dioceses of Manchester and Chester, I was extremely anxious to extend their usefulness; and in 1872 a scheme presented itself to my mind of building houses for the widows and adult orphans, on a portion of land called St. Elphin's Park, adjoining that which had been recently bought by the Training College. This idea was probably suggested by seeing houses for the widows of clergymen while I was staying with some friends near Birmingham. I sent to Messrs. F. and H. Francis, architects, of London, asking them to look at the houses near Birmingham, and to give me plans and drawings for similar ones to be erected at Warrington, and begging them to make any improvements upon the design and plan of the Birmingham houses which might occur to them. The accompanying plans and prospective views of houses show the designs submitted to me, and these were accompanied by the following report:—

ARCHITECTS' REPORT AS TO ACCOMMODATION.

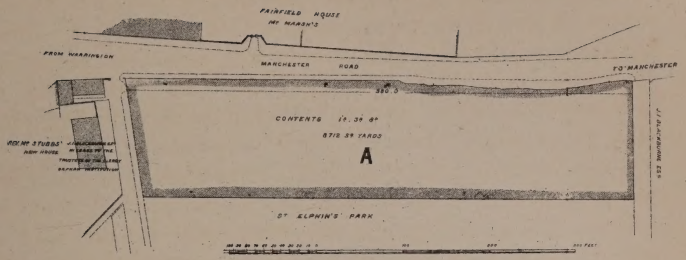
It is proposed to erect on the land marked A eighteen houses as shown on plan B, six in two blocks of three each as per sketch at C; and twelve in six blocks of two each, as shown in sketch D. Each house in the blocks of two and the centre house in the block of three will have two parlours, a kitchen, scullery, larder, &c., and place for coals and dust; also three bedrooms on the first floor. The two outside houses in each centre block will have similar accommodation with the omission of a second parlour; the reduced accommodation being suitable for widows without families, or adult orphans. The houses are intended to be comfortably fitted with all necessary cupboards and with the water laid on. They will be built of red brick, and will assimilate in appearance with the Clergy Daughters' School adjoining.

F. & H. FRANCIS,
ARCHITECTS, LONDON.

I consulted the Bishops of Manchester and Chester on the whole scheme, which received their most cordial approval, and by the expenditure of £25 from my own purse I then issued drawings of the plans and the Architects' Report, and appended the following

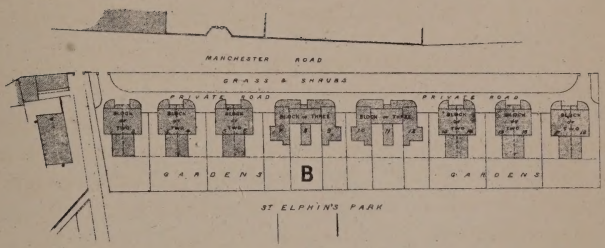
EXPLANATION OF THE GENERAL SCHEME.

The Training College having lately purchased the portion of land usually called St. Elphin's Park which adjoins the College and likewise the Clergy Daughters' School, the proprietor has reserved the portion marked A, facing the public road, to be let for building purposes. The Honorary Secretary of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Pension Fund has given notice of a resolution for the next annual meeting for the land to be secured for the erection of houses B for an equal number of widows and adult orphans of both dioceses. It may be added that the erection of these houses is the more desirable, in order to prevent buildings being erected, which might be injurious to the interests of the institutions. The proposal meets the approbation of the Bishops of the two Dioceses and the public officers of the institution, and the proprietor, who will dispose of the land at a less sum if it be applied to such a desirable purpose. There are at present 45 widows and 20 adult orphans, many of whom would only be too happy to find such



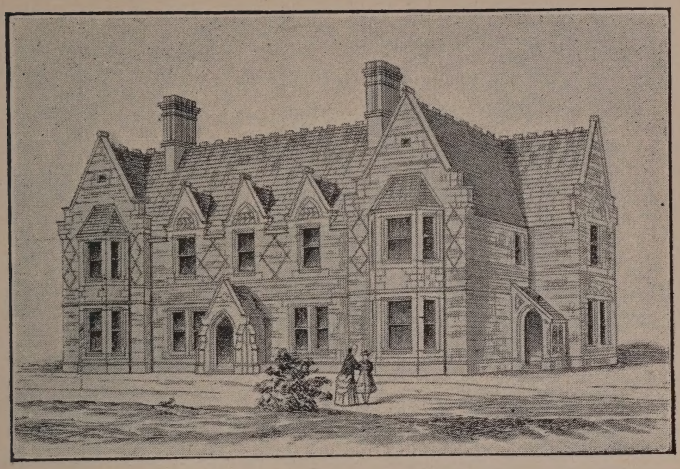
A.—CLERGY WIDOWS' HOUSES.

Plan of Land.

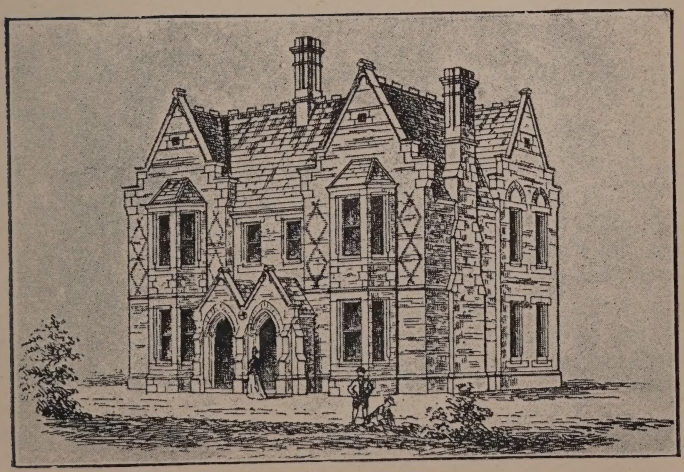


B.—CLERGY WIDOWS' HOUSES.

Block Plan, showing the position of the 18 Houses.



C.—CLERGY WIDOWS' HOUSES.



D.—CLERGY WIDOWS' HOUSES.

homes as C and D, and no doubt many that God has blessed with the means may feel disposed to erect one or more houses, and at once begin the good work for which hundreds may live to be thankful. Any further information may be obtained from

The Revd. W. QUEKETT,
Rector of Warrington,

Honorary Secretary to the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Pension Fund.

The setting forth of my scheme led to the following leading article in the *Guardian* of August 2nd, 1873, which showed that the project was commanding a large amount of public sympathy :—

"Warrington is fast extending in all directions, and every available plot of building land is being secured. We therefore hail with pleasure the announcement that at the annual meeting of the Institution for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, at Warrington next week, the Rev. W. Quekett will move that the vacant land of St. Elphin's be secured for the erection thereon of homes for the widows of clergymen. St. Elphin's might have been placed on a better site ; but our object now must be to prevent the site being made worse. There are a number of widows receiving aid from the fund, and that aid might practically be doubled if they were enabled to live near our excellent Grammar School, and the equally excellent Clergy Daughters' School.

"We believe the latter school might be made to contain one-third more than its present number of inmates. In the Training Institution there are some 120 students receiving a first-class education. Why should not encouragement be given to clergy widows to reside in Warrington, and send their daughters, at a trifling sum, to school ? It is done at Rugby, Harrow, and other public schools. The Charity may not see its way to house building, but it should to land buying. The houses would follow the land, and both be a safe investment, as a house would count as part of a grant. The whole scheme is worthy of careful attention, and Warrington through it may yet see numerous respectable houses and highly respectable families added to it by carrying out the Rector's sensible proposition."

At the anniversary of the Clergy Institutions on Thursday, August 7th, 1873, I made the proposition to buy this vacant land for the purpose indicated. The following is the report of the proceedings, taken from the *Guardian* :—

THE CLERGY CHARITY.

The Rev. W. Quekett proposed "That the vacant land of St. Elphin's not purchased by the Training College, and to be let for building purposes, should be secured for the erection thereon of Clergy Widows' and Adult Orphans' Homes." The Rector pointed out the history of the transaction, and said that when the land was purchased from Mr. Ireland Blackburne, for the purposes of the Training College, a portion was reserved by the vendor for building purposes, amounting to 1 acre 3 roods. The land fronted Manchester Lane, and it would be very detrimental to the Institution if it were let for the erection of manufactories. What he suggested was that the land should be purchased for the erection of homes for the accommodation of eighteen widows of clergy, equal numbers from each diocese, similar to what he had seen elsewhere. [Plans were produced, and seemed to attract general attention.] The Rector further said at the present time there were eight orphans in the Clergy School, at a cost to the Parent Society of £320 a year. Having given instances to show that by the erection of these homes there would be a considerable saving effected to the funds of the Institution, he said the treasurer had a balance of about £800 at his disposal, which could be appropriated to the purchase of land, which Mr. Blackburne would be disposed to sell to them either as leasehold or freehold, and Mr. Blackburne highly approved of the proposed plan.

Mr. R. A. Cross, M.P., said as far as the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund was concerned, there was a sum of about £15,000 invested, the whole of which, with the exception of £2,500 left by Mr. Humphry Nichols, could be appropriated in what way the committee of management thought most desirable.

The Rev. W. Quekett said the land might be leased for 1½d. per yard by the Institution, or probably the freehold could be purchased for 2s. 6d. per yard. It would be undesirable to postpone the question for twelve months, and the Bishop had given his assent to the scheme.

After some further discussion,

The Rector mentioned that he knew of several colleges where the widows of clergymen were provided with a house and a small yearly portion of £40 a year. He alluded to Foxfield College, in Wiltshire, which the Bishop of Manchester was likewise well acquainted with. At the suggestion of the Bishop of Manchester, he gave notice last year for the consideration of the subject to-day. During the interval he had heard of some newly-erected homes for widows, built by a lady in a village near Birmingham. He had visited the locality, and being impressed with the excellent arrangement of the houses for the purpose intended, he went to London and sent a London architect over to visit the same and make plans for distribution, which were sent to the principal clergy and laity of the dioceses of Chester and Manchester.

The Ven. Archdeacon Johnson suggested that the land might be purchased, and the question as to what should be done with it be left open for future consideration. He moved "That provided the land can be purchased for a sum not exceeding 2s. 6d. a yard, freehold, the committee be authorized to negotiate the purchase from Mr. Blackburne, out of the Widow and Orphans' Pension Fund."

This was seconded by the Rev. Charles Marshall, and unanimously passed.

Bishop Jacobson and his Birds.

I one day attended a meeting of some of the clergy of the diocese, at the Palace, Chester, and the Bishop entertained us all at luncheon. The business was to be resumed after luncheon, and all the clergy present retired to the drawing-room except myself and a neighbour of mine—our rural dean—with whom I wished to speak. We stood looking out of the window with our backs to the luncheon table. Presently the Bishop came in from his study and went to the sideboard drawer, from which he took out a crumb brush, and then began to sweep up the crumbs from the table to a plate, which was soon well filled. He then disappeared again into his study, and I saw before the study window a large number of birds waiting to be fed. There were twelve or fourteen sparrows, some starlings, a linnet, and two or three thrushes. The Bishop flung out to them all he had on the plate, and they were quickly enjoying their usual meal. I was so much interested that I called my friend's attention to what was going on; and by-and-by the Bishop

came from his study bringing back the empty plate, when I said to him, "Ah, Bishop! you are doing what I do every day." He expressed pleasure that I had sympathy with him in this daily visit to his birds, and I said, "Oh, yes, they always come to be fed when they see the white table-cloth. They look out for me, waiting for the crumbs." I remarked that the sparrows were very wide awake, for that they never pick up the crumbs till they have seized and carried off the big pieces, after which they return and take their share with the rest.

Some months afterwards I met his Lordship at Harrogate, where he was staying.

"How are the birds?" I enquired, after the usual greetings.

"Oh, they are gone—all gone!" he said, sadly. "I happen to have been away from home, and they have all gone away, and never come near the Palace. I suppose my servants neglected them."

It was autumn time, and I saw at once the cause of the birds' absence.

"No, my lord, they are not gone for good," I said, laughing. "They have all gone harvesting. They feed now in the cornfields and sleep in the hedgerows; but when harvest is over they will all come back again."

The Bishop seemed dubious, but he shook me by the hand warmly, as if I had comforted him a little.

I saw his lordship again after he had been to Scarborough for the winter. He came up to me jubilant—"Quekett, they have all come back again! I feed them every day, just as usual." "Ah, my lord, I told you they had only gone harvesting," I said; and I could not but feel that to find such happiness in attending to a flock of so small a kind in the midst of the cares of a great diocese was a trait of extreme beauty in our good Bishop's character.

St. Elphin.

The dedication of the Parish Church of Warrington is a curious one, but very ancient. Of St. Elphin we know little, except that he was a monk, brought to Warrington by St. Oswald of Winwick. Here he established a church and gathered a congregation. Most probably, also, he had a religious house at Warrington, and was in after times canonised by the Pope for his good deeds.

I had always hoped that some day or other we should be able to

put a statue of St. Elphin in the niche I had prepared over the western doorway of the Parish Church, and on mentioning my desire to Mr. Warrington Wood, the celebrated sculptor, he made a promise of a full-length figure. This promise, I regret to say, Mr. Warrington Wood was never able to fulfil, and the niche still remains empty, suggesting the desirability of a gift of a suitable "St. Elphin."

Colonel Dodgson.

The following is taken from the supplement to the *Guardian* of January 2 1875:—

COLONEL DODGSON.

It is announced that on the recommendation of the Government of India Her Majesty's Government has been pleased to confer a good service pension on an able officer, Colonel D. S. Dodgson, C.B., Bengal Infantry. Served throughout Jhoupore campaign of 1839, throughout Cabul campaign of 1842, engaged in actions of Jan. 19, 23, and 24, at entrance of Khyber Pass, and at forcing of it on April 5, 1842, and at relief of Jellalabad, and subsequent operations in Afghanistan, for which he received a medal; throughout campaign on Sutlej, engaged at battles of Budiwal and Alliwal, received a medal; as major of Brigade at Benares, when Native Brigade mutinied there on June 4, 1857, wounded by one of the mutineers on parade; as Assistant Adjutant-General in the field to the forces in Oude, under command of General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., and temporarily attached to General Havelock, C.B.; at battles of Mungulwara, Sept. 19; Alumbagh, Sept. 23; and first relief of Lucknow, Sept. 25, 1857—in latter action was wounded; throughout subsequent defence of "Baillie Guard" (residence of Lucknow); engaged in all repelling of attacks and in several sorties, including bringing in of rear guard and heavy guns, and attack on and capture of "Hern Khana" and "King's Stables;" with General Sir James Outram's force in camp at Alumbagh from November, 1857, to March, 1858; engaged in repelling eight attacks on that position by rebels; at attack on and capture of enemy's camp and guns at Ghylee on Dec. 22, 1857; at capture of city of Lucknow in March, 1858; allowed to count one year as service, and received a medal with clasp for first relief and defence, and a second clasp

for capture of Lucknow; frequently mentioned in despatches, and thanked by the Governor-General in Council, Commander-in-Chief, by General Sir James Outram and his chief of the staff, Col. R. Napier, C.B.; received a brevet of majority and lieutenant-colonel, and C.B. for services in the field.

Colonel Dodgson is eldest brother of Mrs. Quekett, of Warrington.

My Jubilee in Holy Orders.

The following is taken from the *Guardian* of February 6, 1875:—

WARRINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

On Sunday last, the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, preached two sermons in the above church. The text in the morning was taken from Genesis iii. 4, "Ye shall not surely die;" and in the evening from the same chapter, v. 24, "So he drove out the man." The evening's discourse was a continuation of that in the morning, and both sermons were very eloquent and impressive. There was a good congregation in the morning, but in the evening the church was crowded. Our readers will be interested to know that in July next, the rev. gentleman will have been 21 years Rector of Warrington, and in October next, 50 years a Clergyman of the Church of England.

Parish Church Tea Party.

We had the first public Tea Party in connection with the Parish Church during my incumbency on March 29, 1875. About 1,100 persons sat down to tea; and the gathering was in every way a most happy one.

After tea a meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Greenall, M.P., and amongst the guests were the Rev. Canon Barclay, Vicar of Runcorn, and most of the influential Clergy and Laity of Warrington.

The Chairman spoke very kindly of my twenty-one years' work in Warrington, and called upon me to address the meeting. I told them that I should very soon have been twenty-one years amongst them, and in October I should have been ordained fifty years. It was my Jubilee Year. I said that I had not sought Warrington, but Warrington me; and I told them the story of Lord Aberdeen's

letter. I then showed them how from the very first the thorough restoration of the Parish Church had been my great desire and aim, and I told them the story of "No Man's Land," and of Lord Haddo's wishes about a spire for the new church he built there. They owed their present beautiful spire to that story. I referred to the long service which many of those who had worked with me had had. And I concluded, "I feel proud to see such a large gathering, and hope I shall long be spared to live amongst you. People say I am going to run away—(much laughter)—but I am not. (Renewed laughter.) As the Chairman has stated, I have been nearly twenty-one years with you, and as I was twenty-three years of age when I received holy orders, and have been fifty years in orders, you may easily guess how old I am. But I am still enjoying good health and strength, and I hope I shall be spared to carry out one other great work. In 1858 plans were prepared for an organ in the western end of the church, which will be an ornament to the edifice; but those plans are not carried out, owing to want of money. However, I hope the matter will soon be gone into, and that a magnificent organ will be erected."

Canon Barclay spoke in congratulatory terms both of my work and of the very large gathering of Church people; and Mr. Joseph Davies asked those present to show their appreciation of my services in Warrington by according a hearty round of applause.

A Choir Supper.

THE PROPOSAL FOR A NEW ORGAN.

On the evening of the 9th of April, 1875, I invited to supper in the infants' school at St. Elphin's all the members of the Parish Church choir, with the churchwardens, Major Pickmere, the treasurer of the schools, several other gentlemen, and a number of ladies. After the usual toasts Major Pickmere proposed the health of the Rector, and in the course of his remarks said he never came to the Parish Church with greater pleasure than he did when he knew that the Rector was able to be at his post. Alluding to the work which the Rector had done during his 50 years' ministry in the Church, he thought that the Rector was a man in a thousand, and they found him as willing now as ever to assist in any work which would be for the benefit of the Church. He had been the means of restoring their beautiful Parish Church, and now he was

going to try to complete the work which he had laid out at the first, which was to place in the Parish Church an organ suitable to that building. He had no hesitation in saying that the Rector would get the money required, and that before long the organ would be erected. He concluded by proposing the health of the Rector and Mrs. Quekett. The toast was received with hearty cheers, and I thanked them for their warm expression of attachment.

Proposed New Organ.

The kind words spoken about the proposed new organ soon began to bear fruit; and on the 10th of May a preliminary announcement was made in the *Guardian* of a bazaar to be held in the Volunteer Drill Hall at the end of September. Mrs. Quekett took up the matter enthusiastically, and issued the following letter:—

"The Rectory, Warrington,
"19th August, 1875.

"Dear Madam,—Allow me to ask your kind assistance to complete our beautiful Parish Church.

"My husband is desirous to procure a good new organ according to the original design. The church then may be considered fully restored.

"The present organ is very unsightly, and is now getting too old to be restored.

"I shall feel grateful for any contributions towards a bazaar to be held in the Volunteer Drill Shed on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of September.

"Believe me to remain,
"Yours faithfully,
"LOUISA QUEKETT."

Garden Party at the Rectory.

On Wednesday afternoon the Rector of Warrington (Rev. W. Quekett) and Mrs. Quekett gave a garden party at the Rectory to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the Rector's residence in Warrington. About 600 invitations had been issued to adult members of

the congregation and other friends. Tea was provided for the whole party in the grounds and house, and Mrs. Quekett personally superintended the arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the guests. Games of various kinds were engaged in by the youngsters, composed of the choir boys. The band of the Blue Coat School, and the band of the Workhouse, under Mr. Mines, were present on the lawn, and played a good programme of music during the evening. The children of the last-named band sang some very pretty glees during the intervals of playing, and both their instrumental and vocal performances gave great satisfaction. Some of the younger members of the party joined in dancing and other amusements on the lawn.

Amongst the company we noticed the following:—Mr. Gilbert Greenall, M.P., and Mrs. Greenall and family; Sir George Shiffner's daughters, Major and Mrs. Nicholson and party, Mr. James Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jones and party, Mr. and Miss Whitley and Miss Cobb, Mr. Wright and party, Mr. and Miss Kirkman, Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Dodd, Major and Mrs. Pickmere, Rev. J. and Mrs. and Miss Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Buckton, Mr. Joseph Davies and Miss Fairclough, Rev. A. and Mrs. Warren, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Rev. A. A., Mrs. and Miss Bridgman, Rev. Mr. and Miss Schönberg, Mr. and Mrs. Hepherd, Mr. and Miss Tinsley, Mr. and Miss Appleton, Mr. Joseph Davies, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Powlson, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Mr. C. White, Mr. M. H. Sharp, Madame Perrat and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eaude, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Longden and family, Colonel Dodgson, C.B., Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Webster; besides all the officers past and present belonging to the church. The following clergy were absent on account of not being at home and otherwise:—Rev. S. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tedman, Rev. J. and Mrs. Petty, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brame, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stubbs, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Rev. Mr. Richards, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Branfoot, Rev. Mr. Tofts, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Willcocks. The Mayor and Mayoress were absent on account of their engagement with the Lord Mayor of London. All the county families were invited, but except those above mentioned were unavoidably unable to attend.

During the evening Miss Shaw, on behalf of the teachers of St. Elphin's Girls' Sunday School, presented the Rector with a valuable gold pencil case, bearing a suitable inscription. The presentation was made privately in the Rectory, there being present—the

Rector, Mrs. Quekett, Mr. Webster, and Mr. W. Savage, superintendent of the school.

The Rector, in accepting the pencil case, thanked Miss Shaw and the other teachers for their kindness. He assured them he should always prize it as a memento of their affectionate regard, and of their mutual co-operation in Sunday School work.

The day was beautifully fine. At nine o'clock the bands played "God save the Queen," which was the signal for the party to break up, after spending a most pleasant and enjoyable afternoon.

Lines on my 21 Years' Ministry in Warrington.

The following verses in commemoration of the 21 years' ministry of the Rev. W. Quekett are written by a parishioner :—

Thrice seven years we survey of his labours to-day,
Spent in God's service and preaching the Way;
Let us honour the work and give praise while we can
To the Rector of Warrington, a true-hearted man,

Remember the church he has reared—now our pride,
Its spire points to heaven, and its ministers guide
Our souls to true life, none more earnestly than
The Rector of Warrington, a true-hearted man.

Remember the schools enlarged and extended,
Where religion and knowledge in union are blended;
Let youth and their parents combine while they can
In thanking the Rector, a true-hearted man.

Remember the friendship and love he has shown
When affliction has pained—the Destroyer has mown;
Sad luxury! yet grief, relieved by faithfulness, can
Give thanks to the Rector, as a true-hearted man.

Remember his eloquent pulpit endeavours,
The lectern he adorns, and earnestly labours
The Truth to enforce upon each sinful man,
Thank your faithful Rector, like a true-hearted man.

Remember his life to the Church ever given,
His labour and zeal all tending towards heaven;

What a picture of glory and beauty to scan
Is the venerable Rector, a true-hearted man.

Remember his spouse on this festival day,
Who, in sickness and toil, cheers him on the way ;
May Grace afford health, and further each plan
Contrived for the good of a true-hearted man.

When we go to the bourne where our fathers have gone,
Then they will rejoice in the course we have run ;
And heaven will resound with the good work began
By the Rector of Warrington, a true-hearted man.

Announcement of a Bazaar in aid of Funds for erecting a New Organ.

(From the *Warrington Guardian.*)

The Rector's exertions in connection with the restoration of the Parish Church are well known. We understand that the Rector, in conjunction with Mrs. Quekett, has long and anxiously contemplated the arrival of the time when the present organ will be replaced by a more powerful and complete instrument. Mrs. Quekett and the lady members of the congregation are actively at work getting up a bazaar to be held in September, with a view of raising the necessary funds, and there is every reason to hope that this crowning work in the church restoration will be ere long carried out.

The Parish Church Organ Bazaar.

(From the *Warrington Guardian.*)

The bazaar in aid of the fund for providing a new organ for the Parish Church was opened on Tuesday, Sept. 28th, by the Mayor (Alderman S. Chandley), and continued on Wednesday. At eleven o'clock the Workhouse band, under their leader, Mr. H. M. Mines, played through the principal streets, and proceeded to the Volunteer Hall, where they performed a varied selection of music, and sung several glees during the day. Business was rather slack in the morning, and a repetition of the bad weather of the previous day deterred many people coming from a distance to visit the bazaar. The occupants of the stalls were indefatigable in their efforts to push trade,

and as the company got more numerous in the afternoon and evening they were rewarded with a very fair measure of success. Among the visitors were:—The Rev. J. and Mrs. Petty, Mr. Alderman Joseph Davies, Mrs. J. C. Sutton, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Bowes, Mr. Taylor (Cuerdley), Mr. Rawling, &c. The Rev. A. Warren created a little diversion with a galvanic battery, and considerable amusement was caused by one of the boys of the Workhouse band getting possession of a shilling which was placed in a bowl of water, and carrying it off in spite of the electric current from the battery.

Mrs. Quekett received a donation of £10 from Lord Winmarleigh to be expended in purchases for the bazaar, and a sum of £4 8s. was collected by the Clergy Daughters in aid of the Organ Fund.

Mr. John Cross, butcher, Corporation Street, sent a haunch of mutton to the refreshment stall; and Mr. N. B. Percival, who has with his co-warden, Mr. Woods, left no stone unturned to make the bazaar a success, was supplied by Messrs. Hudson, of London, with 2 cwt. of their extract of soap for sale, the proceeds to go to the Organ Fund.

A valuable *bijou* silver tea-service on Mrs. Quekett's stall was supplied by that lady, having been specially purchased by her in London for the bazaar. The articles were exhibited on a handsome walnut stand, and attracted a good deal of notice.

The bazaar was kept open until ten o'clock, when the Rector announced that the day's sales amounted to £143 18s. 4d., which sum, added to the first day's sales, made a total of £305 3s.

THURSDAY.

The bazaar was re-opened on Thursday morning. The Workhouse Band again marched through the streets and proceeded to the Hall. The weather was very much finer than it had been during the two preceding days, and exerted a favourable influence upon the attendance of visitors.

A very large company assembled in the Hall during the afternoon and evening. A good business was done in drawing for a number of articles, as many as seven or eight prizes being distributed amongst the thirty or forty subscribers who entered the lists.

The bazaar was kept open until half-past ten o'clock, when

The Rector said he wished on behalf of the Churchwardens and himself to cordially thank all those who had given their attendance at the bazaar. They had not been favoured with fine weather during two out of the three days the bazaar had been open, and he was only surprised that the previous day the receipts amounted to

£143, seeing that up to two o'clock they had not taken £5. He thought that was an evidence of the activity, perseverance, and determination shown to make the bazaar a success on the part of those who had engaged in it. He was not yet able to announce the result of that day's sales, but he had reason to believe that it would be sufficiently encouraging to enable the Churchwardens and himself to enter into arrangements with an organ builder, and obtain a contract for the erection of the new instrument. They had laboured under great difficulties, and there had not been that unanimity of feeling on the subject which he could have wished. But constituted as human society was, there would always be different views and opinions, and however much they might regret it, in this instance they had reason to be thankful that so many friends had rallied round them and given their support to the object in view. As there was still a good number of articles left, they proposed to have a Christmas tree later on, and he hoped their friends would come forward and patronise it so as to have an organ free from debt. He again thanked the stall-keepers and purchasers for their kindness, and there was nothing left but to declare that the bazaar was now closed.

Mr. N. B. Percival said on behalf of himself and Mr. Woods he could only reiterate what the Rector had said in thanking the numerous contributors and patrons of the bazaar for their kind assistance. The result, taking everything into account, had more than realized his expectations, and he was sure that everyone who had taken part in the work had done his and her very best to make the bazaar a success.

Subsequently, the Rector announced that the day's proceeds amounted to £160 11s. 4d., making a total for the three days of £465 14s. 4d.

The announcement of the figures was received with cheers, and another cheer for the ladies.

We append the following programme performed by Mr. Mines and his band during Wednesday and Thursday. The character of the boys' performances, as well as their nice appearance and good behaviour, formed the subject of general and well-merited remark:—

Slow March ....."Prince of Wales"..... T. S. Watson
Polka ..... "The Fairy".....R. De Lacy
Galop....."The Storming".....H. Hartnert
Schottische....."L'Impulsion"..... Victor Cambier

Glee ..... "Awake, Æolean Lyre" .....J. Danby
Quick March ....."Bacchus Cortége" ..... J. Riviére
Selection....."Popular Melodies" ..... R. De Lacy
Glee ..... "From Oberon in Fairyland"...R. J. S. Stevens
Waltz ....."The Blush Rose" .....J. Mitchell
Schottische....."The Gipsy Queen" ..... H. Tidswell
Trio....."Halt for the bugle's sound"...H. R. Bishop
March ....."Switzerland" ..... H. M. Mines
Quadrilles....."The Shamrock".....R. De Lacy
Glee ..... "Hail! smiling morn" ..... R. Spofforth
Grand Selection..... "Fra Diavalo" .....Auber
Varsoviana..... "Silver Bells" ..... J. S. Ison
Glee....."The Village Chorister"..... J. Moscheles
Part Song..... "Auld Lang Syne" ..... W. H. Birch
National Anthem..."God Save the Queen" ... Arr. V. Novello

We understand that the Mayor has invited the Corporation to attend the Parish Church on Sunday morning, when a harvest thanksgiving service will be held, and a jubilee celebration of the Rector's ministry, 21 years of which has been spent in Warrington. The members of the 9th L.R.V. will accompany the Mayor and Corporation to church. The Rector will preach in the morning, the Rev. W. G. Longden in the afternoon, and the Rev. Canon Barclay in the evening. A choir of upwards of 100 voices will take part in the musical service. A collection will be made in aid of the new organ fund.

My Jubilee of Work.

On Sunday, October 3rd, 1875, harvest thanksgiving services were held in the Parish Church, Warrington, and an increased interest was derived from the circumstance that it was the occasion of a jubilee celebration of my ministerial work, 21 years of which had been carried on in Warrington.

The decoration of the interior of the church was undertaken by the principal and pupils of the Clergy Daughters' School. It was characterised by a completeness of detail which did credit to the taste and skill of the lady who designed and superintended the work, and it also represented a great deal of painstaking care on the part of those who assisted her. The conservatories and gardens of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood had been laid under

contribution, and among those who sent liberal donations of fruit and flowers were :—Mr. T. H. Lyon, of Appleton Hall; Mr. Jones, The Elms; Rev. G. Heron, Mr. Edward Greenall, Mr. T. H. Stanton, Mr. Josiah Whittle, Mr. Milling, &c. Mr. W. Savage, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Eaude had been very successful in obtaining from their agricultural friends supplies of corn, vegetables, and other materials for the church decorations. The decoration of the chancel was much admired. The floor space between the communion table and the rails was occupied by a fine group of liliums and ferns, and the corners were filled with fuchsias, geraniums, and other flowering plants in pots. The graceful passion flower trailed from the sill of the east window in front of the reredos, and ranged along the sill itself were several vases filled with choice cut flowers. The two large gas standards in this part of the church were decorated with fruit and flowers, the Siberian crab, and amaranthus berries, being freely interspersed with lilies, asters, &c. At the base of each of the four pillars supporting the tower were sheaves of corn and fruit. The choir desks were fringed with wreaths composed of ivy, passion flower, and ears of barley, and the clergy seats lower down the chancel were similarly treated. The pulpit, lectern, and reading desk were artistically decorated, the panels of the first-named being filled with choice flowers arranged in circles and triangles. Bunches of grapes, white and black, depended from the upper part of the reading desk and lectern, and some fine apples and pears were placed on the floor at the base of each. The gasaliers in the body of the church were adorned with flowers worked in circles and triangles alternately, berries, nuts, and sloes being interspersed with the flowers. The pillars supporting the gallery were wreathed with corn, flowers, and foliage, and in the front of the galleries were small sheaves of corn in alternate panels, connected together by means of a wreath of ivy and vine branches, and a small bunch of flowers in the centre of each. At the west entrance to the church was a series of fine arches forming a baptistry, the centre arch being composed of wheat and barley ears, and the side ones of ferns and flowers, principally lilies. The font was decorated with extremely good taste, dahlias, asters, phloxes, and geraniums being disposed around the shaft and base in rich profusion. A collection of vegetables was placed around the bottom of the two first pillars at the west end, and some of the specimens were remarkably fine.

There was a large and fashionable congregation at the morning

service. The hymn, "Praise, O praise our God and King," was sung as a processional by the surpliced choir, assisted by the students of the Training College. The choir numbered about 100 voices. The Rev. W. G. Longden intoned the prayers, and the first and second lessons were read respectively by the Rev. O. H. Cary and the Rev. J. H. Hamp. The responses were taken to Tallis. The anthem sung on the occasion was "Fear not, O land," and the harvest hymns, "Come, ye thankful people, come," and "We plough the fields," the whole service being ably accompanied by the organist, Mr. Eaude.

The Rector preached the sermon, and took for his text Isaiah ix. 3: "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest." Towards the conclusion of his sermon he said that in speaking of God as the giver of the harvest they must ever remember that He gave it universally as an incentive to charity. They knew what God had bestowed upon them; let them gratefully accept and prayerfully appropriate the gifts of His undeserved bounty, and lift up their hearts in thankful rejoicing that they had been blessed with an unusually favourable season. They had not merited, either individually or as a nation, what He had bestowed upon them. Had they not much rather forfeited His gifts by their sins, and deserved His anger rather than His goodness and forbearance? Let them give thanks that He had not dealt with them after their sins, nor rewarded them according to their iniquities. Let them accept it, not as the fruit of their toil, still less as the reward of their own merit; and remember the special obligation under which they were laid—to consecrate themselves to Him, and use the gifts which they had received as the means of honouring Him; not appropriate them in a selfish feeling, but learn bounty from His bounty, charity from His charity, and cheerfully and liberally devote a proper proportion of His gifts to the work of Christian charity and usefulness. They wanted additional means to erect a new organ for the Parish Church in order to sing God's praises, and carry out the wishes of the parishioners who 17 years ago in public vestry assembled decided that the work in time should be done. He would be neglectful did he not upon that his natal day, and the 50th year of his ministry in God's work, express to all who for many months past, and during the past week in particular, had laboured night and day to accomplish the task. To the churchwardens, the teachers, and the other kind friends who had given their time and money, he sincerely and gratefully offered his warmest acknow-

ledgments. Nor must he omit the students of the Training College and their teachers, who had so liberally and tastefully added their beautiful handiwork to the general stock.

The offertory at the close of the sermon amounted to £26 3s.

Divine service was held in the afternoon, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. G. Longden from St. Matthew iv. 37: "The harvest truly is plenteous."

About 2,000 persons were present at the evening service, and this is believed to be the largest congregation ever seen in the church. Every seat was occupied some time before the commencement of the service, and forms had to be laid down the aisles for the convenience of those who came late. The words of the anthem were taken from the 34th Psalm, commencing "O taste and see that the Lord is good," &c.; the prayers were read by the Rev. W. G. Longden; the first lesson by the Rev. O. H. Cary and the second by the Rector. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Barclay, of Runcorn, who took for his text the 6th verse of the 3rd chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians: "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." In the course of his sermon he said, interesting to the parishioners of Warrington must that day be, when the Rector completed the anniversary of the day on which, fifty years ago, he was admitted into the sacred ministry of the Church. The Bishop of the Diocese in which he was ordained kindly postponed the ordination from the appointed period in order that the Rector might be admitted into Holy Orders on his birthday. It was a happy thought to commemorate that occasion and to have the thanksgiving service on the same day. There were two lessons which he proposed to suggest as appropriate to what he might call the Rector's Jubilee, and the harvest thanksgiving service; man's toil and God's blessing were required to secure a crop, whether in the natural or spiritual world. The harvest was a reward which our Heavenly Father had allowed them as the result of their work; but would they have reaped a harvest if no seed had been sown? Vain would have been the genial sunshine, the refreshing showers, the moistening dews, had not the earth been prepared by man's labour, and had not the seed, at the appropriate season, been dropped thereinto. It had pleased Almighty God once more to crown the year with His goodness, and, although the harvest might not have been so abundant as it had been in former years, yet there had been sufficient to deliver them from all fear of destitution, and to afford a hope that the 4lb. loaf

would not be much dearer in the year that was to come than it had been during the past twelve months. They whom God had commissioned to do the work of the ministry could effect nothing of themselves. All the good works for that and other parishes which their Rector had been enabled to effect during the 50 years of his ministry could only have been done by God's help and blessings upon his strenuous exertions. Neither the eloquence nor the reasoning of Paul could always be successful. If his sermons were successful in the conversion of his hearers it was only because the Lord opened their hearts.

Opening of the New Organ.

The following account is taken from the *Warrington Advertiser* of September 30, 1876 :—

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT THE PARISH CHURCH.

On Sunday the ceremony of opening the new organ in the Warrington Parish Church took place, when two full choral services were held. Some years ago the church was restored at a cost of £20,000, and the only thing needed to complete the restoration was the erection of a new organ in harmony with the interior proportions of the building. The new instrument, the case of which is made of polished pitchpine, has been built by Gray and Davison, of London, at a cost of £2,000. A full description of it has previously appeared in these columns. The first service commenced at one o'clock in the afternoon. Among those present in the church were—Lord Winmarleigh, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., M.P., and Lady Greenall, Col. J. I. Blackburne, M.P., &c. The Mayor and various members of the Corporation formed a procession at the Town Hall, and marched down to the church headed by the police force, under command of the Chief Constable. This is the first opportunity the Mayor has had of wearing in public the chain and badge recently presented to the Corporation by Lady Greenall. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. W. Longden, the Rector's son-in-law, and the lessons read by the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett.

Mr. Best presided at the organ, and the programme of the musical portion of the service was as follows :—

MORNING SERVICE.

Processional Hymn, "O paradise, O paradise."
Psalms - - - - - - - - - *Barnby in E, Goss in E.*
Magnificat - - - - *Goss in E.*
Nunc Dimittis - - - - - - - - *Hayes in E.*
Anthem, "In that day shall this song be sung." *Sir George Elvey.*
Hymn, "The churches are found above."

The Lord Bishop of Manchester preached the sermon, and took for his text the 150th Psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," &c. He said he thought there could be no doubt that our great cathedral services, which were followed to some extent in the parochial churches, were formed after the model which David framed with so much effort for the Temple services in Jerusalem. Archæologists told us that there was then a probability that our oldest chants, which were called Gregorian, had their origin in the melodies which formed part of the ancient Jewish ceremonials. Three-quarters of a century or four score years ago, the idea of worship, such at least as they recognised it to-day, was almost dead, save in a bright spot here and there in the Church of England. Prayers and psalms were only said by the parson and clerk; sermons were preached and sacraments administered, but what was their character? Baptism was driven from its place in the public ritual, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not administered more than three or four times a year. Then came the revival. The great evangelical movement—and they could not over-estimate what they owed to that movement—awoke the Church from the slumber from which Wesley and Whitfield had failed to awake it. The first evangelicals were treated with scorn and called fanatics, but they had sufficient courage to enable them to prevail. They drove out mere heathen morality and brought back the Spirit of God. And then ensued the great movement of bones that had long lain dry, and the Church felt herself possessed again of the Spirit's old life-giving power, and the movement spread in many directions, and many who had been earnest lay Churchmen became the leaders of the great Oxford movement of forty years ago, the object of which was to teach Englishmen what treasures they had enshrined in their Book

of Common Prayer. Those men taught their fellows how to appreciate the value of Divine worship and the Book of Common Prayer, and thence sprang that great impulse in the direction of restoring churches and making public worship reverent, attractive, beautiful, edifying. But since then, the movement partaking of the spirit of the age had taken strange and somewhat perilous shapes. The craving after novelty, and love of excitement, the pandering to sensationalism, the loss of the true idea of proportion, and gratification of a languid and undevout æsthetic materialism and superstitious theories of sacramental grace, an extravagant appreciation of external form, a loss of that without which the external form, however beautiful, was worthless, the loss of the inward spirit—this was the peril of the religious movement of the present age, and the peril was a very real one, and not the creation of his own fancy, for religion had emphatically a calming, sobering influence. It turned, or ought to turn, the thoughts inward, it set the conscience astir, searched us through and through, and anything that dissipated the mind, touched the mere surface of the affections, awakened valuable impressions that evaporated without solid results, was not helpful to the soul, but adverse to it. He had asked himself the question—Had all this attention to outward decency and beauty of ritual been accomplished with a proportionate development of pure, honest, and self-denying lives? He could not altogether satisfy himself that it had. Those thronged churches, did they speak of multitudes yearning to know more of Christ, or merely of crowds drawn together by brilliant services or eloquent preachers, who had themselves itching ears? It should be remembered that all belonging to God's House ought to take part in the service. Sometimes people thought that an organ was only to play brilliant voluntaries, and that a choir was only needed to take its part in the service at the proper time, and that the churchwardens had nothing else to do than show the congregation to their seats; but it should not be forgotten that all those people were part of the congregation, and had met for public worship. Their organ was a great instrument he could tell, even by his untutored ears. He hoped the organ of that church would add to the beauty, the completeness, the order, and the reverence of their service, and that it would be subordinate to the higher principles of Divine worship, and made to exercise a direct religious influence upon the human soul. It was his duty, however, to warn them that attention to the externals of religion had its limits; but in many cases it seemed to

him to have been pushed beyond its limits. It was for them to say into whose hands it would fall. Next to the minister, the organist was responsible for the character of the service. Puritans had a strong objection to organs, and he was told that even Scotchmen regarded organs as a relic of Popery. Would that Popery had left us no worse relic! He warned them that in musical gifts there lay a peril. In Manchester one of the greatest charms spread out by the proprietors of spirit vaults was to invite their customers on Sunday evenings to a service of sacred song. While men were drinking their brandy and water, and indulging in wanton conversation with loose women by their side, some instrument or singer might be singing one of the songs of Zion. Music might be prostituted, or it might, as he had said before, be made subordinate to the higher principles of Divine worship, and to exercise a direct religious influence on the human soul. Let them practise their religion that it might give a tone to their conduct, for, after all, the kingdom of God was not meat and drink, nor organs and musical services, nor schools and churches—for those were only adjuncts—but it was righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A collection was then made, and at the conclusion of the service a large number of the Rector's friends and members of the congregation adjourned to the Girls' Schoolroom, where

A LUNCHEON.

Was provided for them by the Rector. Amongst those present were:—The Right Hon. Lord Winmarleigh and the Hon. Miss Patten; Sir G. Greenall, M.P., Lady and Master Greenall; Col. Blackburne, M.P., and Miss Blackburne, Mrs. Quekett, the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Barclay, Rev. S. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Rev. J. and Mrs. Leach, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Sharples, Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Thomas, Rev. T. P. and Mrs. Williamson, Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Bridgman, Rev. G. F. and Mrs. Roberts, Rev. T. R. and Mrs. Branfoot, Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Melville, Rev. H. and Mrs. Siddall, Rev. G. and Mrs. Feather, Rev. E. A. P. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. H. C., Mrs., and Miss Stubbs, Rev. T. P., Mrs., and Miss Kirkham, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Burtonwood, Rev. S. D. W. and Mrs. Fox, Rev. W. and Mrs. Longden; the Revs. M. Schönberg, H. R. Dodd, T. Greenall, H. Monk, J. Whitley, and Standish (Wargrave), T. W. Powell, R. Smith (Lowton), G. Willett, J. W. N. Tanner, G. Heron, J. Fox, R. R. Moore, — Hutchinson (Farnworth); the Mayor,

Mayoress and Miss Webster, Alderman and Mrs. Pickmere, Alderman and Mrs. Hepherd, Alderman and Mrs. Burgess, Aldermen Smith and Maxfield; Councillors Fairclough, Kean, Woolfall, Sutton, Armitage, Westwell, and Pollitt; Churchwarden and Mrs. Woods; Churchwarden and Mrs. Percival; Mr. Senior, Dr. Joseph; Mr. and Mrs. Eaude, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Buckton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanton, Mr. Jas. and Miss Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and family, The Elms; Mr. and Mrs. Dagleish, Captain and Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Captain R. G. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. Thomas Litton, Mr. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Joynson, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. Cragg, Misses Brown, Mrs. and Miss Morris, Mrs. Chrimes, Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Miss Shaw, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fairclough, Mr. and Mrs. F. Taylor, Mrs. T. and Miss Fairhurst, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fairhurst, Mr. John Craik, Mrs. Richardson, Mr. John Morris, Mr. James Morris, &c., &c.

Grace before and after meat was said by the Rector.

Ample justice having been done to the good things provided,

The Rector (who presided) stated that the Bishop of Manchester had been obliged to go away by an early train, and proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honoured. He then called upon

Lord Winmarleigh to propose the next toast, viz., "The healths of the Bishops and Clergy of the two dioceses of Manchester and Chester." His lordship said as regarded the Bishop of Chester he understood that they would have an opportunity of hearing him on Sunday, and he would, therefore, confine his remarks to the Bishop of Manchester. He could say of him that never during the whole course of his experience did any Bishop submit himself so entirely to the exercise of his episcopal duties as the present Bishop of Manchester did. In the whole of the diocese of Manchester there was no person, however humble, who called upon the Bishop to perform any duty for him that his lordship did not sacrifice every personal convenience to comply with the request made to him. In regard to the Rector of Warrington, he did believe that the efforts he had put forth, and which had been so well supported by them to secure a good organ for the Parish Church, had been successful; and if that organ was properly, temperately, and appropriately used, he did not doubt but that it would be conducive to the religious feeling of all concerned.

The toast was very cordially drunk.

INTERIOR OF THE RESTORED PARISH CHURCH OF WARRINGTON.

The Rector said they were honoured by the presence of several members of Parliament, and he was sure they were all delighted to have amongst them such distinguished gentlemen on that occasion. Lord Winmarleigh, Sir Gilbert Greenall, and Col. Blackburne were gentlemen who were always willing and anxious to do all the good they possibly could, and every good work that was set on foot they were ready to support. He therefore begged to propose their very good healths.

Lord Winmarleigh, in responding to the toast, said he believed there was nothing connected with the Church of England which would not receive at the hands of the House of Lords a most patient, attentive, and patriotic support. Personally, he had been connected with Warrington for more than fifty years, and his family had been connected with it for more than four centuries. Therefore, in being present that day he could assure them that he experienced very great pleasure, and he rejoiced that the Parish Church had been restored through the energy and zeal of his friend the Rector. His interest in that church would never cease. That day he had met there a great many friends, and he was much gratified at the cordiality with which he had been received. He thanked them very much for the hearty reception they had given the toast.

Col. Blackburne, M.P., said after his first session of Parliament he could say that the House of Commons was the most patient assembly in the world. When a man told a plain story he was listened to, but they were impatient with those members who spoiled everybody's time and did no good. Although there was great divergence of opinion amongst them, yet taken as a whole they were an assembly of whom Englishmen might feel proud. The past session had been a long and tedious one, but he felt that much good had been done, and he hoped that in the next session of Parliament they would pass laws for the improvement of their institutions.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., M.P., said he was extremely pleased to be present on that occasion, and he begged to take that opportunity of thanking the Rector for his kind invitation. He was also pleased to see Lord Winmarleigh amongst them. In regard to his friend Col. Blackburne, he was glad indeed that he was a representative of this county. It had been his pleasure to sit for him and with him, and he now knew that Colonel Blackburne was the right man in the right place. He (Colonel Blackburne)

knew what was to the interest of this county far better than any other person.

The Rector then proposed "The Mayor and Corporation of Warrington," and in so doing said he wished to thank the Mayor and Corporation for the honour they had conferred upon him by being present on that occasion. His only desire was that every success might attend the efforts of the Warrington Corporation in their endeavours to promote the interests of this good old town.

The Mayor, in responding to the toast, said on his own account, and on behalf of the various members of the Corporation, he thanked them very much for the manner in which they had drunk their good healths. He could assure them that on all occasions the Corporation felt it their duty to further every good work that offered itself to them. With reference to that day's proceedings, perhaps they would allow him, on behalf of the Corporation, to congratulate the Rector on the successful termination of the great work which, many years ago, he set himself to perform. He was quite satisfied that the erection of such a noble instrument as that which now stood in the Parish Church could not but have its effect on the general service of the church. He felt certain that those who went to hear the organ once would be induced to go oftener, and therefore receive benefit from it. Of course, the instrument was intended for the glorification of the Creator. It was a beautiful thing. He believed everything which was intended to be used in the worship of God ought to be good. It had always been the case that the most eminent men in art and science had never scrupled to devote the best of their talents to the adornment of anything connected with churches. That being the case he thought it exceedingly fitting that an organ so grand and so magnificent should be placed in the Warrington Parish Church.

Colonel Blackburne proposed in complimentary terms the healths of the Rector and Mrs. Quekett, and

The Rector, in responding to the toast, said he felt that his tongue failed to express in words what he felt towards them when he saw so many kind friends around him. It was twelve or fourteen years since the work of the restoration of the Parish Church commenced, and since the foundation stone was laid. It was not to him that praise was due for the successful completion of the great work of restoring the church, but to those persons who had contributed so liberally to the restoration fund.

Several minor toasts were then proposed and cordially drunk, after which the proceedings terminated.

THE EVENING SERVICE

Commenced at seven o'clock, but long before that hour every nook and corner of the sacred edifice was occupied. Mr. Best again presided at the organ, and displayed more fully its powers than at the morning service. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. W. Longden, the Rev. H. Stubbs read the first lesson, and the Rev. S. Wilkinson the second. The following was the musical programme of the

EVENING SERVICE:

Processional Hymn, "O paradise, O paradise."

Psalms - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Randall in D.*

Cantate - - - - - - - *Attwood in F.*

Deus Misereatur- - - - - - - - - *Rimbault in F.*

Anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever" - - - - - - - - *Dr. Clarke Whitfeld.*

Chorus (during offertory), "Hallelujah" - - - - *Handel.*
(From "Messiah.")

We cannot sufficiently do justice to the success of the choral portion of the service—a success which Mr. Eaude and Mr. Dewhurst may pardonably pride themselves on, as recognised both by the Bishop and Dean in their sermons. Whatever may be the opinions of those who think the organ should have been in the chancel, near the choir, there can but be one opinion, that the organ and singers, with one slight exception in the "Hallelujah Chorus," went well together. Mr. Best's playing was excellent and skilful. We, perhaps, might have wished for some pleasing andante from one of the great masters, but Mr. Best knows *best* the capability of the organ and the necessary means to show off its excellence. We cannot say anything to add to his reputation, but his playing was equal to anything we have heard from his skilful hands. The choir was reinforced by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the choirs of the various churches in Warrington and neighbourhood, and it is a noteworthy fact that the organists of six churches sang in the choir in the afternoon service, viz., Mr. Grindrod (St. Thomas', Stockton

Heath), Mr. Harding (Latchford), Mr. Johnson (St. Anne's), Mr. Galloway (St. James'), Mr. John Lea (St. Paul's), and Mr. Eaude, the organist of the Parish Church. The ladies who volunteered in the choir were principally, if not exclusively, belonging to St. Peter's Parish Choir. The solos in the anthems, which were marked by a refinement of execution seldom equalled in Warrington, were taken by Misses Riley and Smith (sopranos) and Lambert (contralto), and Messrs. John Scotson (tenor) and John Riley (bass). We cannot omit the name of Mr. Eaude, who has, as usual, been most indefatigable in the training of the choir, and it must have been a great satisfaction to him to find the services so well rendered.

The Very Rev. the DEAN of MANCHESTER preached the sermon, and took for his text, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth" (Psalm xxvi. v. 8). He said the object of their public services was not only the edification of man, but the glory and honour of Almighty God, and these two principles ought to be kept steadily in view, because their appreciation of the latter was important in leading them to correct notions of their duty in this respect. The honour of God was to be maintained by all churches, and by all assemblies of men who held Christ's sway over them. One of the best ways of praising God, in fact the best way, was to show respect and reverence for His laws by leading a holy, a virtuous, and Christian life. But all simple habits require external and material aid to sustain them, and to assist in keeping alive the right principle, and therefore public services, acknowledgments before others that they serve the Lord, joint prayer, joint praise, joint efforts to do what was required of Christian men were rightly and justly prescribed; that by example and associations they might realise the truth of their Christian profession that they were a holy brotherhood, joined together by bonds of religious unity, and having common love of God and of the brethren. Whatever served to promote these ends was necessary, and beyond all these a feeling of reverence for God must be kept alive by making everything that belonged to Divine service honourable, sacred, and holy. And so the place in which they were thus assembled to make common offerings to God of prayer and praise was made holy—that was to say, it was devoted to God, separated from all common uses; and if they asked what was the practical benefit derived from such separation, the answer was this: —It was a perpetual warning to us after the fact that the Christian's calling was holy, that every one of us ought to be holy,

harmless, pure, undefiled, and that this holiness of Christian calling might be before us constantly. And so our Parish Church should be associated in our minds ever with the feeling of what is due to Him who made us, preserves us, and watches over us. Our ancestors used to call the churchyard "God's acre," and the church itself was still called "God's House." They might depend upon it the more they cherished in their minds thoughts of God's greatness, goodness, and purity, the more they would sympathise with the devout, and with everything that bore His name. If a man could intentionally be irreverent, intentionally treat with disrespect a church or anything devoted to God, such a man could not have real religion; and they knew very well that mere outward respect for the Bible, and great care bestowed upon it, were no sure proofs that it was valued in its real sense and true estimation. Men were self-deceivers very often, and sometimes they purposed to themselves a miserable comfort by supposing that it made up for their ungodliness. He maintained that a neglected church, miserable furniture, dilapidated roofs, and broken walls, all were proofs of indifference to the honour and glory of God. A sincere and loving Christian ought to be able to use from his heart the words of the text "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." He thought this a reasonable conclusion. How could they have much regard for God if they allowed anything dedicated to Him to be destroyed? Whatever a man's circumstances might be, he should testify his love for God by devoting to Him the best he has, and thus acknowledging how highly he estimates His greatness and goodness. These remarks were not inappropriate to the building in which they were assembled, and which the Rector had had the happiness in his own day to see restored. Warrington possessed a magnificent Parish Church, which was well known throughout the country as one of the best and noblest of its kind; therefore they ought to let this react upon them, and always produce in their hearts and conscience a love and reverence for Almighty God, who had blessed the labours of their Rector in raising that structure many years ago, and had enabled him that day to see the noble instrument placed at the west end of the church, and which they had heard to the very greatest advantage played upon, with the greatest skill and good taste. He wanted them to be convinced that everything about a church should be of the very best, because it was dedicated to God. They ought to make everything which belonged to God and to His house and

services noble and worthy of Him, and then it would be acceptable to Him, when it was the result of genuine hearty love, when it was meant to do Him honour, for they must remember His words, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." Surely, then, the object should be to make the House of God the noblest and best and most attractive place with which they were familiar. And when they thought of heaven and high aspirations, let a lesson be enforced upon them by beauty of structure, noble praise, solemn prayer, aided by all that lifted men's thoughts upwards. The Dean, in conclusion, urged upon his hearers to show, by their liberal offerings, true gratitude to God for the blessings they enjoyed in their Parish Church.

The collections after both services amounted to £103.

Opening of the New Infirmary by the Right Hon. R. A. Cross, Home Secretary.

The New Infirmary and Dispensary, which had been in the course of erection for eighteen months, was opened by the Home Secretary, on Wednesday, January 24th, 1877. Lord Winmarleigh, Colonel Blackburne, and many other gentlemen were present, and the ceremony was an imposing one. A procession was formed at the Town Hall, which proceeded to the new building by way of Sankey Street and Legh Street. On arriving at the building, the Hundredth Psalm was sung, and I offered up the following prayers:—

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O most merciful God, who hast appointed the ministers of the Gospel to lead Thy people to the right faith in all things, we beseech Thee to hear our prayers to-day when we acknowledge Thine Almighty power and Sovereign will, in all the events which may happen to any of Thy creatures in this uncertain and transitory life. We are all liable to accident and disease, and more particularly those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. In merciful reliance on Thy Almighty goodness and protection, a short time

since we laid in faith the foundation stone of this great charitable work, which has been erected for the blessing and benefit of those Thy creatures whom Thou visitest with sickness, accident, and infirmities. Be pleased, O Lord, to hear our prayers to-day, and look down now from Heaven, Thy dwelling place, and behold and visit this spot, where the door of mercy, of charity, and of love is about to be opened by one who, like a faithful servant to his Ruler of old, —"the Lord was with him, and all that he did the Lord made it to prosper in his hand." May that prosperity descend and follow this work for ever! May God pour down upon it the abundance of His mercy, and may He bless the means that may be used for the recovery of the helpless, and those that may seek its aid! Let Thy blessing, O Lord, rest upon all who will freely minister their skill and ability in this Infirmary, for the relief of the distressed, and dispose the hearts of the afflicted to place their trust and confidence in Thee, and not in the help of man. Grant, O Lord, to all of us Thy servants assembled here to-day in pious thankfulness at the completion of this great work Thy future protection and care; and if it be Thy good pleasure to vouchsafe to us a continuance of Thy great mercies, that we may be preserved both in body and soul to carry on the good work, and so to live in holiness and righteousness all our days, that we may praise and glorify Thy holy name, both now and for ever.

Our Father, &c.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

After this the key was handed by Mr. Rigby to Mr. Cross, with some appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Cross opened the door, and he and other gentlemen made a tour of the new buildings. On arriving at the platform again, Mr. Cross spoke at length on his connection with Warrington, and of the happiness it gave him to be present on that occasion. He referred feelingly to the uses and benefit of such an institution, and thanked all present for the honour they had conferred upon him that day.

A luncheon followed the opening ceremony; and thus was inaugurated the work of one of the most beneficial institutions connected with the town of Warrington.

The Druids' A.M.D. at Warrington.

The following is taken from the *Guardian* of May 23, 1877:—

THE PROCESSION TO THE PARISH CHURCH.

On Sunday, in accordance with announcement, there was a procession to the Parish Church, for the purpose of hearing a special sermon preached by the Rector, the Rev. W. Quekett, M.A. From the Rector's well-known interest in such societies—the fact that he is the gentleman so highly eulogized by Samuel Smiles in his "Self Help," as the founder and conductor of one of the most successful of the penny banks in London, and again that he is Charles Dickens's "Model Curate"—the choice of the Druids in their preacher could not have been better. For the purpose of giving greater *éclat* to the procession, the 9th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, headed by their band, marched at the head of the procession, and as they have just received new uniforms, and mustered very strongly for the occasion, they presented a fine appearance, and formed a nice contrast to the remainder of the processionists, who were all clothed in black. The Druids were joined by members of all the friendly societies in the town, including Oddfellows, Foresters, and Shepherds, the whole procession numbering at least 1,500. The Druids and other societies appeared in white gloves and white neckties; but the Oddfellows, in memory of the late Mr. Savage, who was a member of their Order, wore black gloves and black neckties. The procession formed opposite the Grand Master's lodgings, the Patten Arms, and extended the full length of Wilson-Patten Street, headed by the Grand Master, Grand Officers, and District Grand Masters, and proceeded at ten o'clock towards the Parish Church. No distinction was made between the members of the various friendly societies, who formed themselves in procession, and walked promiscuously with the Druids. In Sankey Street the procession was, as already stated, headed by the Volunteers; and in this order they marched to the Parish Church, the band playing sacred music on the way. The whole of the streets forming the route were lined with thousands of spectators; and as the morning was exceptionally fine, the procession was in every way a success. The greatest order was maintained along the route by a body of policemen; but such was the good feeling of all that their services were scarcely

required. The processionists marched four abreast, in good order, and as all were uniformly dressed, the appearance presented was very pleasing. Arrived at the Parish Church, the procession was received by the Rector and Churchwardens, and the large company were speedily and comfortably seated without the least confusion. The sacred edifice was crammed in every part, more than 2,000 people being present.

THE SERMON.

When the Rector was asked by the local committee to preach a special sermon for their Order, and to place his church at their disposal for that morning, he at once acquiesced, and at a further request of the committee, promised to give one half of the offertory on that occasion to the Widow and Orphans' Fund. It was certainly thought by all interested in the matter that a large offertory would have been made, and consequent benefit received by the Widow and Orphans' Fund, a most deserving charity; but we regret to say that those expectations were not realized, the offertory, as will be seen, being exceedingly small for the great numbers present. The Rector preached in an exceedingly audible voice, so that everyone could hear him, and he was listened to with marked attention by all. The thanks of the Druids are certainly due to the regular congregation of the church, who so unanimously placed their seats at the disposal of the various friendly societies.

The Rector took for his text the first verse of the 13th chapter of Hebrews, "Let brotherly love continue;" but before commencing his discourse, said he desired to thank those who had contributed towards the new pulpit steps and rail, which were that day used for the first time. The improvement had added to the comfort of the minister, and was another step towards the completion of the restoration of the church. Dealing with his text, the rev. gentleman said the British Isles were very early peopled by a race who brought with them some glimmering of the patriarchal faith, and some traditional knowledge of patriarchal history; but how or by what means they came to the British Isles none can tell. Tribes came from Germany and Gaul; and they knew that the Phœnicians traded with the ancient Britons, whose priests were called Druids, and were said to have retained a belief in the existence of one supreme God. When the Romans established themselves as conquerors of Britain the authority of the Druids was destroyed. But,

though the Druids were no longer the rulers of the land, they left behind them wonderful traces of their religious faith, in the druidical remains on Salisbury Plain. There were huge masses of unhewn stone, each mass of many tons weight. They were dovetailed into each other, were 20 or 30 feet high, and arranged in a circular position. Where the stone came from and how it was erected was a perfect mystery. With ancient nations it was customary to erect monuments in commemoration of certain events; and in the Bible they read of many instances where single stones were erected as monuments of national thanksgiving, or in memory of some national victory. This was done by Joshua; and in the book of Zachariah they read of circled stones being lifted up for an "ensign upon the land." As the society, the members of which were gathered together in such numbers that day, took its name from the ancient Druids, it would be necessary to descend to the motives which actuated modern Druids, and to refer to the better state of things which now existed through the blessings of the Gospel. In the New Testament they were frequently reminded of the great principle of brotherly love, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another," and again, "This is My commandment, that ye love one another." "Bear ye one another's burdens," said St. Paul, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." . . . . For the purpose of carrying out the great principles of brotherly love, societies such as the Druids had been instituted. Considering that those who were before him were principally members of that and other kindred societies, it was hardly necessary for him to go into detail on the advantages to be derived from a connection with such institutions. Those who were members would, no doubt, be well aware of the benefits they would be entitled to in times of distress or sickness. It behoved all men to make provision for these times of calamity. Such societies were well calculated to implant in their minds a spirit of independence, and where such societies had been established and encouraged, those who neglected to become members were deserving of blame, and were not objects for much commiseration, who, in the energy of youth and sunshine of life, were unable to make regular payments to such societies for the purpose of providing for those calamities which were incidental to life. The wisdom of becoming members of such societies must be evident to all. They enabled them to discharge their duties to one another in a proper manner, and further enabled them to carry out the Divine injunction, "Let brotherly love continue." These

societies enabled them to provide for themselves and families, secured them from becoming burdens upon others, and encouraged them to entertain more lofty principles. The members of these societies were required to be sober and moral, and to abstain from all practices which might tend to hasten death. He urged upon them all to bear in mind the guiding principles of their society, to continue steadfast in brotherly love, and by their offering that day show that they had the interest of their fellows at heart. A continual support to such valuable institutions was most beneficial. They led to destruction of pauperism, and must bring about a number of great and beneficial results. They denounced vice, encouraged all virtues, made their supporters to be independent, and assisted them in the discharge of all social and domestic duties. After referring to the great growth of such societies, the good they had done, and the fact that Government had taken them under its protection to prevent any misapplication, and to keep the members from being wronged in any way, the rev. gentleman concluded by urging upon his hearers the duty of loyalty. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, says St. Paul; for there is no power but of God—the powers that be are ordained of God. Solomon, the wisest of the sons of men, ages before Christ had joined together religion and loyalty, as equally binding upon the consciences of mankind, his long experience had taught him what would best promote the welfare both of individuals and of society at large; and he accordingly delivered this wholesome injunction to his own subjects, and to the people of all after times:—"My son, fear thou the Lord, and the King, and meddle not with those who are given to change." He saw that the foundation of all happiness, public as well as private, must be religion, or the fear of the Lord; but he was also aware that it was necessary to couple loyalty, or allegiance to the Sovereign, with religion, in order to maintain national tranquillity and peace, to ensure to all ranks and degrees into which the community is divided the enjoyment of their respective rights and possessions, to preserve to the rich that property which they inherited from their fathers, and to secure to the poorer classes the gains of their honest industry, and the exact fulfilment of the conditions of any charitable institution founded for their benefit; and hence it was, that he concluded his admonition with those never-to-be-forgotten words, "Meddle not with those who are given to change," as if he had said, Do not listen to murmurers and deceivers who stir up the people to discontent, or excite them to

insurrection. Let us then, my brethren, obey the commands of St. Paul, and listen to the wise advice of Solomon, and turn away from those who would lead you to the disobedience of the laws and of the governing powers; but, like honest men, good citizens, loyal subjects, and sincere Christians, let us honour our Sovereign, love our country; and should we ever be threatened by enemies abroad, or at home, let us range ourselves under the banner of our ancient constitution, and leave the wise disposal of events in the hands of God, who ruleth all things wisely for the general good.

The collection was then made, and was found to amount to £9 19s. 10½d.

Service being over, the procession was re-formed outside the church, and, headed by the band and Volunteers, returned to the point from which they started, Wilson-Patten Street, and there dismissed. Soon after the procession broke up, the rain came on; but fortunately held up during the morning.

Resigning the Secretaryship of the Clergy Charities.

I had held the honorary office of Secretary to the Clergy Institutions for 23 years, when in 1877 I felt it necessary, from failing health, to tender my resignation.

At the anniversary on Thursday, August 2nd, in that year, the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Fraser) said he thought they ought to receive the resignation of the Rector of Warrington with very great regret. He was sure they would all agree that he had discharged his work with great zeal and love, and would all join with him in carrying a resolution expressing their thanks to him for what he had done.

Lord Winmarleigh seconded the resolution, and regretted that the state of the Rector's health would not permit him to continue his duties any longer. He trusted he might have better health in the future, and a long life before him.

The motion was then put by the Chairman (Mr. E. Hardcastle, M.P.) and carried unanimously.

The Rev. Canon Gore said, that as Mr. Quekett would lose his place on the Committee by his resignation, it would be a graceful act if they were to elect him a life member.

This was accordingly done; and though I have relinquished for ten years the active work I carried on for these Institutions, I have never ceased to take the warmest interest in their welfare and progress.

Laying the Foundation Stone of St. Peter's Workingman's Club.

(From the *Warrington Guardian*, of July 18th, 1877.)

The Foundation Stone of the above Club was laid on Saturday afternoon, July 14th, 1877, by Mrs. Quekett, a large number of persons, including most of the clergy of the town, and several ladies and gentlemen, being present. The whole of the materials for the building, which is situated at the end of John Street, had been given by the various tradespeople of the town. The Rev. Mr. Schönberg (the Incumbent), who first suggested the desirability of providing a room in which the working-men could spend their evenings in a sober, pleasurable, and instructive manner, and by whom the subsequent arrangements have been so successfully carried out, paid a visit to the Bricksetters' Club, and prevailed upon from forty to fifty of the members to assist in the erection of the building in their leisure hours. Carpenters, joiners, and other workmen residing in the parish also kindly offered their services, and it is expected the club will be opened in three or four months. The order of the ceremony at the laying of the stone was as follows:—A hymn; the reading of the 121st psalm; prayer; and another hymn.

The Rev. M. Schönberg then said: We have no time for lengthened speeches, and so I shall at once proceed to business, and tell a simple tale. Some fifteen months ago we formed a temperance association in this town. We had two speakers down from Liverpool—very able men, indeed—and a very interesting meeting was held. We found that it was very necessary there should be resorts for working-men, places in which they could spend their evenings. If there were large families the homes of the working-men were perhaps not sufficiently comfortable, and after a hard day's work they wanted a little relaxation. The matter was discussed, and I took upon myself, with many misgivings, to start a working-man's club. Without going into detail, I may simply say that I have so far met with very great success. I have never

been refused anything for which I have asked, and in some cases money was given which was not asked for. I shall now proceed to the business of the day. I have very great pleasure in presenting to Mrs. Quekett this very beautiful trowel, with which she will perform this interesting ceremony, a ceremony which I hope will not be forgotten in Warrington when we who took part in it have been laid in the churchyard. The trowel bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs. Quekett on the occasion of her laying the foundation stone of St. Peter's Workingman's Club, Warrington, July 14th, 1877."

Mrs. Quekett then proceeded to discharge the duty she had undertaken, and declared the stone "to be well and truly laid," hearty cheers being given for her, for Mr. and Mrs. Beamont, and for Mr. Schönberg. The stone, which bore a suitable inscription, was presented by Mr. Ephraim Aukland.

As rain began to fall, the out-door proceedings were somewhat hurriedly brought to a conclusion by the pronouncing of the Benediction, an adjournment being made to the schools, where about seventy persons sat down to a substantial tea. After tea, the Rev. M. Schönberg said: When the idea of the working-man's club was first mentioned I could not see my way before me, but as time went on the difficulties gradually lessened, tradesmen promising to help me with material, and working-men and bricklayers by labouring for me. We have succeeded beyond measure, and if we can go on for a few months longer, and if the interest can be continued amongst the working-men, I hope to see the building completed before the arrival of the cold weather. When the idea was first named, Mrs. Quekett was kind enough to say, "I will help you with bricks," which she subsequently did by giving me a thousand. (Applause.)

Mr. Schönberg then went on to mention in detail the gifts of materials and money which had enabled him to begin the building; and he added:—

"I am very sorry for one thing, and that is that the Rector is not with us. Had he been present we should have enjoyed our tea better; but we are glad to see Mrs. Quekett, who has so kindly laid the foundation stone. Although the Rector is not here, he has not forgotten us."

He then called upon Mr. Beamont to address the meeting, and that gentleman most happily spoke of the homes and duties of the working-people.

The Rev. M. Schönberg then said: Mrs. Quekett has kindly promised to tell us a tale, and I have now great pleasure in calling upon her to do so.

Mrs. Quekett, who was warmly cheered on rising, said: I think the tale is intended for the children, and not for the other persons I see present. In the first place, I must tell you that the Rector is exceedingly sorry that he was unable to be present to-day, but he is suffering from his old enemy, rheumatism, and is therefore obliged to take care of himself, so as to do duty in church to-morrow; otherwise he fully intended to be here. The tale I am going to give would have been better told by him. A great many years ago, when my husband was a clergyman in London, in 1848 or 1849, the railway directors leased to him the arches under a bridge so that he might make schools of them. They were leased to him for 100 years at the small rent of £20 a year. After filling these schools with a thousand children, he found that the population of the neighbourhood increased so rapidly that he required much larger schools. He therefore went into one of the schoolrooms one morning whilst the children were assembled, and said, "Now, little children, I want you when you go home to tell your fathers and mothers that these schools are especially needed for you in this large parish, and that if they will give me what they can to purchase bricks, and whatever more they can afford, it will be gratefully received." In the afternoon my husband received a message from one of the teachers to say that two little children, one four years of age and the other six, had come to the school, and had each brought a new brick. My husband went down to the school in the afternoon, and, addressing the children, said, "I call this a good omen, and if we get enough bricks, these two shall be laid on the foundation stone by these two little children." (Applause.) In course of time the stone was laid, the ceremony being performed by Lord Robert Grosvenor; and these two little children, neatly dressed, came forward, each laying a yellow brick on the top of the foundation stone. One of the children, a little boy, had been taught a short prayer, which he repeated. When I went to London, some years ago, my husband took me to the spot, and in one corner of this large building there are two yellow bricks, which may be distinctly seen. (Applause.) Why should you not bring money to buy bricks in the same way? What my husband meant was that each child should bring the value of a brick, or whatever else he could afford. Every one of your parents can do something. When Mr.

Schönberg had a tea party in the winter, and appealed to those who were present for help, I said to Miss Schönberg, who was sitting next to me—"Tell your papa I shall be very happy to give him some bricks, and to help him in any way I can." I am very much obliged to you for so patiently listening to me.

After some further speeches, and a vote of thanks having been given to Mrs. Quekett for her kindness in laying the foundation stone, the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

Holidays in Scotland.

Mrs. Quekett's son, Mr. R. G. Webster, now member of Parliament for East St. Pancras, rented for five years a large moor in Scotland from the Duke of Argyll, to which, every autumn, he gave to his mother and myself, and to many of his old college and barrister friends, most hospitable and warm-hearted invitations.

The house he took with the shooting was "Limecraigs," about three-quarters of a mile from Campbeltown. It had been the old "Dower House" of former Duchesses of Argyll, and contained many small bed-rooms, which were most suitable for the entertainment of a number of gentlemen guests. Mrs. Quekett used each year to take down her riding-horse, and I a favourite pony. Limecraigs had sufficient stabling, and there were, moreover, a productive garden, beautiful grounds, a splendid avenue of lime trees forming the carriage-drive, and last—but not least, for I can almost hear the snoring of the birds to this day—a rookery, the inmates of which kept me awake many a long night. It was altogether a romantic and beautiful spot, and I greatly enjoyed, year by year, the change to this health-giving country. Though unable to join in the grouse shooting, in which the younger men seemed almost daily to revel after their nine miles' drive to the moors, I had the quieter amusements of rabbit shooting, fishing, and driving about the country. There was splendid fishing both in the bay and in a freshwater lake, "Ben Gollion," just behind the house. The trout in the lake were very abundant, and taking them was good sport. Mr. Webster had also a yacht in the bay, and sometimes the pleasures on land were varied by a trip to sea. On one occasion the party went to Belfast and Londonderry.

Our life was essentially a merry one in these autumn gatherings. The young Cambridge men, so full of life and energy, so promising

as to future career, kept the whole place alive with their holiday fun; and the gamekeeper and the gillies, with their quaint Scotch stories and droll humour, helped to enliven even the days of rain and mist.

On fine afternoons Mrs. Quekett cantered off on horseback to meet the returning sportsmen, and many were the joyous *résumés* at dinner after the out-door pursuits of the day.

On two occasions, in successive years, Mr. Webster and Mrs. Quekett gave large dances to the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. The Dowager Lady Campbell, of South Park, very kindly assisted on both occasions. The gentry from as far as twelve miles came to Limecraigs for these entertainments; and we all found much enjoyment in the pleasant gatherings.

One of Mrs. Quekett's favourite rides was to Kiel House, ten miles from Limecraigs by the coast. Here there was always a hearty welcome and liberal hospitality given by Mr. and Mrs. Fleming.

Mrs. Quekett and I look back upon our autumns at Limecraigs as some of the very happiest periods in our lives.

R. G. Webster, Esq., M.P.

Mrs. Quekett's son, Mr. Robert Grant Webster, was educated at St. Peter's College, Radley, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first class in Political Economy, and graduated LL.B. He kept Law terms at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1869. Naturally gifted, he has had a singularly progressive career; and as the worthy son of a good mother, he deserves still further to advance in his public life.

In the fourth year of his lease of the moor in Scotland from the Duke of Argyll, he determined to visit his property in China, and to go "round the world." He had the advantage of visiting all the most important cities of India under the guidance of his uncle, Colonel Dodgson; and when he wished to go up to Simla and Cashmere, that officer very kindly found for him a suitable escort. He stayed for some time in China, and went over to Japan, so as to make enquiry into trade, manufactures, and commerce; and he afterwards crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, and came home through "the States" and Canada. He has often told us of the remarkable precision of the steamers between Asia and America; for in mid-ocean the two steamers crossing the Pacific meet within

an hour of the calculated time. In America, Mr. Webster pursued his enquiries into the state of trade; and the outcome of this "trip round the world" was eventually his work on "The Trade of the World"—a book which has been widely circulated and most highly reviewed. I append a notice of it given in the *Warrington Guardian* of January 10, 1880.

Mr. Webster has given to the world other fruits of literary effort; notably "The Law on Canals," which in the popular interest consequent upon the Manchester Ship Canal undertakings, has made a reputation for its author as a legal specialist in canal enquiries. For several years Mr. Webster took a leading part on the Metropolitan Board of Works, and will leave a lasting memorial of the fact that he was a member of that body in having proposed that the name of "Shaftesbury Avenue" should be given to that now well-known great thoroughfare in London—a proposition which was heartily and unanimously carried.

Mr. Webster was returned as Member of Parliament for East St. Pancras in the general election of 1886. Since his return, he has been an able and zealous adherent of the Government, and has during the past autumn been most active in addressing large political audiences in various parts of the country, having taken a leading part in no less than twenty important Unionist meetings during the autumn and winter recess of 1887; the last two of which were in support of the candidatures of the present sitting members for Dulwich and Winchester. Mr. Webster does not often rise and speak in debate in the House of Commons. When he does so it is chiefly on questions affecting British trade, or our colonies, or on those relating to local government. Whenever he speaks he invariably displays an intimate knowledge of the subject under discussion, and is, therefore, listened to with attention. He is essentially a popular member of our Imperial Senate.

"THE TRADE OF THE WORLD."

(From the *Warrington Guardian* of January 10th, 1880.)

This volume, of 444 pages, published by Bogue, Trafalgar Square, London, and dedicated, by permission, to the Prince of Wales, is the production of Robert G. Webster, Esq., barrister-at-law, a gentleman who spent some of his early years in Warrington, and has been very favourably known as a writer on previous occasions.

Advancing beyond the fields of marvellously amusing and instructive fiction, as in "Shoulder to Shoulder," we now meet Mr. Webster in the regions of facts, figures, and—we fear in some cases—fallacies. He takes the "Trade of the World" as his theme, and we must give him credit for overcoming initial difficulties, and mastering his subject before commencing to write upon it. This he has not only done by very extensive reading, but by widespread and extensive travel. America, Japan, China, and India have been laid under a personal tribute; and we feel that the facts and figures laid before us are original and fresh, even when we cannot agree with the deductions drawn therefrom.

Mr. Webster starts with the statement that he willingly admits that great evils might arise if we resorted to the old system known as Protection; and states that his object is simply to ascertain what are the best means to preserve and increase our trade. With such an object in view he literally surveys the trade of the world, taking each nation and all our colonies in order; and we venture to say that no one who carefully accompanies him can rise from the task without being brimful of that kind of information on trade and foreign lands which every well-educated Englishman is expected to possess, and which certainly no politician should be without. We are happy to be able to congratulate Mr. Webster on the development of those studious, statistical, and mercantile and literary powers which some years ago were recognized at Cambridge by Professor Fawcett.

As of some local interest, we may add that Mr. Webster's handsome volume is the production of the Crewe Printing Works.

Reception of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne at Campbeltown after their Marriage.

During Mr. Webster's "trip round the world" the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne was celebrated; and shortly after their marriage they came up into Argyllshire, and were enthusiastically welcomed. At Campbeltown the bay was gay with vessels, yachts, and boats, all prettily decorated; and amongst these Mr. Webster's small yacht, the "Carina," had its due share of adornment. The town was bright with flags and decorations, and everything wore a thorough holiday aspect. The nobility and leading gentry of the whole district came to meet Her Royal

Highness and her much-beloved young consort; and the Mayor and Corporation presented an address of welcome.

Bands of music paraded the streets, cannon were fired, the people wore their holiday dress, a grand banquet was given, and the whole neighbourhood was altogether *en fête*.

In the evening the streets and houses were illuminated, and the bay looked bright and beautiful beyond measure from the illumination of the various yachts and vessels.

Mrs. Quekett erected at the entrance to Limecraigs a large triumphal arch, and in the evening this arch and the trees of the avenue and those near the house were lit up with Chinese lanterns, which produced the effect of a gay and festive scene.

Next morning the Princess and the Marquis walked through the triumphal arch and up the long avenue to Limecraigs House.

The New Diocese of Liverpool.

At his visitation, on Friday, May 2nd, 1879, the Venerable Archdeacon Jones announced the approaching sub-division of the diocese of Chester, and the formation, from the Lancashire portion of it, of the new diocese of Liverpool.

The Venerable Archdeacon said:—"I am thankful, my friends, to be permitted in God's providence to meet you once more in this hallowed place. Many of you have met me here year after year, and some, perhaps, for the first time on this occasion. We are reminded by what is continually taking place that life is uncertain, and that those we meet to-day we may never meet again. Many whom I met years ago have passed into another world, admonishing those who still remain that time is short. Yes, man departs hence as a flower of the field; the grass withereth and decayeth, and so doth man. But we are reminded that the Word of the Lord abideth for ever, and as His Word abideth for ever so does His Church, which is founded upon it. That Church, of which the Saviour is the head, was the same yesterday, and will be the same to-day and for ever. But though the Church abideth in its spiritual capacity, it is ever changing, like the world in which it is placed. The Church as a constitution may vary very much in its arrangements. The population increases, and a parish has to be divided again and again to suit this increase. The parish, for instance, in which my own church is placed was only recently one large area, one parish church

with its chapel of ease; but now church after church has arisen. You have an example in your own immediate neighbourhood. My friend Canon Hopwood, with his large parish, had to make surrenders from time to time of territory for other churches; and perhaps the time may come when further sub-division may be rendered necessary. Well, my friends, as it is with parishes so it is with dioceses. These large dioceses in the North of England have been necessarily divided from time to time. The diocese of Chester is not now as it was when I first became acquainted with it as an incumbent in Liverpool. In the year 1815, when I went to that town as a youthful incumbent, the diocese of Chester extended from the borders of Flintshire in the South, to St. Bees in Cumberland in the North, embracing portions of the six counties of Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and part of Flintshire, comprising an area of 5,000 square miles. Yet the population of the diocese was not half what it is now, even in its reduced state. It so continued until the time of the episcopate of Bishop Sumner. It was necessary then to make a division, and an Act of Parliament was passed, first for the creation of the see of Ripon, which took a large slice from this diocese, and then for the diocese of Manchester, which was included in the diocese of Chester. Then another great slice was taken off, and some of it given to Carlisle, and now, at last, the time has come when there is an outcry for another division. You know what that division will be. It will be the taking off from the see of Chester the large and populous town of Liverpool, and from Liverpool to Wigan will be converted into another diocese, the diocese of Liverpool. You know that a Bill was passed last August for this arrangement to be carried into execution when once the endowment fund can be raised, and it has been nearly raised. Fresh exertions are to be made, and I trust you will exert yourselves as much as possible to complete the endowment fund, in order that this Act may be carried into effect, and that this important diocese of Liverpool may be formed as speedily as possible. The diocese of Liverpool, when formed, will be small in its area, and will consist of only about 408 square miles, or less than one-twelfth of the area of the diocese of Chester in the year 1803. Yet such has been the increase of population in these latter days that the Bishopric of Liverpool, though so small in extent, will embrace more inhabitants than the whole Bishopric of Chester, including Manchester and other places, in the year 1801. That shows us the immense strides which are made by the increasing

population of the day. We may view this matter with different feelings, some with perfect indifference, as it will produce no change in their proceedings. To churchwardens it will make little or no difference, but it will make a great difference to some who, like myself, have carried on their ministerial work for 63 or 64 years in the old diocese, which will be rent asunder. It will be with a sorrowful heart that I shall bid adieu to the old Cathedral of Chester and to its beloved Bishop, under whose government we have all lived so long and so happily. But we must not be selfish creatures here. We have a work to perform, and we have to think of others rather than ourselves, and the benefit of posterity. That idea renders the division to which I have referred most important. Bidding adieu to all private feelings, let us put our hands to the work, and do all we can to effect such an important change for the benefit of posterity. I shall personally experience much sorrow and regret at the change, and I have no doubt it will also be a matter of great regret to the Bishop himself to part with so many of his clergy who have been endeared to him for so many years; but, at the same time, it will be a timely assistance to him as well as to myself, for we are getting older and older, and feel more and more the burdens of our official duties. I rejoice to think that the burden will be lightened by this division, and that the see of Chester will derive a great benefit by having the undivided attention of the present Bishop. I exhort every one of you to return to your various parishes determined by God's blessing to do your duty manfully and honestly; for the office of churchwarden, with which most of you are so very familiar, is a very important one. As a nation expects every man to do his duty, so the Church most emphatically expects all her ministers and officials of whatever grade to do the same."

Last Confirmation at the Parish Church, by the Bishop of Chester.

(From the *Warrington Guardian*, April 10, 1880.)

On Thursday morning a Confirmation was held at the Parish Church, when 139 female and 111 male candidates presented themselves. The rite was performed by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, who said that this would be the last time he would come to Warrington to undertake the duty, which would henceforth

devolve upon the new Bishop of Liverpool. His Lordship, who was greatly pleased with the arrangement of the church, added that he had only come out of respect to the Rector. There was a large attendance of parishioners during the performance of the rite.

Last Interview with my friend Stutfield.

The oldest friend I had in London was Mr. Stutfield, whose office was close to the Churchyard wall of St. George's-in-the-East. He lived in Tavistock Square, but used to come down to his counting-house every day in his carriage. From my first entry upon the curacy, Mr. Stutfield sought to win my friendship; and at length our intimacy so ripened that I saw him every day, and usually dined with him in Tavistock Square once or twice a-week, going with him in the carriage, and making my way back to East London on foot. It was my custom to wait in his counting-house every day till the funerals came, and in these hours of waiting we discussed many things, opening our minds and hearts to each other as only the closest and truest friendship can allow men to do. We were, in fact, like brothers.

On my appointment to Warrington his wife got up as a testimonial and presented to me a silver tea-service, subscribed for by the members of the congregation of St. George's-in-the-East; and I well remember the real sorrow which was expressed at the approaching separation.

After my leaving London I did not see much of Mr. Stutfield; for my work in Warrington became too heavy to allow of my being much in London; and on retiring from business some years after he went to live on an estate of his at Hildersham, near Cambridge. While residing at Hildersham, he lost his wife, and feeling, I suppose, the loneliness of this country home, he returned to London, fixing his abode in Belsize Park.

A few years ago I determined to pay him a visit; and knowing that he was a man of active habits, and would probably be difficult to find on a week day, I chose a Sunday afternoon for my visit, as I then hoped to find both himself and his daughter at home.

I expected that time would have made some changes in his appearance, as it certainly had done in mine, for I had begun to grow a beard which altered me considerably. On reaching the house, about half-past five or six, I rang and asked to see him.

The maid said—"What name shall I give?" and I replied, "Don't say anything about my name. I am one of Mr. Stutfield's oldest friends, but we have not met for a long time."

I was shown into his room, and saw my friend, whom I should have recognised anywhere. He did not appear to have the slightest idea as to who I was; and I determined not to tell my name, but to lead him by little matters of speech and incident, once so familiar to both of us, to guess at my identity. As I stood looking at him, he said—"Won't you take a seat, sir?" and on my sitting down, still silent, he asked—"Pray, sir, what may be your business with me?"

"Just a little conversation, that is all," I replied.

He was a little uneasy, thinking, no doubt, that I was either a professional beggar, or one of those clergy who are continually making appeals to the benevolent.

I drew my chair nearer, and he eyed me curiously, but not the slightest token of recognition betrayed itself on his countenance.

I looked up at the window, and said, as in the old days, "The old clock is still a minute or two fast."

Then a change passed over his face, but it was not that of recollection, but of increased perplexity. He took me to be mad: I could see it written in his scared look.

"Bother that fellow!" I said, as if in anger, "he never does ring that bell in proper time."

My friend was getting quietly desperate. If I could not bring him to an understanding, I was in danger of being turned out of doors.

I hit upon a name which I thought would "fetch" him. Among the undertakers who had the charge of funerals at St. George's-in-the-East, was one of the name of Scotcher. This man was supposed to have the highest connection in his business, and had earned a reputation for grandeur in conducting funerals by causing the hearse and coaches to come at a creeping pace all the way to the church. This reputation was gained by his too frequently taking advantage of the time when the bell was tolling for some one else. He was never punctual, and his conduct as a "slow walker" was often the subject of severe animadversion on my part. I, therefore, reverted to this, saying—

"Ah! Scotcher is a slow walker still."

But he seemed utterly oblivious to my reference; and I felt I must try again. Endeavouring to imitate my tone of former years I enquired—"Any news in your *Times* to-day?"

He answered quite readily—as to the events of the day, but without any sense of the real object of my question.

"Well!" I said as in the old days, "I must be off now!"

I could not help fancying he looked considerably relieved; doubtless glad to be rid of the presence of a man whose conversation was, to say the least of it, peculiar.

But at last I found the right key.

"Won't I blow up old Verral!" I said, starting up from my chair.

The effect was electrical, "If it isn't old Quekett," he cried out, grasping my hand with a delight I shall never forget. "Oh, you old fellow! Why did you impose upon me like that?"

I thought he would never have done shaking hands; and then, as if the fun was too good to be kept to himself, he said—

"Do let us go and take Mary in too; don't say a word about it."

And he led me into another room where his daughter was sitting.

But the maid, whose curiosity had been aroused at my entrance, and who had probably listened at the door, had been beforehand with us; and Mary came forward smiling brightly and said—

"I know who it is."

We spent a very happy evening, and this was the last time I saw one of the truest and best friends I have ever had.

Attention to Sermons.

It is a matter of common complaint among the clergy that people are indifferent to their sermons. I have never found this to be the case in my own experience as a preacher; and, indeed, I have had much testimony as to the interest the congregation have taken in all I have felt it right to bring before them.

Perhaps the following verses written about this time will help to bear out what I have just said. Whatever may be their merit, they convey something of the feeling which the sermon was meant to inspire:—

THE BLIND MAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

(From the *Warrington Advertiser*.)

August 12th, 1883. 12th Sunday after Trinity. After hearing

the Rev. W. Quekett, Rector of Warrington, preach from St. Luke xviii. 36-8.

Lead me out of the city,
With all its dirt and din ;
I'll sit down by the roadside,
And peace and quiet win.

Here I can breathe more freely,
My shattered nerves grow strong ;
To be blind is a great affliction,
And the days seem dull and long.

I hear the noise of the rabble,
That I thought I had left behind ;
"What is it all about ? " I cry,
"You see that I am blind."

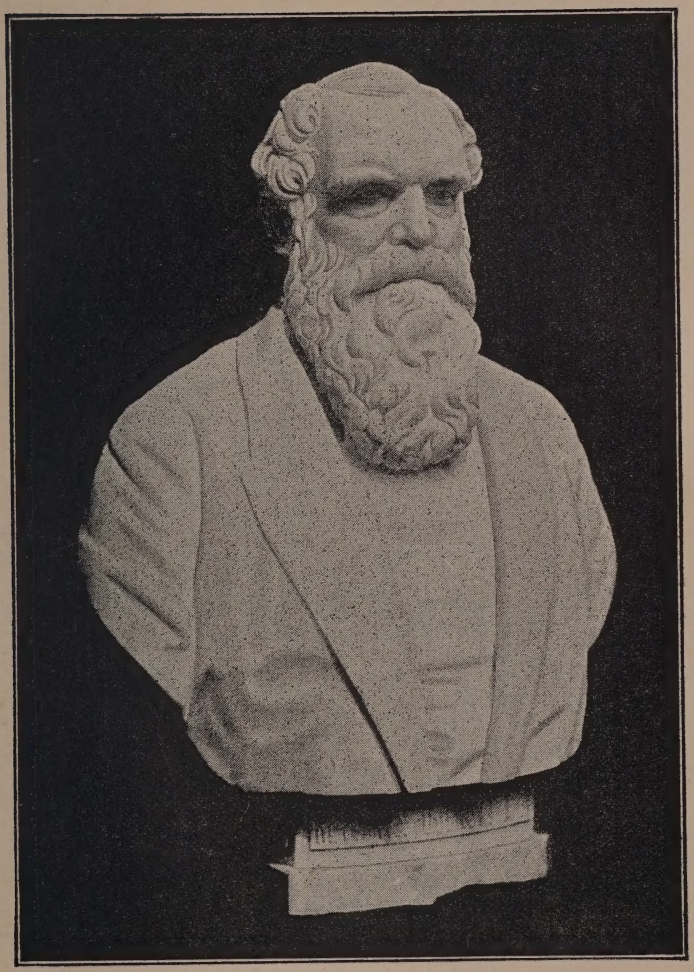
I can hear the tramp of many feet,
As on the ground I lie ;
And many voices answer me,
"'Tis Jesus passes by."

And then I raise my voice and cry—
For I am sore within—
"Have mercy on me, David's son ;
And take away my sin."

And soon the scales drop from mine eyes,
And glorious is the light ;
My groping days have passed away,
My blindness turned to sight.

May many more be in the way,
When Jesus passes by ;
And gain relief as well as him
Whom Jesus thus heard cry.

WARRINGTONIAN.



BUST OF THE RECTOR OF WARRINGTON.

Presented to him by the Inhabitants, 1883.

Presentation of my Bust.

The parishioners of Warrington were very desirous to present me with something which should convey the sense of their esteem and gratitude for so long a ministry among them. Accordingly, arrangements were made with Mr. Warrington Wood, the well-known sculptor, himself a Warrington man, that I should sit for a bust to be designed and carved by him in his studio at Rome. The *Warrington Guardian* of Wednesday, June 20, 1883, announced that the bust had arrived and was on view at the office of that paper; and in the following October the presentation was made to me in due form.

The following report of the presentation is from the *Guardian* of Wednesday, October 10, 1883:—

INTERESTING PRESENTATION TO THE RECTOR OF WARRINGTON.

UNVEILING OF THE BUST.

THE RECTOR AND HIS WORK.

The marble bust of the Rector of Warrington (the Rev. W. Quekett, M.A.), which has been so ably executed by Mr. J. Warrington Wood, was presented by the ex-Mayor (Alderman Pickmere) in the Council Chamber at the Town Hall, Warrington, on Monday afternoon, in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, including the Mayor (Councillor Crosfield, J.P.),

Mr. Arthur Crosfield
Mr. E. Aukland
Councillor J. Ashton
Mr. and Mrs. Birtles
Mr. and Mrs. Bottomley
Miss Boyle
Councillor Broadbent
Councillor and Mrs. Brown
Councillor and Mrs. Barker
Mrs. and Miss Boskow
Rev. E. C. E. and Mrs. Carleton
Mr. Charles Chorley
Councillor Caldwell
Mr. and Mrs. Coates
Mrs. J. and Miss Chrimes
Rev. Canon and Mrs. Dodd
Mr. S. Davies
Miss Davies
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dewhurst
Mr. Davison
Mr. and Mrs. R. Fairclough
Miss Farrington
Councillor and Mrs. R. W. Francomb
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Gill
Mr. J. Gaskell
Alderman and Mrs. Harrison
Councillor and Mrs. Hutchinson

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Higham
Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Miss Leach
Mrs. C. Haines
Mr. Thomas Hall
Mr. and Mrs. Hunt
Mrs. R. Hatton
Rev. J. Harrison (curate of Holy Trinity)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jolley
Miss Joynson
Mr. Kay
Alderman Kean
Mrs. and Miss Kidd
Mr. J. P. and Miss Leigh
Captain Nicholson
Councillor R. W. and Mrs. Marsh
Dr. and Mrs. McFall
Dr. Mackie and Miss Gray
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore
Mr. and Mrs. Partington
Alderman Pickmere
Mr. R. and the Misses Pickmere
Mr. N. B., Mrs., and Miss Percival
Mr. William Porter
Mrs. Quekett
Rev. G. F. and Mrs. Roberts
Miss Rigby
Mr. A. and Mrs. Reid
Mr. George Riley
Mr. Thomas, Mrs., and the Misses Robinson
Mr. C. E. Rowley
Mr. W. Royston
Miss Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. James Smethurst
Mr. and Mrs. Stanton
Alderman Thewlis
Councillor and Mrs. Taylor
Mr. Frederick Taylor
Mrs. and Miss Taylor (Horse-market-street)
Mr. H. Thornton
Rev. S., Mrs., and Miss Wilkinson
Rev. W. Wilson (Burtonwood)
Mr. C. White, Miss White, and Miss S. White
Mr. and Mrs. Walton
Miss Wainwright
Mr. A. and Mrs. Woods
Mrs. W. Woods
Mrs. W. S. Woods
Miss Allen
Councillor Woolfall
Councillor J. E. and Mrs. Wright
Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Whittle
Miss Webb
Rev. Canon and Mrs. Whitley
Mrs. R. Young

The long table in the centre of the room, round which the members sit at the meetings of the Council, had been removed, and increased accommodation for the guests was thus afforded. The bust was placed on a table immediately in front of the portrait of Mr. Beamont, and from this end of the room the presentation and speeches took place. Several plants from the conservatories in the Park Gardens, neatly arranged by the head gardener, Mr. Green, stood on temporary brackets, and in other convenient places, and the effect was very pleasing. The greatest care and attention had also been bestowed upon the vestibule, which contained a large number of choice plants and ferns, including several splendid acacias. The guests began to assemble shortly before four o'clock, and about a quarter-past the room was well filled.

The Mayor, shortly afterwards, said he was asked by Mr. Robinson, the hon. sec., to allow the presentation to be made in the Council Chamber, and he need scarcely tell them that as Mayor of the borough it was a great pleasure to him to give his consent. They had frequently to use the Council Chamber for various purposes, but he thought the ceremony that day was one of the most pleasing that had been performed in it since the Town Hall became the property of the Corporation. (Applause.) It would afford pleasure to every lady and gentleman present to witness the presentation of the bust to the Rector. (Hear, hear.) He should first of all call upon Mr. Robinson to read several letters he had received from gentlemen who were not able to be present, and then he would ask Alderman Pickmere to make the presentation. He wished to explain that he was not able to perform the ceremony himself, because he had to receive the bust from the Rector after it had been presented, and he would be in rather a curious position if he presented it and then received it. (Laughter.) He thought it was only right he should make that explanation. (Applause.)

Mr. Robinson then read the following letters :—

"Winmarleigh, Garstang, October 6th, 1883. Lord Winmarleigh and the Misses Wilson-Patten regret that it will not be in their power to attend the meeting at the Town Hall on Monday, the 8th, to witness the presentation of the bust of the Rector of Warrington."

"Eccle Riggs, Broughton-in-Furness, 5th October. Sir Richard Cross has received the invitation for October 8th to be present at the presentation of the bust of the Rev. W. Quekett. It is with great regret that he finds himself unable to attend, as he will then be on his way to Ireland on public business."

"Deanwater, Woodford, Stockport, October 6th. Bishop Kelly regrets that another engagement on Monday, October 8th, will prevent him from accepting the courteous invitation of the committee to be present at the Council Chamber, Warrington Town Hall, on the afternoon of that day. Thos. Robinson, Esq., hon. sec."

"Summer House, Warrington, October 7th. Dear Sir,—I regret that a previous engagement prevents me being present at the presentation to the Rector to-morrow.—I am, yours faithfully, J. G. McMinnies."

"Winwick, 5th October. Dear Sir,—I am obliged by the invitation of the committee to attend the presentation to Mr. Quekett of

his bust, but am sorry to say that neither I nor Lady Elinor shall be able to be present on that occasion.—Thanking you for your invitation, I am, yours faithfully, F. G. Hopwood."

"Apsley Cottage, Stockport, 6th October. Dear Sir,—I am very sorry to find that I am compelled by an important local engagement to forego the intended pleasure of being present on Monday at the presentation of the bust to my good friend the Rector. I trust, however, that you will have a good time of it, and that the Rector may live many years yet to look at it, and remember hosts of friends and admirers of the great Church work he has done in Warrington. Few men have possessed the vigour of character combined with the Christian virtues and attraction of others to his sphere that our dear old Rector has for so many years displayed, and which have enabled him to do so much for the Church interest and the people.—Again regretting my enforced absence, I am, yours faithfully, S. W. Wilkinson."

Letters had also been received from the Rev. Wm. G. Longden, South Norwood; Mr. James Nicholson and Mr. James Marson, who were unavoidably absent.

The Mayor.—I now call upon Alderman Pickmere to present the bust.

Alderman Pickmere said he had the proud honour of being asked to present the magnificent bust of their esteemed Rector. Why the committee had chosen him he could scarcely say, as there were many gentlemen in the town who could have made the presentation in more eloquent terms. In presenting that tribute of their respect and affection it showed their appreciation of the good work the Rector had done for the glory of God and the welfare and future happiness of their fellow-townsmen. He dared say that most present had heard that when the Rector first came to Warrington his name had been rendered famous by a very popular and esteemed writer, the late Charles Dickens, who alluded to him in one of his papers as a curate from the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, London, who had performed wonders in his parish. Well, they all knew that when the Rector came amongst them he brought his knowledge and experience to bear on his work, and in a very few years he contrived by some means or other to raise sufficient funds to enlarge, to beautify, and to restore their grand old parish church with its noble spire, a church they were all proud of, and a church the poorest could worship in in simplicity and truth. (Applause.)

The Rector had always studied to avoid anything which might tend to annoy the feelings of his parishioners with reference to the manner in which the services were conducted, and they had been plain and unvarnished, simple and truthful. It was particularly the church of the poor man, the church of the artizan who went there to be married, and when life's work was done, he had often seen the relatives of the deceased attend there, dressed in mourning, to receive the benefits of the Church. All knew the Rector as well as he did. He deserved the tribute about to be presented to him, and he heartily hoped he would be spared for many years to see it; at all events he now had the satisfaction of knowing that in future, after his death, when his friends and relatives looked upon the bust, they would say that he had done his duty as Rector of Warrington. (Applause.) He was very proud to have the pleasure of presenting his old friend, if he might be so allowed to call him—for he worked with him as treasurer of the National Schools for 12 or 14 years—with the bust as a tribute from the people of Warrington.

Mr. Robinson then unveiled the bust amid considerable applause.

The Rev. S. Wilkinson said he felt that very few words would be needed from him to support the presentation to their excellent friend, the Rector of Warrington, who was a gentleman they all respected and loved. Personally, he had the greatest respect for him ever since he came into the neighbourhood. He had always been extremely kind to him, and had done everything he possibly could to help him when he had required assistance. Therefore, very glad indeed was he to hear, some months ago, that the committee were getting up the presentation, because by doing so they not only had the Rector of Warrington immortalized in stone in their Museum, but also another treasure would be added to the Museum by one who had his birthplace in Warrington. (Applause.) They were preserving that day the memory of the Rector of Warrington in stone, but that was unnecessary, because he felt sure that for a long time the inhabitants of Warrington would remember the Rev. William Quekett. (Applause.) The Rector had done a great deal of good work since he came to Warrington. The ex-Mayor had alluded to the fact that when Mr. Quekett came to Warrington he was spoken of by Dickens as the "model curate." They knew the great work he did in various ways in London, and when he came to Warrington the energy shown in the Metropolis was displayed here. They had only to go to the Parish Church and see that noble building with its tower and spire, which he

thought might be called one of the finest built in modern times, to see a monument of the Rector's work and a proof that the inhabitants of the borough appreciated the work of their Rector by seconding him in raising the necessary funds. (Applause.) In addition to this, the schools had been enlarged. That noble organ erected in the west end of the church was his work, and the Rector had in contemplation many other good works. They heard that a school church was soon to be built in Bank Street, which would prove of great benefit to the people of the neighbourhood. But he was not present that afternoon to praise the Rector. They knew him, they loved him, they respected him; and, therefore, when he was asked to say a few words on that occasion he could not refuse, because he believed they had met to pay a deserved compliment to a good and holy man. (Applause.)

The Rev. E. C. E. Carleton said he must add his congratulations to the Rector of Warrington upon receiving such an expression of kindly feeling and appreciation of his work in Warrington. It must, indeed, be a very great satisfaction to him, and he felt that he deserved the tribute after such a long period of labour in the town. He had personally to thank the Rector for many things. He did not forget that it was he who brought him to Warrington, and ever since his arrival the greatest possible kindness had been displayed towards him. He had also received the greatest possible assistance in many ways. The Rector had furthered his work, and he almost imagined it was at the expense of his own parish and church. There had been nothing but a disposition generally to help the Church work, not simply in his own parish, but throughout the town. It was not necessary for him to speak of the works of the Rector, because they were so well known to all who lived in the town; many of them had been referred to by Mr. Wilkinson. The restoration of the Parish Church alone he conceived to be a monument of his labour and energy. He was glad to think that the people of Warrington were not ungrateful, and he had noticed upon several occasions since he came to the town a disposition to honour those who deserved well. He was glad that another memorial was to be added to the many memorials they had of deserving townsmen. He sincerely congratulated the Rector upon the honour which had been done him that day. (Applause.)

Dr. Mackie said he had enjoyed the friendship of the Rector ever since he came to Warrington. He had known his good deeds, and had had to record them, and there had been very, very few he could

not record with the greatest pleasure. He was very glad, indeed, to find that the effort which had been made to obtain the very beautiful and graphic bust before them was made without the slightest appearance or attempt at extracting money from those who were not willing to give it. (Hear, hear.) He never knew anything more worthily, more readily, and more heartily given, and it was gratifying to find that the Mayor, who represented the State, and Mr. Warrington Wood, who represented Art in Warrington, had both been enabled to show in their several spheres the highest respect for the Rector, who represented the Church in its highest aspect in Warrington. (Applause.) The Rector had been spoken of already under the familiar name which Dickens applied to him many years ago. He was glad to think that, whilst Dickens made him only a "model curate," he had so lived amongst them that they would all be willing to say that he was a "model rector." (Applause.) If Mr. Warrington Wood was present he would strongly recommend him in future to take the bust of the Rector for all the models of rectors he might require to introduce into any of his groups. (Applause.) He was glad to say, and it was only due to Mr. Warrington Wood to do so, that the lineaments of the Rector had been pronounced to be all that could be desired; in fact, it was such an excellent family likeness that when it was in the studio at Rome, one of the visitors claimed it as the bust of the Rector's lamented brother, Professor Quekett, who was so well known in the scientific world. They were glad for Mr. Wood's sake, as well as for the Rector's, that such was the case, and that there would that day be handed over to the Warrington Art Gallery something that was not only intrinsically valuable as marble, but that would be doubly, nay, trebly so, as a speaking likeness of one they all respected and revered. (Cheers.) He had much pleasure in responding on behalf of those outside the Parish Church, and to say that they heartily joined in the tribute to the Rector they had known and loved so long. (Applause.)

The Rector, in rising to respond, was received with applause. He said this was the fourth time in his clerical life that he had been called upon by his parishioners to come forward and receive at their hands a tribute of their regard and affection. Other testimonials had been given to him under peculiar circumstances. The present one was doubly interesting to him, and he could hardly find words in which to express his thanks to all his friends for their great kindness to him. Perhaps some of them might ask, "How on

earth did the Rector come to Warrington?" He was a perfect stranger to the town, and knew not a soul in it. Probably it might be interesting to them to hear all about the matter, and he would tell them. He was a long time in London, namely, twenty-five years, and he there endeavoured to do many things. There was there a class of people who were called needlewomen, who worked very hard, and had to make shirts at 2½d. each. He took up their cause, and he hit upon the expedient of writing to the *Times* from time to time, calling upon the public to come forward to assist in a great emigration scheme, the object being to send some of these poor distressed women to other countries, where they would be loved and respected. (Hear, hear.) The appeal was responded to by a large number of nobility and gentry, and he was pleased to tell them that no less a sum than £40,000 was collected in a short time. A committee was formed and set to work, and he was deputed to provide ships to take these emigrants to other countries. No fewer than thirty-six ships were obtained, and five thousand women sent away. (Applause.) Lord Herbert and he were great friends, and when the work had been accomplished it was decided that something should be done for him. Lord Herbert spoke to Lord Aberdeen on his behalf, and asked that the next living that became vacant should be given to him. The appointment of the Bishop of Sodor and Man took place at this time, and whatever he held was forfeited to the Crown. So the great living of Warrington fell to the Crown. A great exertion was made on behalf of the Lilford family to possess it, but to give to the Crown another living, and amongst others they appealed to the Queen, who sent for Lord Aberdeen. He said that he had promised Lord Herbert that his friend Mr. Quekett should have it; he (the Rector) then knew nothing of this; all was done without his knowledge. One day, a very rainy day, a poor man in the parish who was ill wished to see him before he died, and the poor fellow had sent an intimation to him to his house that he had been reduced in circumstances and was in the workhouse. Raining as it was, he sent a message to the effect that he would see the man. He set off, and on his way thither he went under an archway to shelter from the storm, and while he remained there in ran a gentleman without an umbrella; and he (the Rector) said to him, "Well, sir, you have come without an umbrella on foot." "I have," was the reply," I am on a foolish errand. I have a letter to deliver, but I missed my way and they sent me in the wrong direction, and I don't know where to go."

"What is his name; because I live in this part of the world, and I may perhaps know the address?" he asked. The gentleman then showed him the name and address, and he (the Rector) looking at the envelope and seeing his own name upon it, said, "I am that gentleman." (Laughter and applause.) The gentleman said he required an answer as soon as possible, because he had to meet Lord Aberdeen before three o'clock; but he (the speaker) did not open the letter till he got to his study, when he found that it was a very flattering one from Lord Aberdeen, who offered him the living of Warrington. He at once went to the "Clergy List" to see what it was worth—(laughter)—but the amount was not stated. However, he wrote to Lord Aberdeen accepting the living, and telling him that he would call upon him the next day and thank him personally for his kindness. In that way he became the Rector of Warrington. He came to the town a perfect stranger, and he brought with him a tin box containing a great seal. He should never forget it, because it was signed on behalf of the Government. He was inducted to Warrington under the Lord Chancellor's seal, and it cost him £87. (Laughter.) He looked upon that as a large sum to pay before getting a penny from Warrington. However, he came to Warrington with his credentials, which were read. The door of the church was opened, and then he was told to lock everyone out, and walk round the whole of the church, and then go up into the belfry and ring the bell—(laughter)—to let the public know that he had taken possession. He should never forget the circumstances of that time. The poor people had nothing to sit upon, and they had to put their feet on the bare stones, and he thought, "Bricks and mortar to be found again." (Laughter.) He then went upstairs to ring the bell. The stairs had been worn for 200 years, and the bell-ringers with their clogs had worn holes into them six inches deep. He could not step exactly in the same way they had been in the habit of doing, and when he had got about half way up he fell, damaged his hat, and hurt his arm, and when he came down he showed himself to Mr. Lowe and the churchwardens, for his trousers were torn. (Laughter.) These gentlemen had been wondering where he had got to, and had begun to regard him as lost. He told them what had befallen him, and said, "Now, Mr. Churchwardens, I appeal to you to pay for a new pair of trousers out of the church rate," but they said they were sorry, and that there was no church rate. He then went away, and he had to walk in the condition described from the church to the Lion Hotel, where he was staying.

(Laughter.) Sunday came, and he went to the church. Large numbers came to see the new parson. He had to read the Thirty-nine Articles, and another service, and when he was conducted by the clerk to his place he had to stand upon an old box, the lid of which was very shaky, and before him was nothing but a stick with a board on it to serve as a reading-desk. (Laughter.) There was a gentleman then sitting in the gallery, occupying the seat now used by Alderman Webster, who was sorry to see that state of things, and when after the service he (the Rector) went into the vestry, the clerk presented him with a cheque signed but not filled in. He was to fill in any amount he liked, and to have a new reading-desk made at once for use in the church. His name was Norris. No doubt some present would remember the name. (Applause.) That was the first gift he received. Mr. Hesketh, the carpenter and builder, made the desk. Time went on, and after two years had elapsed he began to find that the church was in ruin. On one occasion he was in the vestry when he heard a great explosion, and on making an examination he discovered that a great stone had been forced out by the weight of the tower, and it came into the body of the church, and Mr. Hesketh said, "The tower is coming down." They found that it had fallen more than eleven inches in ten days, and it was deemed expedient to begin to restore it. (Applause.) That work had been carried out by hard exertions; but there were other matters to which he wished to refer. It was only the other day that a meeting took place in connection with the parish, and it was agreed to put in a new floor under the steeple to prevent injury being done to the bells. He should state that Sir Gilbert Greenall gave him £1,000 towards putting up the spire. He fought hard for a spire. A nobleman once gave him £10,000 to build a church and endow it, but he was never to tell anyone of it till he was dead. He had since died, the church was built, but there was one particular injunction, and that was that it should be called "St. Mary's," and have a spire. He had many difficulties to encounter with reference to the restoration of the Parish Church, and after Sir Gilbert had given his donation, and the spire had been raised to a certain height, people began to fall in with his idea. At this time a public dinner was held, and when Bishop Graham proposed his health, he said he hoped Mr. Quekett's motto for the future would be "Excelsior." (Applause.) The present member for the borough, Mr. McMinnies, was at the dinner, and he also made a speech, in which he expressed a hope

that the Rector would aspire and get the spire. (Laughter and applause.) They had a spire, and they had all just reason to be proud of it. Everyone who gave him money was remembered, and he did not forget all the great county gentlemen who also helped him. Then the adornment of the church began to take place, and the ladies presented him with beautiful gasaliers with forty lights in each, and which were admired by all. Then a lady presented the steps leading to the pulpit and a handsome brass rail, while another lady gave him a lectern which cost £100. Another presented the great west window; Colonel Blackburne put in a great window; Mr. Pierpoint, Lord Winmarleigh, Mr. Edmundson, and Sir Gilbert Greenall did the same, and they were to be admired by everyone. These were the little recollections of the past. He would now turn to the future. The inhabitants of the town had presented him with his bust. An artist once told him that he always looked better on one side than he did on the other; and if any man ever took an interest in his work it was Mr. Wood in executing the bust. He (the Rector) should never forget the time. He had to sit to him for three weeks, for four hours a day; in fact, he should imagine that Mr. Wood knew how many hairs he had on his head. He also measured his eyes, nose, and mouth; and was made out of the same clay as was the bust of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Laughter.) He travelled from Rome with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the same box, and they came to London together. (Laughter.) He was very proud of the bust, and he was happy to receive it. (Applause.) In concluding his speech the Rector said:—Now, Mr. Mayor, I have a few words to say to you. I am happy and proud to be able to assign this bust to your care. You are the chief officer of our town, and one who has done a great and good work; and, as the Rector of the parish, and in the name of my brother clergy, I thank you for the gift you have made to the town, which will be a lasting proof of your liberality. I refer to the presentation of the town clock. (Applause.) There is only one matter to which I look forward with regard to the Parish Church. I have taken care of the bells for the last ten or twenty years. We have not a complete peal there, and we wanted liberal help. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) We have time in the town in the shape of the new clock, and we hope now to have tune, if only the excellent and liberal example of the Mayor is followed. We are hoping we shall be able to put in two additional bells to make the octave, and then there would be tune at one end of the town

and time at the other. (Applause.) I thank you all for your kindness and good feeling towards me, and I beg to offer to you, Mr. Mayor, this bust on behalf of the inhabitants of the town. (Applause.)

The Mayor, in reply, said he thanked the Rector very much for the gift of the bust presented to him as representing the Corporation and the town of Warrington. He could assure the Rector that it would be valued as being an everlasting record of one who had done a good work in his day, one who had been spared to live long. Amongst the many qualifications of the Rector—he had been told this, and he hoped he would forgive him for mentioning it—was that he was an excellent reader, and that was a qualification which was not to be despised by anyone. (Applause.) The words that had fallen from the lips of the various gentlemen who had spoken that afternoon had no doubt reached their hearts, and so much had been said about the Rector that very little was left for him to say. They appreciated the bust as a record of the Rector, and also as a splendid piece of work on the part of the artist. (Applause.) It was one of those things that would make the people of Warrington proud that they had produced such a sculptor as Mr. John Warrington Wood. (Applause.) He ventured to say that there was not a man either in this or in any foreign country that could make a likeness in marble equal to him. That was a great deal for Warrington to boast of. The bust would be placed in the Museum, and he hoped that those of many other Warrington worthies would be placed around it. He had long wished they had more works of art in the Museum, both in sculpture and painting. If there were any gentlemen present who were disposed to be liberal, and were filled with local patriotism, they would be proud to receive any works of art they would present to the Corporation, which would be duly placed in the Museum. It was a means of educating their working classes, and that, in his opinion, was very valuable. He again thanked the Rector for his kind gift to the Corporation, and could assure him that they would take the greatest care of it. (Applause.)

Mr. Robinson said he wished to take advantage of that opportunity to make a short statement with reference to their financial position. Although he had not an official report to submit from the committee who had carried on the work of arranging for the erection of the bust, he asked the indulgence of the subscribers and friends of the Rector while he gave a few particulars with regard to it. It would be within their knowledge that the committee

decided to limit the subscriptions to one guinea, so as to enable a large number of the Rector's friends to participate in the privilege of subscribing to the commission to be given to Mr. J. Warrington Wood. The response to the appeal of the committee was the receipt of 112 guineas, and subscriptions of smaller amounts received from over 100 other persons, which formed a total of £155. (Applause.) That amount enabled the committee to fulfil their engagement with Mr. Wood, but the subscribers were aware that in matters of this kind there were contingent expenses beyond the bust itself that required to be met; such as the carriage of the bust from Rome, the expenses of printing, postages, &c., which involved an outlay of about £20. Consequently, the committee were now under a liability of £15. He thought this a suitable time to mention the subject. Probably some gentlemen might have been overlooked. If so, he should be very pleased to receive their subscriptions; or to receive small additional subscriptions from those who were disposed to relieve the committee from their responsibility. (Applause.) He thought he might, after that short explanation, safely leave the matter in the hands of the Rector's friends, who would no doubt do all that was required. (Applause.)

Councillor Broadbent said that after the extremely interesting historical account which the Rector had given them of his connection with Warrington, and after the very appropriate remarks of the Mayor and the statement of Mr. Robinson, he would not detain them very long. But he was sure they did not wish to separate without according a hearty vote of thanks to the Mayor for presiding over the meeting. (Applause.) It seemed that in this and other towns municipal institutions were taking a more important position than formerly. It was indeed very desirable that on these interesting occasions the Mayor of the borough should be present and preside. He had not sufficient intimacy with the Rector to be able to say much about him; but he knew well his public position, and could endorse most heartily what the Mayor had said with reference to the manner in which the Rector read the Holy Scriptures and preached. They were very, very admirable sermons, and he had listened to them from time to time with, he hoped, considerable profit. He had great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to the Mayor. They had had many opportunities of seeing his munificence during his term of office, and he had therefore a perfect right to call upon his fellow-citizens to help to furnish the Art Gallery with sculpture and paintings. (Applause.)

Alderman Harrison said he had been unexpectedly called upon to second the vote of thanks which had just been proposed by Councillor Broadbent to their friend the Mayor for having presided on that occasion. He would, indeed, be a very disloyal member of the Warrington Town Council if he hesitated for a moment to perform that little pleasing duty. He would be a still more disloyal member of the community if he hesitated to do so, for he thought the present Mayor, perhaps, as much as any who had preceded him, had done a great deal to deserve not only their thanks, but their appreciation and gratitude. (Applause.) His Worship was present, and therefore he would not say what he knew would be unpalatable to him, if he were to say all that he thought of him. He would, therefore, bring his remarks to a close by seconding the vote of thanks. He was sure it was the most formal thing in the world, because no seconder was really required, as their approbation of what took place would find a spontaneous response without his saying a word about it. However, as St. Paul said, "they must do all things decently and in order," and inasmuch as it was not only fashionable but customary to second a vote of thanks that had been proposed, in accordance with the established rule, he begged to second the one moved by Councillor Broadbent. It was almost presumptuous on his part to say what he was going to say, but during the time the Rector was speaking to them of what took place before he came to Warrington and since, he thought that perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid to the Rector would be to say that he had overcome the enormous disadvantages which presented themselves when he first came to the town. His advent here was heralded by a great flourish of trumpets, and "What a London Curate can do" was an article which appeared in one of the first publications of the day. Many thought it was somewhat florid in its complexion, but they had lived to realize the fact that whatever was said about the Rector was not more than he deserved. (Applause.) It was a great achievement for a man to have remained 30 years amongst his townsmen, and for him to deserve all that had been said of him. (Hear, hear.) He was proud indeed to find that they had such an excellent Rector, and that they had such an excellent *facsimile* of the Rector in marble. He hoped other people would be emulated to present works of art to their Art Gallery, in order that they might cherish and remember the lineaments of those Warrington worthies who had preceded them.

The motion was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Mayor, in reply, said he was very much obliged to them for the vote of thanks. He did not feel he had done anything except what—he would not call it a duty—was a great pleasure to him. It was always a pleasure to him to assist in anything that united them and promoted a good feeling; and he must say this for the Rector, that as far as he knew—and he had lived in Warrington all the time the Rector had been in it—he had never done anything that was calculated to cause separation or ill-feeling. (Applause.) Above all things he loved to see a pure, simple, Christian fellowship exist among the people, no matter what their particular religious belief might be. That was what they all had to aim for. He thanked them very much for their vote of thanks. (Applause.)

Alderman Pickmere said he thought they ought not to separate without proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Robinson, who had been put to considerable trouble in getting in the subscriptions; in fact, the greater part of the work had devolved upon him. (Hear, hear.) The presentation of the bust was due to him, and he should like to be allowed to propose a vote of thanks to him on behalf of the committee and subscribers. (Applause.)

The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Robinson, in reply, said he was very much obliged to the company for the vote of thanks which had been accorded to him; but he really felt he did not deserve it. It had been a labour of love to him, as the subscriptions had poured in in a very hearty and spontaneous manner. Had they asked for more money, and made a still greater effort, he felt sure the money would have come in. He thanked them for their kind appreciation of his humble services. (Applause.)

The proceedings, which were of a very interesting nature, were then brought to a conclusion.

Presentation to the Rev. H. C. Stubbs.

(From the *Warrington Advertiser*, December 15th, 1883.)

On Saturday afternoon a gathering of about two hundred old and present pupils of the Warrington Training College, together with several personal friends of the Rev. H. C. Stubbs, including Mrs. Quekett, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Major and Mrs. Hamilton, the Rev. Morley and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Frank Stubbs, and Mr. Powlson, took place in one of the large rooms of the Training Institution, at

St. Elphin's, to present the Clerical Principal with a purse containing sixty guineas, on the occasion of his resigning his position, and leaving Warrington for another sphere of labour. It had been intended the presentation should be made by the Rector of Warrington, but in consequence of a severe attack of rheumatism, which prevented his leaving home, the duty was discharged by Mrs. Quekett, who expressed the great pleasure she had in its fulfilment, in the unfortunate absence of her husband. She said the purse had been worked by one of the pupils in the College, and its contents subscribed by some of its past and present members, all of whom had a grateful and pleasing recollection of Mr. Stubbs' unfailing devotion to his duties, his ever ready sympathy, and his unwearied interest and zeal in their progress and prosperity. She assured him this kindly interest would be continued in his new and future position, where they trusted he might enjoy a long period of usefulness and happiness; and that his success there might prove as great as it had been at St. Elphin's. The address was very warmly applauded by all present, and was feelingly and cordially responded to by Mr. Stubbs. The reverend gentleman expressed his deep sense of the great kindness which had prompted so valued, and pecuniarily valuable an expression of their regard; and assured all who were present, or who might have contributed to it, how much he should treasure its remembrance as an evidence of their respect and esteem. His thirty-three years' connection with the College had been one long-continued source of pleasure; and his contemplated departure from such a scene of labour had proved a serious trial, although attended with many circumstances of a most gratifying and encouraging character. He could not sufficiently acknowledge the kind and most efficient help and sympathy he had invariably received from Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and his other valued coadjutors in their educational work; and it afforded him much comfort to think that his future residence was only to be about seventeen miles away, so that frequent opportunities of pleasant reunions might, he hoped, be hereafter enjoyed. He was deeply conscious of the forbearance, the consideration, and the support which he had always received from all connected with the working and the government of the institution, and sincerely trusted his successor, Mr. Stevenson, might experience equally favourable and encouraging help. At Mrs. Quekett's request, Mr. Powlson addressed a few sympathetic remarks to the meeting; which closed with the presentation of prizes to three of the pupils, who had

proved themselves the most efficient seamstresses, and the reading of the names of six others, who had been "honourably mentioned" for their proficiency in this useful art.

It may be added that the prizes, and also the presents which accompanied the "honourable" distinctions, were provided by Mrs. Quekett, who, we believe, makes this kind contribution annually.

Appreciation of the restored Parish Church of Warrington.

At a tea party of the Warrington Parish Church Boys' Sunday School, in February, 1884,

The Mayor (Joseph Harrison, Esq.), in the course of his remarks, said: I hardly ever enter our beautiful Parish Church but I am reminded of a portion of the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, *si monumentum requiris circumspice*—"If you want proof of my merits look around." Now, I think our worthy Rector might with great justice apply that epitaph to himself, for it is only due to him to say that we owe that beautiful church, with its tower and spire and the fine organ, to his industry, indefatigable exertions, and self-sacrificing spirit. I remember once being present when the demolition of the old church was about taking place, and the late Bishop Powys came in with the present Rector, and, addressing him in the familiar manner not uncommon between clergymen, said, "I have three great doubts, Quekett—first, that you will ever get the money; second, that you will ever find a congregation large enough; and third, that you will be able to make yourself heard in so large a space." Well, now, the money question has been successfully accomplished, the church has been filled to overflowing many a time, and the Rector's voice is distinctly heard in every part, so that the three doubts have been solved, and we possess a parish church and, I venture to say, a rector both of which we have reason to be proud of.

The Rector of Warrington and his Work in East London.

In his paper on "The duty of the Church with regard to the overcrowded dwellings of the poor in towns and in the country," at the Church Congress recently held at Carlisle, the Bishop of

Bedford (Dr. Walsham How, Suffragan of London) says, "Still, if you look back over the last quarter of a century, and ask what names stand out as those of men who have laboured most earnestly for the bettering of the dwellings of the poor, you will find not a few of the clergy in the forefront of the band. Many in the East of London can recollect the self-denying energy of the Rev. W. Quekett, the first vicar of Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, of whom it was said he knew every drain in the parish."

Kindly feeling towards Ministers of other Religious Denominations.

I have always sought to cultivate a friendly feeling towards ministers of other denominations, whilst fully maintaining my own position as a clergyman of the Church of England.

I had the pleasure of expressing this desire at a public meeting in Warrington in the following words:—

"I have lived in friendly feeling with ministers of all other denominations, and particularly I knew the Roman Catholic priest living in my parish, where he had been for 40 years. At his death by his particular desire he was buried in the parish churchyard, and I was requested as his last wish to perform the service. I attended his funeral and read the service of the Church of England. Thousands came to the burial."

More School Accommodation required in the Parish.

The following report of a sermon is taken from the *Warrington Guardian* of Saturday, September 19, 1885:—

THE RECTOR ON EDUCATION AT WARRINGTON.

The Rector (the Rev. W. Quekett) preached in the Parish Church on Sunday morning last from the words "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. vi. 9. The Rector said: Last Sunday I mentioned that the offertories of this day would be given to the funds of the Girls' National Schools. I will, therefore, this morning allude to the question of education in general, and to these schools in particular, and trust to your liberality to aid my efforts. St. Paul commands us, in the

words of the text, not to be weary in well-doing, but as we have opportunity to do good unto all men. Our first business, then, will be to ask ourselves this plain and simple question—"How can we do most good?" I answer without a moment's hesitation—and the answer, I believe, will find an echo in your bosoms—by the diffusion of knowledge in conjunction with religion, by the education of the poor in the principles of the gospel. Thanks be to God, the times are gone by when any man can stand up and venture to deny the proposition, that "the soul to be without knowledge is not good." If he could deny it in the secret ignorance of a contracted understanding, he feels that he may dread the tide. He sees it flowing on, and he feels that in sitting idly by he will only be buried in the advancing volume of its waters. The prophet Habakkuk says that "the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" and since miracles have ceased, we are to be instruments in the hands of each other for the furtherance of this knowledge. The mind will learn something. It is soil which cannot entirely lie fallow, and if it be barren of the fruits of truth, the tares will spring up with so poisonous a luxuriance as to check every good seed which can be sown in after years. It is literally true that "he who runs may read," and every day of added experience, and every hour of riper thought, only strengthens and confirms my conviction that religious education is beyond comparison the greatest blessing which man can bestow upon man—a religious education begun early and offered with more earnestness to the children of the poor. Therefore, my brethren, in order more completely to fulfil the conditions of the text, you cannot in your practice make a better and more direct application of the great principles laid down than by supporting these schools of your parish, and strengthening the hands of the managers by contributing to their resources. "Therefore," says the Apostle, "while we have opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." I speak more particularly this morning to you by calling your attention to the Girls' National Schools of this parish. They are large schools, containing this week 600 children on the books. Last year's expenses for these schools amounted to £925 8s. 3d. There is a debt owing of nearly £50 on that account; and I must beg all of you to remember that there is not one annual subscriber to the funds of the girls' schools throughout the whole of this parish. All the subscriptions go to the Boys' National Schools. Now, as our expenses increase,

subscriptions will be thankfully received for the Girls' National Schools from those who do not subscribe at present to the boys' schools. For the last few years an appeal sometimes has been made on behalf of the girls' schools, but latterly a small grant has been given from the offertory, according to the terms of the rubric, wherein it is stated that it may be applied to charitable uses; and I cannot but believe that supporting schools for the benefit of poor children is a charitable use in its largest and proper sense. And we must have more schools. If we have not enough school accommodation eventually a School Board will be required; more new schools would be built, and where the ratepayers now as a body pay nothing in the shape of an educational rate, if new schools be built, land purchased and plans carried out and all internal fittings completed according to the Government requirements, 2s. 6d. in the £ would be added to their expenses, and a house rented at £16 a year would have to pay £2 a year, and there would be no end to the requirements of this most expensive establishment. We have school accommodation if we could get the money to make the proper arrangements for their enlargement. This was to have been done with Bank Street School, and the plans were sanctioned by the Government, but it was thought desirable by others not to be attempted, but applied only to the purposes of an infant school. This has been done and failed, leaving behind a debt of upwards of £100, and the school to be closed. Arrangement was made that one half of the debt or more was to be paid by an individual, and the other half collected by the managers of the schools. One portion has been paid and the other collected, so that Bank Street School now reverts to its original state, and is carried on by a temporary mistress until it can be enlarged according to the old plans agreed upon, and which will cost £450 for 300 children. Crossley Street School remains at present in its unaltered condition, but a plan has been suggested for its removal, which may eventually be carried out. If these schools were provided with proper accommodation, they would soon be filled, and sufficient to meet our present wants would then be obtained. And I would suggest that every ratepayer should contribute for their maintenance an annual sum each, say 2s. 6d., 5s., or 10s., according to his or her means; their names and addresses should be given to the managers of the schools, and the collector would be instructed to make the necessary calls. There must be no delay. Her Majesty's inspector will visit this parish and

schools shortly, and will certify as to the proposed arrangements, and if they are not able to be carried out you will legally be called upon to meet heavier and greater expenses by having a School Board. This we do not want. We want religious education fully taught in our schools. Therefore, be wise in time. The money required can be raised if all parties that will be called upon legally to pay will be up and exert themselves. If a neighbouring village by the exhibition of a doll show can raise nearly £100, what might not a whole parish raise by activity and energy? I would advise the churchwardens and sidesmen to call at once together all the male ratepayers belonging to the Parish Church, and their ladies all the females connected with them, then form useful working committees, and have near the end of the year a gathering of collected articles and things of every kind, such as those in earnest and with all their heart in the work can readily accomplish and produce. You will be surprised what little infant children at schools can do in various ways. An exhibition of the work of the children belonging to the schools will be produced to the inspector at his next visit, and no doubt their handiwork may be added to the general store. Therefore, take courage, and let all hands and hearts be up and ready. And now I have done; the rest must remain with you. To make any further appeal to your feelings would not be necessary. I would only ask you to think over, when you return home from God's house, what you have heard to-day. Repeat the real question which concerns yourself—Yes or No? Would you that the young and poor around you should be trained up in the way in which they should go, and from which they will not afterwards depart? Would you that they should imbibe only those lessons of depravity, which, alas! can be learnt everywhere? Would you create or thwart an immeasurable good? As many of you are parents, I would only ask what would be your feelings if your children were abandoned as brands for the burning by the comparatively high and affluent who might save them from such ruin? Let us think of these things. While we have time let us do good unto all men. How rapidly does our time slip by! Another summer is gone, another harvest ended, and yet we are spared. How hurriedly do our opportunities glide away, and how soon for us all shall the angel swear by Him that sitteth on the throne that "time shall be no more!" Can it be that at that awful moment you would desire your bitterest regrets to consist in the remembrance of opportunities of doing good which have been lost

to you never to return? Unimportant as you may consider the assistance which is required from you, it may be such as, united with other gifts, may help many fellow-creatures to the knowledge of their God, and point out the path that leads to heaven. Suffer not, then, I implore you, the accusation to be recorded against you, and never let it be said that you have turned a deaf ear to the pleadings in favour of such a good work as this. Rather let me hope better things, and that the Son of Man, when sitting on the throne of His glory, may reward you with the comfortable assurance that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

We understand that since the above appeal was made by the Rector to his parishioners, the contemplated bazaar will be postponed in consequence of those which have been arranged for already in connection with other churches in the town. The Rector is anxious to enable the clergymen and friends of other churches to carry out the good objects they have in view.

On this question of further school accommodation I reprinted and circulated the following letter, which had appeared in the *Warrington Guardian* of March 10, 1886:—

NEW SCHOOLS.

Sir,—I have read in your paper of Saturday last that a School Board is threatened for Warrington, and no steps have been taken to avert the same. I beg to state that on Sunday, September 13th, 1885, I addressed the congregation at the Parish Church, which you printed at length in your paper of September 19th, wherein I mentioned to the churchwardens and sidesmen to call at once a meeting of the ratepayers to consider the subject of increased school accommodation, as Crossley Street School was considered by Her Majesty's Inspector not fully adapted for the wants of the neighbourhood. No steps were taken. I heard afterwards that the Training College talked of having additional schools and a chapel for their own use. I consequently wrote the following letter to the then Archdeacon Darby:—

Warrington Rectory, October 14th, 1885.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,—Since I wrote to you yesterday it has occurred to me that if you are so desirous to have schools of your

own, I am ready to give up Crossley Street to you, with its 200 children, provided you build a schoolroom big enough in that district to be used on Sundays as a Sunday schoolroom, or as a place of worship for the students using it on Sundays, with the Clerical Principal as the officiating minister, and in the evening to be served by one of my curates for the benefit of the inhabitants of the district. "The schools," quoting the words of our Trust Deed, "to be at all times open to the Government Inspector of Schools, and the children to be instructed in the Holy Scriptures and the Liturgy and Catechism of the Church of England, and the Rector of the parish for the time being and his curate or curates to be on the Committee." The Training College appointing their own mistresses and paying all expenses for their maintenance, &c., and to introduce any system of teaching approved by the General Committee. If this proposal be adopted and approved, I am willing to subscribe £50 to the subscription list. I have read this to H.M. Inspector, Mr. Coward, who is now visiting me, and he highly approves of the scheme, as it will at once settle the Crossley Street difficulty by having schools in that district, and supplying the wants of the neighbourhood with a place of worship there. An early consideration of this is desired, because I am at present in treaty with the owners of the premises in Hopwood Street. Crossley Street School must be removed, as decided on, but on any prospect of being eventually improved, the Government will defer, no doubt, their previous decision.

Yours faithfully,

W. Quekett.

[No written answer received to this date, March 3rd, 1886.]

Now, as your paper states that a site has been fixed upon in the Sixpenny fields, I at once state my objections to such situation. In the first place there is no road to it, another railway is coming close to it, the land adjoining is engaged for workshops, there are no houses likely to be built which will use the schools, and it is not the locality where schools are wanted. In the next place it is within 300 yards of the present National Schools of the parish, which it will eventually injure; and it will tend to bring more children daily into Church Street, where there are upwards of 2,000 children dispersed twice every day; and as one of the trustees of the Grammar School I should feel it my duty to call the attention of the Board that it would not be desirable to bring daily

500 children into the same street adjoining, and to have to go the same way to school with the pupils and scholars, and no houses near. New schools are wanted, but they should be the other side of the railway bridge in Battersby Lane; new streets exist there all around. I still retain Crossley Street School and likewise Sharp Street and Naylor Street, filled with the scholars usually frequenting Crossley Street, and the school is sanctioned by the Government Inspector. If new schools can be built in a suitable place these may at once be placed there, but I do object to another school so close to the present National Schools of the parish. It is wondered why the Training College wants another school of boys, girls, and infants; they never can have one producing better results. There are 600 children in connection with it, and the upper school at the last examination passed 100 per cent., and the other two schools, 97 per cent., and upwards of £600 was spent in the payment of efficient teachers for the schools. The managers of the school are willing and ready to allow the Training College to make any addition or alteration to the present schools, if they will find the money. The Trust Deed under which the schools were founded is very defined, and the managers are obliged, in duty to the parish, to strictly adhere to it. I think the Training College have enough to do at home with their money, if they would look to their own requirements. In the first place they have not sufficient accommodation for their own students; they are obliged to go to the Clergy School for the use of a large dormitory, which ought not longer to be allowed. The Clergy School wants accommodation. The Training College have no laundry for their students, but are obliged to use the old dining-room at the Clergy School, and the servants, to get to it, are obliged to go through the clergy servants' entrance. This large room is now greatly needed for class rooms, &c., by the Clergy School. There is no house for the Principal of the Training College; he resides in the house belonging to the Clergy School, and it is to be hoped shortly that there will be again a resident Clerical Principal for the Clergy School. For 30 years I have known of a resident Clerical Principal, and such an appointment is of the greatest importance. I have offered £100 a year towards his stipend, whilst Rector, if a man be appointed of sound judgment and ability, and who could assist and take part in the duties of the church on each Sunday. The Training College can make accommodation for some of their wants in their present building; by raising the dining-room another storey, an experienced builder states, large

dormitories could be obtained, and a corridor would be carried to other dormitories, which would prove a safeguard in case of fire. The wash-house could be raised likewise another storey, and would provide an ample laundry; and on the site in the Sixpenny fields a good resident house for the Principal of the Training College might be built. I see no necessity for either schools or chapel, both are amply provided. The first adjoins their premises, and can be used without coming out of doors. The church is close at hand, and could be made approachable within 60 yards. They use it for daily prayers, and the whole of Sunday afternoon is given up to their service, the Principal of the College officiating and the organist and officials of the church giving their services. I would mention that provision has been made for the present to prevent any School Board. Naylor Street Schools have been engaged and will accommodate 500 children, there is room now for 300 more. Still, a school in a more central spot would be most desirable, and if the parish will contribute their £1,400, no doubt public societies would help, and the wants of the locality may be met, according to my letter to the Archdeacon, a copy of which I sent to Mr. J. E. Wright, which, in his answer, he states he fully approved of.

Yours faithfully,

W. QUEKETT.

Rectory, March 9th, 1886.

I can only express my regret that my suggestions were not carried out; and that new Practising Schools were built, by a Committee specially formed, in Hamilton Street in my parish. Of these schools I was not even put upon the management. That the schools so built have not in any way injured the old Elementary Schools of the parish the following reports on the Boys' and Infants' Schools in Church Street, and the Girls' and Infants' Schools at The Mount, for the year 1887 will fully testify:—

"WARRINGTON PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

"SCHOOL REPORT, 1887 (INFANTS).

"This school has greatly improved during the year. The elementary work is marked with care, accuracy, and intelligence, and is of very good quality. The reading especially deserves praise, and the teaching of number in the infant classes has been thoroughly good. The children answered intelligently, and very

generally in object lessons. There is some weakness in the arithmetic of the First Standard. The school is very nicely conducted, and the children are bright and intelligent."

"REPORT, NOVEMBER, 1887 (BOYS' SCHOOL).

"Not only are tone, discipline, and organization excellent, but a spirit of earnestness and thoroughness in work animates both teachers and scholars throughout the school. The quality of both elementary and class subjects is of a very high order. The music also deserves special praise, for not only is the knowledge of the subject sound, but the quality of voice has received great attention, and the boys sing very well indeed. The mapping of the Fifth Standard should be better. On the whole the school is in an excellent condition."

WARRINGTON PARISH CHURCH MOUNT NATIONAL GIRLS' AND INFANTS' SCHOOLS.

Extracts from Summary of H.M. Inspector's Report on the Schools for 1887, received by the Managers.

THE MOUNT GIRLS' SCHOOLS.—The following reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors on these schools have been received from the Educational Department by the Rector and Managers :—

UPPER GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Mistress, Miss Slater. "The discipline and tone of this school deserve great praise, and most of the elementary work is of high quality. Reading and spelling are especially good, and most of the passes in arithmetic are good also. The girls do their work neatly, accurately, and with intelligence. Handwriting is rather too small in the first and second standards, but it is good in the higher standards. The girls show thorough knowledge and great intelligence in class subjects. The quality of tone in singing continues admirable."

LOWER GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Mistress, Miss Crebbin. "Tone and discipline here are very satisfactory, and the quality of the work in elementary subjects has much improved. Reading is intelligent on the whole; but more care should be taken with distinctness and expression. Handwriting in the second standard is excellent, and very good in the upper standards. Spelling, too, is very well taught. The composition of the fifth, sixth, and seventh standards

receives the highest marks for completeness and accuracy of expression. Arithmetic is worked neatly, and, with the exception of the fourth standard, accurately; but few problems were solved."

Infants' School.—Mistress, Miss Shaw. "This school is now in an excellent state of efficiency. It is nicely conducted, carefully organized, and thoroughly well taught. The children are bright and intelligent, and their elementary work is excellent in every particular. Singing by note, musical drill, needlework, and kindergarten exercises are all admirably done."

These schools are now open again and in full operation, with over 600 children on the books; and they passed last examination nearly a hundred per cent. The Upper School is under the very efficient charge of Miss Slater; the mistress of the Lower Girls' School is Miss Crebbin, who took the second place at the Whitelands Training College in her year. The mistress of the Infants' School, Miss Shaw, still continues, after many years' faithful work, to carry on her school with great success, and her school is this year reported to be in an excellent state of efficiency.

It is intended that a Class for Practical Cookery will soon be opened.

It is a great source of satisfaction to me that I shall be able to leave the Schools of the Parish in a more flourishing and efficient condition than they were when I came into residence in 1854. The number of children attending them has been more than doubled.

Mount Middle Class School, Warrington.

The following account of an entertainment given by the children and teachers of our Middle Class Girls' School, in April, 1887, will show the proficiency and high training of the elder girls:—

PERFORMANCE AT THE PUBLIC HALL.

On Tuesday evening, the teachers and pupils of the Mount Middle Class School, Warrington, gave a performance of a most pleasing nature in the Public Hall, the object being to raise funds towards liquidating a small debt upon the institution. This was the second effort of the kind, for in 1886 the teachers and pupils rendered in the Co-operative Hall, in a highly satisfactory manner, a piece, entitled "The Flower Queen." Encouraged by the

success of her first venture, Miss Slater, the head mistress, was induced to undertake something on a larger scale, with the result that what was on the programme called the fairy extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty; or, The Sleep of a Hundred Years," and the dramatic cantata, "The Queen's Jubilee," were produced at the entertainment in question. Though both are difficult pieces and requiring considerable merit on the part of the performers, it cannot be said, now that the performance is over, that the teachers of the Mount Middle Class School were at all too ambitious in selecting them for representation before the public; for each performer sustained her part in a way that reflected the highest credit upon her and her trainer, and interpreted it with an intelligence that would have done honour to more experienced people. Miss Slater was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alfred Woods to train the children in the acting. As is well-known, Mr. Woods is himself an accomplished amateur, and it was therefore not surprising that under such a tutor the children attained a remarkable degree of perfection. Mr. Woods had bestowed great attention on his youthful pupils, and had drilled them into their respective parts with an assiduity worthy of the highest praise. The proficiency of the children in the musical part of the performance was the subject of general remark, and as they had been under the care of Miss Slater in this respect, to her is due the encomiums she so well merits. Excluding four of the teachers who took part in the entertainment, the ages of the performers ranged from fourteen to eight years, and as may easily be imagined their efforts were watched with much interest. The accompanist and conductor of the musical parts was Mr. W. S. Woods, who contributed considerably to the success of the performance by the efficient manner in which he performed his somewhat arduous duties. Pleasing recollections of last year's entertainment had something to do with causing the hall to be crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Nearly every seat in the building was occupied, and it may be safely said that the majority, if not all, of those present thoroughly enjoyed and warmly appreciated the performance. Many were parents or intimate friends of the youthful actresses—all the performers being of the fair sex—and they, of course, took additional interest in the proceedings. "The Sleeping Beauty" was first produced, and was extremely well staged, thanks to the excellent judgment of Mr. A. Woods, the stage manager. The piece is written on the lines of the old and well-known story of "The Sleeping Beauty," though it is, as in all similar productions, very

much elaborated. On the rising of the curtain, the Fairy Amabella (Miss Slater) with her six sisters were seen sipping tea in the drawing-room of Amabella. In a few minutes Amabella received an invitation to attend with her sisters, as godmothers, the christening of the infant daughter of His Majesty King Watwazee and his peerless Queen Wasabella. Avaritia, the wicked fairy (Miss Coope), enters, and after the seven sisters have left to go to the christening Avaritia discovers from the invite, which had been left on the table, where they had gone, and in a fit of passion declares she will also be there. She therefore goes, and at the close of the ceremony, which was rather amusing yet at the same time interesting, Avaritia gives vent to the following curse ;—

> Well, as you have endowed the little chit
> With beauty, talent, science, grace, and wit,
> Your mission, we presume, is now concluded,
> And nothing useful in the list's included;
> For I foresee that little royal baby
> Will prove, as she grows up, a fast young lady—
> Smoke cigarettes, at steeplechases ride,
> Bet on the Derby, and Fate knows what beside.
> So to avoid all this, I here decree,
> When eighteen summers have gone round that she
> Shall die!

It is not necessary here to repeat the story of how the King, to prevent the Princess running a spindle through her "lily hand," confiscated spindles of every kind, how Amabella declares that the Princess shall not die when eighteen, how she was after the sleep of a hundred years ransomed by Prince Bellamore, how the two were married, and the wicked designs of Avaritia completely frustrated. All this will be known to most people. The whole of the characters were in excellent hands. Miss Slater is especially deserving of special mention. She performed her part with a simplicity and grace that was really charming, and it was evident that she had studied it with much care. Miss Coope was also seen to advantage in the character of Avaritia. It was a rather difficult part to play, but she took it extremely well, and richly merited the applause accorded her. King Watwazee, Sovereign of Somewarabboute, was admirably impersonated by Miss A. Wainwright, and Miss C. Wood, as Queen Wasabella, proved an excellent consort. Both were very successful. Miss C. Hedgcock, Miss Æ. Longden, Miss A. Dewhurst, and Miss A. Howard also

took leading parts, and acquitted themselves very creditably. The following also took part in the piece:—Misses C. Hopkins, E. Cook, L. Doherty, M. Scotson, B. Helsby, E. Ireland, D. Royston, C. Moores, F. Green, E. Brundrett, M. Brookes, L. Fairclough, H. Whitham, A. Howard, N. Thornley, Edith Chidlaw, M. Gandy, C. Brown, A. Booth, N. Leigh, N. Taylor, M. Barlow, E. Barlow, R. Booth, N. Wright, L. Price, E. Wilcox, A. Green, A. Brown, M. Dixon, F. Price, L. Grainger, A. Collin, S. Royston, N. Aukland, A. Wainwright, N. Moores, N. Roylance, L. Cox, and F. Wright. Miss Howard, as Goody Grope, the oldest inhabitant, gained the hearty plaudits of the audience. She took the part in a really clever manner. Miss Taylor also caused much amusement by her capital impersonation of the sergeant of the preservers of the *piece*. The dresses were exceptionally pretty, and were much admired. The second part of the programme was, if possible, of a more interesting description than the first. The whole of the performers in the extravaganza took part, the majority as chorus singers, having been skilfully trained by Miss Slater. The rendering of the cantata, "The Queen's Jubilee," brought the evening's entertainment to a close, and all went away delighted. The cantata illustrated the various principles, professions, and movements which had contributed to the progress of the country during the Queen's reign of 50 years. The cast was as follows:—Britannia, Miss C. Wood; Soldier, Miss K. Booth; Sailor, Miss L. Fairclough; Hodge, Miss C. Brown; Commerce, Miss H. Whitham; Industry, Miss A. Howard; Music, Miss C. Hedgcock; Freedom, Miss A. Booth; Education, Miss A. Dewhurst; Temperance, Miss C. Moores; Religion, Miss F. Green. The whole of the characters were ably sustained. Each of the performers either gave a song or made a speech pointing out what each profession, movement, or principle had done for the country, and they were frequently applauded. As Britannia Miss C. Wood played in a charming manner, her short addresses to the different principles displaying an amount of talent seldom seen in lady amateurs. Miss Slater rendered the introductory song to "Music" very finely. She has a sweet voice, and was deservedly encored. Miss Hedgcock was also re-called for her excellent rendition of the ever-favourite "Home, sweet home." The march at the close of the cantata was well executed, and reflected much credit on those taking part in it, as well as upon Mr. A. Woods, who had taught them. The children had been training for about seven weeks, and the success which attended their efforts

on Tuesday evening should prove an encouragement to further exertions. The entertainment was throughout of a most enjoyable character, and if again placed before the public would doubtless be, as it was on this occasion, largely attended and thoroughly appreciated. We believe a good round sum will be handed over to the Committee of the above School, for the object mentioned.

Thackeray and the Rector of Warrington.

A BEAUTIFUL REMINISCENCE.

Among the "Letters of Thackeray," just published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., we find a characteristic and indeed beautiful one written in 1850, of which a fragment only is given. Thackeray had been to see an emigrant ship at Gravesend, and the letter is interesting as referring to the completion of "Pendennis" and to our esteemed Rector. It is as follows:—

"That emigrant business was very solemn and affecting. It was with difficulty that I could keep my spectacles dry amongst the people taking leave, the families of grave-looking parents and unconscious children, and the bustle and incidents of departure. The cabins in one of the ships had only just been fitted up, and no sooner done than a child was that instant born in one of them, on the very edge of the old world as it were, which it leaves for quite a new country, home, empire. You shake hands with one or two of these people and pat the yellow heads of the children (there was a Newcastle woman with eight of them, who interested me a good deal), and say, 'God bless you, shake hands, you and I shall never meet again in this world, go and do your work across the four months of ocean and God prosper it.' The ship drops down the river; it gives its three hearty cheers as we come away in the steamer with heavy hearts rather. In three hours more Mr. W. M. T. is hard at work at 'Punch' office. Mr. Parson Quekett has got to his night school at St. George's-in-the-East; that beautiful gracious princess of a Mrs. Herbert is dressing herself up in diamonds and rubies very likely, to go out into the world, or is she upstairs in the nursery reading a good book over the child's cradle? Admirable providence of God that creates such an infinitude of men; it makes one very grave and full of love and awe. I was thinking about this yesterday morning before six, when I was writing the

last paragraph of 'Pendennis' in bed, and the sun walked into the room and supplied the last paragraph with an allusion about you, and which I think means a benediction upon William and your child and my dear lady. God keep you."

On reference to his diary the Rector finds that the emigrant ship referred to was the Duke of Portland, Capt. Cubitt, sailing with a large number of emigrants and a party of sixty young women for Melbourne. The Rector remembers the occasion well, and speaks with interest of the warm sympathy which Mr. Thackeray showed in the whole of the proceedings.

Prayer and Popular Election.

This was a sermon preached at the Parish Church, Warrington, November 14th, 1886, on the occasion of the Mayor (Councillor Dr. Mackie) and Corporation of Warrington attending Divine service, by the Rev. W. Quekett, M.A., Rector, and Chaplain to the Mayor:—

"That a sense of religion pervades all orders of society, and cannot be dismissed from the minds of rational beings, is an assertion warranted by history and confirmed by experience. Without the aid of a Divine revelation many creeds have been adopted and many rites instituted truly absurd; yet, diversified as religious opinions have been, the existence of an Omnipotent Being has ever been acknowledged, to whom prayers have been addressed, oblations offered, or sacrifices made. The fact thus stated may be demonstrated by the heathen, who were without a revelation. They had their oracles to consult, their deities to adore, and their household gods to solicit for protection and support. Their wise men acknowledged human affairs to be dependent on, and under the control of, some invisible cause, and according to the nature of their wants, either sacrificed to a Diana at Ephesus, to an Apollo at Delphos, or the fabulous oracle in the Valley of Egeria.

"Several of you have visited the Eternal City called Rome, where the heathen of old adopted a form of worship and appealed to their gods through their sacred groves, where the oracle dwelt, and, kneeling at the shrine, prayed an answer to their request. I have visited myself the spot at Egeria, and appealed to the oracle, but no sound was heard. Perhaps I did not know the spot where the echo reverberated. We have wonderful echoes in our own country.

Many of you may remember our first excursion to London and our visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, and the wonderful whispering gallery there; and there is even a remarkable echo in one particular spot in my own garden here, where the voice distinctly returns perfect in its pronunciation. In several of the mountainous parts of Italy there are as many as eight or nine distinct returns of voice. But the most distinct and remarkable echo I have ever heard is at the New Devonshire Hospital at Buxton. If you stand directly under the centre of the large dome, the faintest whisper is heard, and any loud voice, with all its various sounds and tones, is distinctly returned as if uttered by the human voice. No wonder the ignorant and unlearned in ages gone by would believe that these were supernatural utterances, and would invoke the deity as the object of public invocation.

"Before and under the Jewish dispensation, when the Almighty condescended to reveal Himself to mankind, and by many supernatural instances of Divine power declared He was the Creator and Governor of the world, to whom prayers should be made and praises offered, Abel presented his sacrifices unto God, and had them accepted. The Patriarchs raised altars and worshipped before them; and on every particular and solemn occasion, when national prosperity increased, or a wise and upright Government had prospered through a long continuance, their posterity invoked the blessing of God as essential to secure and perpetuate the desired object. The Israelites, for instance, went three days' journey in the wilderness to sacrifice unto the Lord their God, previous to their complete deliverance from Egyptian bondage. After their passage over Jordan on dry land, they set up twelve stones as a monument of the miracle. When the Lord had given rest unto David, his first act was a solemn address of prayer and thanksgiving for the quiet possession of his throne. Similar means on the most solemn occasions were adopted by the early teachers of the Christian religion, who were selected to establish a system more perfect and simple, more consolatory and spiritual, than the Mosaic dispensation, and before the end of time to spread its Divine influence over the world.

"By the first act of the Disciples after the public ascension of their Master, we have seen of what service they considered the invocation of the Divine blessing upon an important undertaking, and can trace such a beneficial tendency in that Godly practice as to recommend it to individuals and public bodies in every plan they formed

and in every election they undertook, to do, as the text tells us the Apostles did—to invoke Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts to influence the judgment for the general good in election to public and important stations in society. In unison, therefore, with the customs of the Jews—customs divinely appointed, and consequently equal to every existing circumstance—St. Peter recommended to the whole church, at that time assembled together, to select men from amongst their brethren, eminent for their faith and piety, wise men, and of understanding (as Moses had directed, and known among their tribes), from whom the vacancy should be supplied. Before proceeding to give forth their lots they prayed fervently that the all-knowing God, who governs the world, and perfectly understands the tempers and dispositions of His creatures, would guide and direct their choice; and then they gave forth their lots, 'and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles.'

"After so deliberate, so solemn, so pious a procedure, no doubt could have remained on the minds of the brethren that the decision would be productive of the most beneficial effects—would be of essential service to the extension of piety and true Christian truths. And every considerate mind will be led to admire the pious wisdom of those who formed our excellent establishments, for recommending on all occasions, and adopting, wherever it can with propriety be adopted, the example before us. The truth of this assertion has been exemplified on many former occasions, and the solemn service of our Church to-day is intended for all to offer up their prayers to the throne of grace, to our Almighty Father, for His secret assistance to those who are placed in authority and power. And whoever reflects on what a momentous situation this country is passing through—such treachery abroad, such pernicious principles sown broadcast at home, such determined appearance of riot, only put down by the strong arm of the law—when we observe the necessity of praying for Divine direction, when so much depends upon the exertions of all in power, and upon all chief magistrates of our towns, upon their watchful attention to preserve our glorious constitution, to maintain peace, to enforce the laws of their country—when so much depends upon their upright and faithful administration of justice, their activity, their zeal and discernment to restrain the violent, to punish the vicious and protect the weak, and by their influence and example to encourage the practice of every personal and social virtue—great

praise, indeed, is due to the Council of this large town, in their corporate capacity, for their proper selection of their Mayors, who by their many acts of public usefulness, have contributed to the comfort and advantage of those who live within the boundaries of their superintendence.

"The drainage and the sewage questions have been, through continued perseverance and distinguished exertions, brought to a successful termination. Life has been prolonged—only five funerals at the Cemetery within the last fortnight—and now more than equals the most improved city. Our streets are better paved and lighted, and commenced to be widened; the police are perfectly efficient; and through the continued exertions of all in authority much has been done for the general good. Still much more remains to be done, to which I have called attention on former occasions, and Hope yet lives to see carried out by those who are to come after. Around the walls of your Town Hall and in your public buildings you properly preserve the admirable portraits of distinguished characters, whose abilities and exertions have been called forth in times past, and who have preserved inviolate your chartered rights.

"Tokens of acknowledgment also have from time to time been presented to others by their fellow-townsmen, who know how to reward and appreciate their acts of zeal for their town's advantage. If to sacrifice private ease, and to quit the calm scenes of domestic life, to the calls of the public, if, unexpecting and unprepared for an important office, to waive all personal considerations and cheerfully obey the wishes of his constituents—if these, I say, be acts which deserve the plaudits of his fellow-townsmen, my tongue need not sound the names of those to whom your acknowledgments are due. Still, I know you will gladly give the tribute of praise to your late Chief Magistrate, who for the last three years has been uniformly true to the trust reposed in him; who, with active and honest zeal, and with exemplary punctuality, has discharged the duties of his high office; who has been inflexibly just in his judgment between man and man; who has served you with a pure conscience, and who, by his unremitting exertions and social qualities, has won himself the respect and esteem of the corporate body and of all his fellow-townsmen. I, therefore, refrain from saying what merit justly claims and inclination prompts, leaving it to be had in everlasting remembrance by Him 'who gives His blessing to the righteous, and with His favourable kindness defends them as with a shield.'

"These are some of the advantages for which we have so much reason to be thankful, to encourage others to persevere in the same line of conduct. You have in the exercise of an important privilege on a late occasion unanimously elected another to fulfil the office of the Chief Magistrate of your town. Agreeably to ancient custom you have attended the services of the Church to-day to ask God's blessing on his endeavours to faithfully fulfil the great responsibilities in which he will be engaged. He who hath promised to hear the devout prayers of His people will, as far as is consistent with the purposes of His own government, and agreeable to the plan of His wisdom, provide for us wise, just, and able men equal to those public and important functions upon the due discharge of which so much of our present happiness depends. The next will be a great year of work and trial for magisterial duties. In the first place we are living in very strange times; everything seems out of course. The political world, the religious, the commercial state of the country forebode still stagnation of trade. May the threatening gloom pass hastily away, and may everyone lend a helping hand to make things better! More care and caution must be used in all transactions of life; the working classes, who are likely to suffer from dulness of trade, should learn frugality in time. We are not such sufferers here as in other towns, on account of the diversity of trades. The rates do not press at present too heavily on the people. Bread is cheaper than ever, and other comforts and necessaries are within the earnings of the industrious labourer. No doubt severe weather again will bring distressing wants, but the energy and activity of those in power will meet any emergency which may arise, and will, no doubt, as in the past times, be satisfactorily accomplished.

"You have placed at the head of affairs in your town this year a new Mayor, one who has been known to me for upwards of 30 years, and during the whole of that time mutual respect and esteem have ever prevailed. His great ambition, by his works and will, has been ever to improve the condition of the working classes; ever ready with his pen and his purse, and by his unremitting exertions he has raised the Press of the town to a standard of excellence. But he needs no further encomium from me. He has a better witness to his own fidelity—the witness of an honest and good heart.

"Many things will be looked forward to as what is best to be done during this next Jubilee Year. Every cathedral, every church

and chapel, and other places of worship throughout the land and empire, will be open on the 20th June next, the day when Her Majesty will have completed the fiftieth year of her long and important reign. The prayers of millions of her people will ascend as incense to Heaven with thanks to God for past blessings, and asking for continued help of grace and assistance to prolong a useful life of happiness to herself, and for the benefit of her throne and dependencies.

"And let us honour the occasion at home by erecting a Jubilee House, where useful work may be done for the rising generation after they have left school, and for those of a larger growth; where their habits and learning may be further improved, and technical work of all kinds taught. And where, it may be asked, can it be built? I say, "Close here, adjoining the churchyard." We would petition the body corporate to grant the removal of the present public-house to some part where it might be required by the wayfarer and visitors to the market and town. On the site of 156 feet by 117 feet, a fine structure might be built, where night schools for adults, libraries, reading rooms, lectures, and music, might be given; and, above all, I should recommend a large entrance hall, where the Mayor and Corporation, as in other towns, with their town servants and police, might on each Sunday assemble and go to church, and occupy those seats which were placed and retained here for their occupation and use. Their good example would be a great inducement to the working classes to follow, multitudes of whom only keep to the outside of the church, as you have seen today. Yet they all have souls to be saved. Could they be induced to follow, and in the words of the hymn of this day, to repeat "Onward, Christian soldiers!" and learn to fear God and honour the Queen, and become loyal and dutiful subjects of the great King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and keep His commandments, we should thank God from the bottom of our hearts that we had not lived in vain.

"And in the words of the Apostle—'Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.'"

Two of my Young Men.

I always endeavoured to advance young men who gave promise of usefulness in any of the higher walks of life, and, above all, I was glad to encourage any who showed a sincere desire to enter the ministry.

There were two of the pupil teachers at the Boys' National School who showed much ability and diligence in their work, and were, I had reason to believe, thoroughly religious young men.

One of these in course of time expressed a strong desire to become a clergyman. He was very steady and persevering in his studies; and after completing his pupil-teachership he became an assistant in the school. After a time I took him to work in my parish as a lay reader; giving him a home at the Rectory, and superintending his studies. In due time he was ordained to a curacy in Ireland, and at the present time he holds two rectories in that country, and is generally esteemed and beloved.

The career of the other may be traced from the following extract from a letter dated from Camp Paichur, India, December 27th, 1887:—

"My Dear Mrs. Quekett,—Under the shadow of this gloomy old fort—away from wife and children—with 1,200 miles of an annual tour in front of me, how can I feel anything but down? And yet, as I sat at the door of my tent, a glimmer of such hope came to me as I have never experienced for years. For this tour being completed, God willing, I leave India for England on or about the 15th May.

"Four years ago this fort asked for my services from the supreme fort, Calcutta, for the formation of an educational department on the lines of the Bombay and Madras ones.

"The work, with my varied experiences, has been comparatively easy, and to-day we have a Minister of Instruction (a native nobleman), an Inspection Staff, High Schools and Middle Schools, and primary education spreading rapidly throughout the Dominion.

"As a reward I am Personal Assistant to the Minister of Instruction, and practically the Director of Public Instruction.

"I have acted twice as head of the department, and were my grey hairs not useful monitors I might reasonably and justly dream of the substantive headship.

"The late Minister, His Excellency Sir Salar Jung, made me a present of a handsome gold watch and chain for special service to the State.

"I tell you all this—because this reward I lay at the dear old Rector's feet to-night in spirit, and I say what I hope to say face to face shortly—'Master, have I done well?' When he looks me in the face and smiles upon me, that will be my greatest reward."

Some Results of my Experience in Parochial Work.

I cannot have come to the close of a long life of work without having gathered some experiences which may be of service to other clergy; and which, coming from one who has watched the growth and development of life in the Church, may have some steadying effect in guiding the ark of the Church through the storm-tossed billows of controversy. At any rate, it is honest to put forth what one conscientiously feels and believes; and it may be that younger clergy may find from my convictions some help and guidance.

In the management of any parish, and in the formation of any new district parish, the first and most important thing to be considered is the supply and maintenance of really efficient day schools under the voluntary system. Day schools are the real nurseries of the future adult population; and it is impossible to over-estimate the benefit of good schools, in which the tone is high, and in which sound religious teaching is given. A parish without good elementary schools is like a childless household. It will too soon know its old age—its adult supporters dying off or being removed without others coming on to fill their places. The young life of a parish is the fount of its warmer devotional feeling, the source of all its more enthusiastic movements. And the attachment of the young life of a parish begins in the schoolroom; here citizens are moulded; here neighbours are trained for social duty; here is fostered the spirit of the Church in its rising members.

And next to good day schools, I should place good Sunday schools, in connection with which may be organised young people's Bible classes, Confirmation classes, and classes for young communicants. The last are so important that any parish in which they are not to be found is certain to have a paucity of attendants at the Lord's Table.

Indeed, I look upon the instruction and banding together of young people after Confirmation as more important than the instruction before that rite; for there is a general desire among professing Church-people to have their children confirmed, and then, Confirmation being over, there is entire falling away. Thousands of young people are lost to the Church, not from want of being brought to Confirmation, but from neglect to look them up and give them suitable instruction afterwards. And more especially there is need of clear, definite, simple teaching on the Holy Communion. The latter part of the Church Catechism, admirable as it undoubtedly is, and clear as it may seem to a trained mind, is by no means simple enough for children, and its dull, hard language needs interpreting, needs supplementing by teaching more definite and less abstruse.

I think also that in every Sunday School a great difference should be made in the treatment of young people who have been confirmed. They should be looked upon as no longer children; and should not be classed with those not yet confirmed, but kept apart, as having become young men and women in Christ. To them should be accorded more freedom of action in such matters as where they sit in church, the selection of courses of lessons, &c. They should be treated more as friends than as scholars. Nothing will be lost in their instruction by this; everything will be gained in attaching them to the Church, in winning their confidence, in keeping them from evil associates.

Useful and important as I feel Sunday Schools to be, I cannot think them the best fields for religious instruction. The want of training in most of the teachers; the very arrangement of the rooms, often so crowded, and the noisy hum of many voices, as well as the long interval between the weekly lessons, all unfit them for being really good places for instruction. They are valuable as affording opportunities for religious association; they are most important for cementing the union between children and the Church; but for instruction they merely supplement the religious work of the day schools and the catechising of the children in church.

From all this the importance will at once be seen of keeping day schools out of the grasp of School Boards. I earnestly hope that my younger brethren will, at any cost, keep the hold on elementary day schools, and appeal to the sensible and right-minded Church people of their parishes for aid in this fundamental duty of

the clergy to maintain under proper Church influence the nurseries of their future adult parishioners.

In speaking of the help of the laity, I have only to say that I have found them always most liberal in rendering assistance to any practical objects which have been brought before them. But I am not an advocate for the too common notion that the laity can only give help in the bestowal of money. Lay help is needed in the actual work of all that the clergy project and seek to carry out. There is not any organization in a parish with the operations of which the laity should not be associated. A clergyman's duty is to engage them—aye, and, if necessary, to *train* them—as Sunday School teachers, district visitors, cottage lecturers, mission preachers; as choristers, helpers in special services in church, readers of lessons, &c. The value of the services of ladies in a parish is everywhere acknowledged; it seems to me that men equally as much as ladies would benefit parishes by active work, and would very greatly gain in their own religious life.

The importance of cottage meetings and mission services in large parishes cannot be too much insisted upon; and I am sure that in the work connected with them the laity should take a large part. A band of lay evangelists, under the kindly and helpful guidance of the clergyman, would soon lessen the apparent opposition of the dissenting chapels, and lead them eventually to a united mission for the benefit of Christ and His Church.

I believe it is also advisable in almost every parish to establish a penny savings bank. The labour involved in conducting it is amply repaid by the insight a clergyman gains into the life of his parishioners; and though an agency secular in itself, it opens the way for much spiritual work, while it promotes prudence and thrift.

The encouragement of Friendly Societies and Sick Clubs is also a duty not to be forgotten. If possible, the monthly or fortnightly meetings should be held in the school-room or parish-room, and withdrawn from the demoralizing influences of the public-house. A little rightly directed encouragement by the clergyman will repay him again a hundred-fold in cases of the protracted sickness or death of his labouring parishioners.

A club, even though languishing, should never be broken up. It is much better to resuscitate an old society than to form an entirely new one, inasmuch as the old records give an insight into the characters of the members, and the very fact of age in such a society is a guarantee of the highest value to intending members.

The clergyman of a parish may do much to encourage the working people to become members of a Club or Friendly Society. And on this account his co-operation will always be welcomed by the officers of any such association.

It is very desirable, both for the strengthening of a clergyman's own influence, and as tending to break down that isolation of the moneyed classes, which is the chief grievance upon which Socialism feeds, that in every parish there should be annual gatherings of the congregation, or, if in a village, of all the inhabitants. The intercourse of the various classes of the community under the auspices of the Church cannot but be productive of good. It wins the sympathy of the rich for the poor; it helps the educated to understand the position o the uneducated in both social and religious questions; and it leads the poor and working people to see the advantages they derive—advantages not only material, but moral, social, and intellectual—from the friendship and sympathy of those above them in station. The "village feasts" of former days, productive as they were of loyalty to the squire and reverence for the parson, should have their counterparts in our time in mixed parochial gatherings. And if the feelings of the lower orders have, as is generally admitted, changed towards their "betters" with the growth of years, I feel, nevertheless, assured that the more educated and wealthier classes need never lose the heart-felt respect of the poorer and working classes, nor the clergy their true regard, if in kindly contact there is fully manifested the disposition to respect their brethren in the family of God.

I believe it is becoming a rarer thing than it was even in my younger years to find a clergyman who thoroughly visits his flock. By this I do not mean the visitation of the sick, or even the calling now and again upon those who attend church; but I mean the house-to-house and street-to-street visitation, the getting to know *all* the families of the parish, their religious opinions, their attendance at Church, the schools which the children attend, the occupations of the bread-winners, &c. I am aware that in some parishes this duty is delegated to lay-assistants; in others it is never done at all. But, however much a clergyman may be assisted in such work, I cannot feel that he rightly fulfils his duty as the shepherd of the whole flock without from time to time visiting personally and taking a record of all the homes in his parish.

I have always been a strong advocate for free and open churches. Unless a Church is open daily for the resort of those who wish to

pray in its hallowed courts, the parishioners are virtually deprived of entrance to the chief house in the parish—the house of God. By all means let churches be free and open. Facilities for worship should not be rented on Sunday and absolutely denied every other day of the week.

The Parish Church of Warrington is not only free, but is open daily for the benefit of private worshippers.

Every parish church ought to have, according to the directions of the Prayer-book, daily prayers said publicly within its walls. But it is often convenient in towns, where there are many churches, that the clergy should arrange amongst themselves in which church daily prayers can be said so as to command the greatest number of worshippers. Parishioners who cannot attend daily prayers should be encouraged to read at home the psalms and lessons.

I have never entered very much into the controversies on ritual. I look upon them as rather trivial; and have always been content to think rather of good to the people as a whole than of the importance of any garb or posture. I cannot but view with some alarm the growing custom of attendance at the early celebrations of Holy Communion to the prejudice of all other services on Sundays. I fear for the quiet and reverent observance of our English Sundays, that it will give place to the continental Mass—attendance followed by all kinds of secular gaiety. Let us beware how we, with all our "progress" in Church life, foster a mere light "Churchism," instead of a solemn and awed regard for the "deep things of God."

I do not write this chapter with the feeling that others know less than I, or that I may not in many things see less clearly than others. But I have my thoughts upon what has told with the people in my own experience; and as I see the growth of the Church all around me, I from my quiet study note here and there a darker speck upon the bright surface of the robe of her who "is all glorious within."

My Patronage.

As Rector of Warrington I have the patronage of four livings, and the alternate right of presentation to a fifth. It has come to pass during my rectorate that I have presented to all these benefices; and in the bestowal of my patronage I have striven to avoid anything like self-seeking. I have preferred no relatives or private

friends; but have always sought to obtain clergymen suitable for the respective cures; and the following statements will show that my presentees have done well for the parishes in which they have been placed.

Hollinfare.—By the death of the Rev. Mr. Dale, who had been the Incumbent for forty years, in 1871, the living of Hollinfare became vacant; and I had pleasure in presenting to it the Rev. G. Farrar Roberts, M.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, who was one of the curates of the Warrington Parish Church at the time. The following is a list of some of the good works which Mr. Roberts has been the means of effecting in his scattered parish up to the present date:—

A.D.		£	*s.*	*d.*
1875.	New Organ	200	0	0
1879.	Church Restoration	262	0	0
1883.	Do. Do.	154	15	0
1885.	Do. Do.	217	0	0
,,	New East Window	40	0	0
1886.	New Churchyard Wall, Gates, Tablets, &c.	81	0	0
	Sums spent on Farm Buildings at different times...	300	0	0
	On School Buildings (speaking roughly)	150	0	0
	In addition to this a late Churchwarden (Mr. William Cawley) left to the parish for current expenses the interest of £300 now invested in Manchester Corporation Bonds	300	0	0
	Total	£1704	15	0

The value of the living was increased in the year 1884 by the annual sum of £6 13s. 4d., being the proceeds of £100 given by the Diocesan Society for increasing poor livings, and doubled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Thus the Parish of Hollinfare has received, during Mr. Roberts' tenure of the benefice, and mainly by his exertions, advantages which have involved the pecuniary outlay of nearly two thousand pounds.

St. Peter's.—To the charge of the new Ecclesiastical District of St. Peter's, the patronage of which I hold for alternate presentation with the Vicar of St. Paul's, I appointed the Rev. M. Schönberg, in 1874. Mr. Schönberg caused a new Workingmen's Hall to be erected; and, though St. Peter's district has as yet no church, he gathered around him a large congregation, chiefly of the poor, in the school-room, which is licensed for Divine service.

Burtonwood.—In 1876 I presented to the benefice of Burtonwood the Rev. William Wilson, in succession to the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who had been resident over forty years. He possessed many qualifications for this retired parish; and the good he has done in his pastoral work has been supplemented by the following material improvements:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Restoration of the Church	500	0	0
West End Wall of the Burial Ground (built by Messrs. Greenall and Whitley)	No Estimate.		
Invested for the Benefit of the Living...	800	0	0
Spent on the Benefice Farm at Croft	200	0	0
Cleared off the School Debt for School-room, &c.	120	0	0
Building a Second Class-room ...	104	0	0
Alterations in School House and Repairs	50	0	0
Thus, altogether, exclusive of the cost of the Wall of the Burial Ground, the Parish has had expended upon it during Mr. Wilson's Incumbency	£1774	0	0

A large sum for so small a parish.

Holy Trinity, Warrington.—I appointed to the living of Holy Trinity, in 1878, the Rev. Edward Crofton Ellis Carleton, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. There were many applicants for this important Vicarage, and Mr. Carleton was a perfect stranger to me at the time; but from what I heard of him I felt sure he would do well for the Parish of Holy Trinity, and the following account of money expended in and given to this parish during his incumbency

shows that I was fully justified in my selection of so thorough a worker:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Enlargement of Mission-room (St. Mary's)	1000	0	0
The Building of New Schools ...	2500	0	0
The Renovation of the Church ...	800	0	0
Stained Glass Window	300	0	0
Given towards new Church in Mission District	1500	0	0
Cost of Site for same	250	0	0
Total	£6350	0	0
In addition to the above a sum of £2,400 was left as a legacy to Increase the Endowment of the Church, and £1,000 given as an Endowment towards the Payment of a Curate for the Parish. Total	3400	0	0
Grand total ...	£9750	0	0

Padgate.—The Rev. W. H. Williams, M.A., was appointed by me to the Vicarage of Padgate in 1881. Since his entry upon the living he has been an indefatigable worker; and the following is a list of the permanent improvements which have been brought about by his energy:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Restoration of the Church ...	1715	0	0
New Organ...	250	0	0
Schools	275	0	0
Fence	61	0	0
Woolston Schools	1100	0	0
Repairs to Vicarage and Cottage, over	125	0	0
Total	£3526	0	0

It will be seen that during my tenure of the Rectory of Warrington there has been spent on permanent improvements in the parishes in the gift of the Rector no less a sum than

£16,754 15s. 0d., exclusive of the amount raised by the Rev. M. Schönberg for St. Peter's district, and the cost of the wall of the burial ground at Burtonwood.

If we add to all this the large sum of £20,000 which has been expended on the various works connected with the Church and Parish of St. Elphin's, I think it will be allowed that I may lay down the reins of the government of this important Rectory with a good conscience, having been the means of the outlay of nearly £37,000 for its permanent improvement.

My Last Chapter.

There must come a time—at the very furthest before many more years—when my sayings and doings will be ended in this world. It is fitting that this record of some of them should close, too, while I have strength and memory to complete the task. The review of the past has been very pleasant to me. I have called up the faces dear to me in childhood, in youth, in early manhood, in my strong working days. Before laying down my pen I should like to say what I feel about each of those who have passed away. I recall them—the old familiar faces—and they seem to gladden me at the close of a long pilgrimage with their once wonted words of friendship and affection.

And yet there are thoughts and feelings about many of our dead which we hold too sacred to reveal. In my own quiet Rectory study, when no one is by to call my mind back to the cares of the present, and when I am alone with God, I can best commune with the memories of the loved and lost.

There are, however, some whose names I desire to mention in deference to the honour due to them from me. They loved me well; and were always faithful in their friendship. My old school and college friend, Uttermare, who was more like a brother than a friend, held a chief place in my regard. During all the years I knew him, from boyhood upwards, he was always a high-minded, honourable, noble fellow. His forethought for me was very touching; and up to the time of my coming to Warrington I was indebted to him for one material proof of this forethought in the little benefice he gave me.

I have elsewhere spoken of Mr. W. Stutfield. When in East London I held almost daily converse with him, and I was

deeply affected by the announcement of his death, only the other day.

I recall, too, with sincere regard the name of Lord Herbert, who with Lady Herbert did so much in connection with East London, and with whom I ever worked on terms of hearty co-operation. From Lady Herbert I have had even recently kind letters breathing the spirit of the old and valued friendship, and I can never forget the sympathy and tender feelings of succour and comfort with which both Lord and Lady Herbert sought to alleviate my most severe sorrow in the year 1851.

The Hon. James Stuart Wortley was another friend to whom I was much attached; and his good wife, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, was also one of the devoted workers on the Ladies' Committee of the Female Emigration scheme.

A gentleman for whose friendship anyone might well be grateful was W. C. Jones, Esq., of The Elms. I suppose that his noble generosity was almost without parallel in this generation. I have witnessed his signature for the bestowal of tens of thousands of pounds. He was one of those who "did good by stealth and blush'd to call it fame." On his death I had the melancholy duty of officiating at his burial at the Brighton Cemetery, by the express desire of his widow and family; and it was with the great hope that he was not lost to us, but "gone before," that we committed his body to the family mausoleum.

And here let me say that to my last hour it will be a source of regret to me that my suggestion to build houses for the widows and adult orphans of clergymen—of which I have given a detailed account in this volume—was not carried out at the time. Circumstances have since arisen which have proved to me beyond doubt that the whole of the required money for the buildings would have been cheerfully and readily given. The gentlemen to whom my plan was first shown were as desirous as I that these houses should be built; and not one of them would have failed to fulfil his part of this noble design. As I had been the Secretary to the Charities for three-and-twenty years, I was well prepared to judge of the most deserving cases to receive the benefit of this additional bounty. The land which was purchased at the cost of £1,100 would have been devoted to a most useful object; there would have been a distinct gain to the dioceses in this provision of eighteen houses for the widows of the clergy, whose daughters could have gone as free

day-pupils to the Clergy School; and Warrington would have gained by the introduction of a number of gentlewomen accustomed to help in parochial work. Alas! the Bishops who approved my scheme, as well as the gentlemen on whom I relied to assist me, have gone to their rest; and one of my most earnest wishes in connection with the Clergy Charities remains unfulfilled.

The architects, Messrs. F. and H. Francis, of Palmerston Buildings, London, who drew the plans for these Clergy Widows' Houses, and who were also the architects of the Parish Church, Warrington, and of the churches and schools with the building of which I was connected in London, were introduced to me by the Lord Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield); and from their first introduction to the present time we have been on the most sincere terms of friendship.

My first Curate in Warrington, the Rev. W. Hamilton, who laboured with me as a son for twelve years, I cannot omit from those who have left their memory as a precious legacy to me. Lord Winmarleigh, when connected with the Duchy of Lancaster, offered him a living; but he preferred going to Ireland to his brother. Nor would I pass over two faithful servants of the Parish Church —one of whom, Mr. Hesketh, the Parish Clerk, was here before I came, and remained to the end of his life, faithfully performing the duties of his office, and standing true-heartedly by my side in the years of the heavy and burdensome struggle with which my work in Warrington commenced; and the other, Mr. Eaude, the able and esteemed organist and choirmaster, who for twenty-five years was always ready to carry out my suggestions, and to help me in the reverent rendering of the services.

I look back, too, with affectionate and filial regard to the Archdeacon of Wells, Dr. Henry Law, and his father, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who ordained me, and to Bishop Blomfield, of London, who took the warmest interest in all my work at St. George's-in-the-East, and who expressed his kindly feeling to me by offering to officiate at my marriage. In later life I have been closely connected with and much attached to three Bishops of whom I can speak in unqualified admiration, and whose memories I hold very dear—Bishop Graham, of Chester; his successor, Bishop Jacobson; and Bishop Fraser, of Manchester. The fatherly and considerate kindness of Dr. Graham; the scholarly refinement and great gentleness of Dr. Jacobson; and the simplicity

and earnestness of Bishop Fraser are known to all who came in contact with them.

I have lived in amity and friendship with all my clerical neighbours. There have, at times, arisen questions on which we have felt it right to hold much difference of opinion; but such difference has never led to a breach of the most friendly relations. Three of the Warrington clergy have been taken to their rest during my residence here—Mr. Lowe, of St. Paul's; Mr. Mould, of Holy Trinity; and Mr. Schönberg, of St. Peter's. They were all much respected, and left behind them traces of their good works.

Let me turn from the past to the present; and as I look around me I find many names worthy of being recorded which have been associated with "My Sayings and Doings." In the very first rank of true friends is Lord Winmarleigh. I can never forget how he stood by me when I first came to Warrington, and how, through many years, he and his family set the good example of regularly attending the services of the Parish Church. Nor has it been left unrecorded in these pages how generously he has aided me with money in the various works I have undertaken, and how his family have been foremost in giving help in Sunday School, Parish, Penny Bank, and other good works.

The Right Hon. Viscount Cross, too, has always warmly supported me in my efforts for the good of the people of Warrington, and has ever shown to me true personal regard.

Nor would I for a moment lose sight of my good old friend Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., M.P., whose liberality has flowed forth for every Church purpose, and who has helped me to bear the burden and heat of the day in my Warrington work. There has been nothing I have attempted in which Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall have not taken interest—interest expressed by princely gifts. The first trip to London exhibited Sir Gilbert's hospitality; the restoration of the church and spire his generous donations: and all good works have been aided by him nobly and unostentatiously.

My nearest clerical neighbour, Canon Hopwood, Rector of Winwick, was my fellow-worker for many years in the management of the Clergy Charities; and in this work and many other public matters in which, as rectors of adjoining parishes, we have been associated, I can only express to him the sense of my gratitude for his urbanity and courtesy.

And I wish to give an acknowledgment of my personal esteem

for one who has done much for Warrington, and whose aged years have won for him deserved honour—Warrington's most learned antiquarian and historian, William Beamont, Esq., of Orford Hall.

Of the successive Mayors of the borough I can speak only in terms of the highest eulogy; and I owe much to them all for their valuable influence and assistance during their respective years of Mayoralty. If in selecting one as the representative of all I choose Major Pickmere, who has five times held this important office—he having been a fellow-worker with me in schools and church, and always a valued personal friend—I wish to honour both himself personally, and other Mayors by the mention of his name.

Of the Churchwardens and other officers of the Parish Church during these three-and-thirty years I can only speak in terms of true regard. From my first coming to Warrington I have had as helpers those who have faithfully discharged the duties of their office at all times, and some of whom I especially remember with gratitude as having helped me in financial and other difficulties connected with the church and parish.

I should wish to pay a very high tribute of respect to Charles White, Esq., my medical attendant for many years past. Owing to his watchful care, I have been often raised from a bed of sickness; and to the gratitude of a patient is added the warm esteem of a friend in the regard I have for him.

In all my earlier years in Warrington I had true friends at the institutions at St. Elphin's. The Rev. H. C. Stubbs, M.A., the Principal of the Training College and Clergy School, always manifested practical sympathy in my parochial work, and entered heartily into the services of the Parish Church for upwards of 30 years. Nor should I omit to mention the good work and loyal friendship for the same period of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of the Training College. Nor can I leave out of remembrance Miss Groom, of the Clergy Daughters' School, who for fifteen years worked with me in that institution, and was a true helper also in my Sunday Schools.

I gratefully acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, who have year by year been my guests since my coming to Warrington, and whose suggestions and counsels have been very valuable in the large schools under my care.

And I look back with gratitude and thankfulness to the loyalty and goodness of many who have worked with me here in Warrington.

Mr. John Leigh, as schoolmaster, parish clerk, and sexton, has been a true friend to me for thirty-five years, and still shows the same helpful attachment which has been characteristic of him all along. Miss Shaw, the excellent mistress of our Infant School for over thirty years, still remains in her honoured position; and is to me in my declining days a friend valued for her faithfulness and loyalty. Mr. and Mrs. Dewhurst have worked with me as school-master and mistress for upwards of thirty years; they, too, have won for themselves an esteemed name and a good position in Warrington, and to me they are also honoured friends.

In this book I have omitted for the most part all mention of my brothers and sisters, though each had a life's history. This omission has arisen not from any want of affection and esteem for them, for we were always most tenderly attached to each other; nor yet from the consideration that their lives were less interesting than my own, for all of them without exception lived most usefully and were highly esteemed and valued in their several spheres; but I have felt it right in recording "My Sayings and Doings," to confine myself for the most part to the one stream of my own life's story, which has been lived apart from theirs for upwards of sixty years, though I have not been secretly unmindful of the progress of those who were the dearest to me in my early life.

And the name of a very dear old friend at Langport—the only one remaining there now whom I have known from boyhood—James Broadmead, Esq., occurs to me as I close these records. His generosity to the public hospitals of the neighbourhood has been unbounded; and his home liberality has been evinced in purchasing land for widening the roads and making causeways for the benefit of the inhabitants of Langport. His name will be ever remembered as that of a public benefactor.

In this list there might be—there should be—many others. But if I named all I esteem and all who have laboured with me in the Lord, this book would have no limit.

I will, therefore, not mention more, lest my selection should be thought invidious. Suffice it to say that as I have striven to live, so I hope to die, in peace with all men; with a grateful and warm regard for all who have in any wise assisted me; with a single-hearted attachment to all my friends.

It is impossible not to feel, as life closes around me, how much more I might have done for the honour of God and the good of

others. It would be foolish to pretend that I have not done many things imperfectly, perhaps at times unwisely. But I do feel thankful that I have not lived quite in vain; and that, as the shadows of eighty-six years fall across my path, there are traces of serious efforts for good. My few remaining days the sympathy of friends will brighten, and the memories of active life and good deeds will be a pleasing solace in my hours of quietude.

APPENDIX I.

(See Page 30.)

I remember this tesselated pavement at Pitney in 1829, when it was first discovered. There were the floors of other rooms, besides those herein described, though somewhat imperfect. The figures in the rooms shown in Mr. Hasel's drawing, of which I give a small lithographed copy, were life-size. The tesseræ were very small, and the colouring was rich and bright, so that the whole looked like a magnificent painting. There is little doubt that when the Romans left this country the cement walls of which the mansion was built were pushed down, thus hermetically sealing the costly and beautiful floor. The defects in the drawing are where the posts were driven in to support the haystacks which were year by year reared over this floor, probably because of its being so dry a spot.

W. QUEKETT.

APPENDIX II.

(See Page 210.)

My reason for inserting this account of the pollen was that I wished to give to the world the interesting fact that funereal wreaths and garlands are not of modern origination, but were employed as memorial honours to the dead 3,000 years ago. The pollen, of which I give an illustration, came from the tomb of an Egyptian Princess—conjectured to be the very "daughter of Pharaoh" who brought up the outcast infant, Moses.

W. QUEKETT.

APPENDIX III.

(On Page 30.)

When writing about the tesselated pavement discovered at the village of Pitney, near Langport, I quite forgot an important event in my clerical life.

The Rector of Pitney was the Rev. W. Pyne, an old schoolfellow and friend. With the whole family we had always been on the most intimate terms of friendship, and it was settled on my first visit home after my ordination that I was to preach at Pitney Church in the afternoon, before my father, and brothers, and sisters, and old friends. There was a great gathering on the occasion, and I well recollect the old clerk, William Westlake, who had known a lot of us from boyhood, saying in the Somersetshire dialect—

"Well, Zur—I be well pleased to put the surplice upon ye, that I be."

W. QUEKETT.

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